

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

MAY, 1911

PRICE TEN CENTS.





We Say This to the Women of the West:

When you spend money for any thing at all, you want the very best value you can get for it.

If you can get value that is guaranteed, so much the better.

When you buy Blue Ribbon Tea you always get guaranteed value.

Bear in mind that you can take back any packet of Blue Ribbon Tea and receive from the grocer all you paid for it, if you do not find it satisfactory in every respect.

Such an offer as that will surely induce you to try Blue Ribbon next time. Tell your grocer you want Blue Ribbon with your next order.

Blue Ribbon, Limited,
Winnipeg, Man.

Just WHY Old Dutch Cleanser Polishes

METAL

Taps
Pipes
Fixtures
Railings
Pans.

Quickly



Because the Cleanser immediately takes off all rust and tarnish, and the metal surface then readily takes a gleaming lustre with a few moments' rubbing. Apply some Old Dutch Cleanser with a wet cloth or brush; rub slightly, then wipe dry. Use dry as a polish. In this way you can easily keep brass, nickle, copper, steel, tin and aluminum bright and shining. (Not recommended for silverware.)



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII.

Published Monthly

No. 5

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address.

ALL communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

Nothing is more pleasing to a publisher than the knowledge that he is in close touch with his subscribers. We ourselves delight to hear from our readers, even if it be in the way of kindly criticism, for almost every criticism that reaches us is in this form, and accompanying it generally are some useful suggestions, many of which we have from time to time availed ourselves of and which can now be found embodied in our regular monthly bill of fare. Keep on writing us, we get hundreds of letters daily, make it thousands. 'Kick' if you have to, we will endeavor to please you.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that every month sees our field greatly extended, and it is our hope to reach the 50,000 mark before the year 1911 comes to a close. Any merit that the Western Home Monthly possesses has been quickly appreciated by its readers, and they have spread the good tidings to their friends, who in their turn have swelled up our great army of supporters. We ask of every reader who is pleased and instructed by our magazine to pass the word along. In this way our circulation has been built—and indeed it is the only sure foundation for any legitimate circulation.

This issue of the Western Home Monthly, is, we think, filled with extra good things. We give the biggest dollars' worth on the continent, and if we are to be guided by our 'mail bag,' we certainly give the best. Leading writers are treating interestingly and instructively with many great questions, while we think our friends will admit that we have not failed from an artistic point of view. The large portion of this magazine that is devoted to women's work is meeting with special appreciation. Every branch of activity that women are now engaged in has from month to month the best thought of leading women journalists.

The June number, the Editors tell us, will be a decided improvement on anything that has gone before. Its fiction and illustrations will be in keeping with the joyous summer season, but there will be no neglect of the more serious affairs of life.

Twelve years ago the Western Home Monthly first saw daylight and from its slender infancy up to its present rugged manhood, it received a warm and enthusiastic welcome from Western Canadians. It is in their interest that it is published and everything that could be relied on as tending to the well being and development of this Western land has had and will continue to have its best effort and earnest co-operation.

The first issue consisted of but eight pages—six reading and two advertising, and without any guarantee that the public were willing to receive it with any great enthusiasm. Its publishers saw the need of a high class family magazine in the West; in addition had faith that the West itself was destined to become in a few years a land of great things. With these hopes the magazine was launched, and it has splendidly held its own in the march of Western progress.

Few magazines can boast of such a rapid and healthy growth. The circulation quickly crept from hundreds to thousands, until to-day it is universally conceded that the Western Home Monthly reaches more Western rural homes than any other magazine.

It is interesting to note that many of the friends who subscribed to the first

issues are still among our regular readers. They stood by the magazine in its struggling infancy and watched with pride the eight pages develop to ninety-six—its departments expand to include all topics that may prove of pleasure and profit in the home, indeed, touching upon every phase of human interest.

The success of the Western Home Monthly was made possible by the commendation of its good friends of the early days, and for the co-operation so spontaneously and generously given the publishers are very grateful. The subscribers of that period have been increased by many thousands, but neither the growth of the magazine, its prosperity as a business, nor any other consideration can lessen our regard for those who were with us from the start. They suffered our imperfections in silence, and with kindly assistance led us on to the fulfilment of our hopes.

Constant vigilance is the motto of the publishers, and there will be no resting on our oars with what has already been accomplished. The aim of the future will be to keep the Western Home Monthly well ahead, to make it of the utmost possible interest to its readers by presenting from month to month what is timely, instructive, and entertaining.

Kind Words from Other Folks.

AN EDITOR'S APPRECIATION.

The British News of Canada.

Western Home Monthly,

Winnipeg, Man.

I have not seen your March issue yet. Please send it along. It is not as easy to get it here as in the West. I feel this perhaps as much as anyone in this city, as I have become quite an admirer of "The Western Home Monthly." It is well edited, well made up, and printed in first-class style, and even to a newspaper man like myself, to whom the average magazine is a bore, full of interest.

Yours sincerely,

John Richardson,

Assistant Editor.

Markinch, Sask., Jan. 9, 1911.

Western Home Monthly,

Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Our subscription to the Western Home Monthly runs out March 1st. Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew for another year. I send my copy to friends in Hartford, Conn., and they, like myself, are delighted with it and look eagerly for it each month.

Frederick W. Dent.

Beachville, Ont., Jan. 30, 1911.

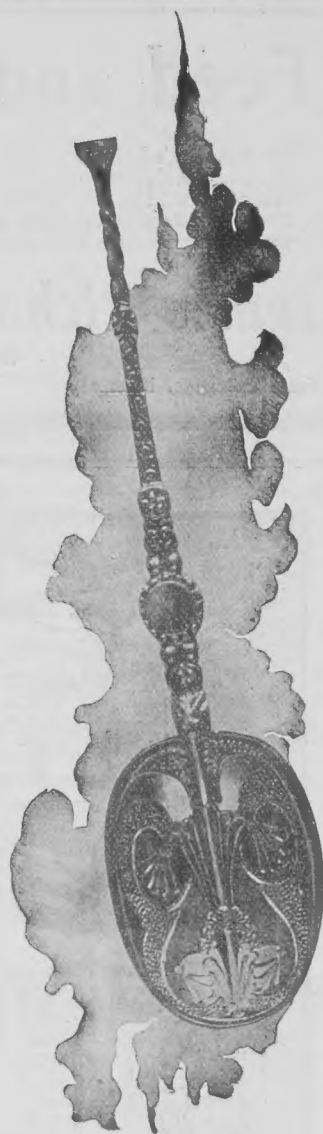
Dear Sirs:—I herewith enclose my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for another year. I consider it the best paper in Canada.

Harty McDonald.

Fredericton, N.B., Jan. 28, 1911.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find my subscription to The Western Home Monthly for one year. I was visiting a friend's house and was shown the magazine and at once concluded that it was one I should subscribe to. It contains such a wide variety of interesting matter that it will please every healthy taste.

Mrs. Rankine Horncastle.



Coronation Souvenirs

Exact Reproductions of the Anointing Spoon, as illustration, made in the following sizes:

Salt Spoon Size	-	-	.75
2½ inches long			
Coffee Spoon Size	-	-	1.00
4 inches long			
Tea Spoon Size	-	-	1.75
4½ inches long			
Dessert Spoon Size	-	-	2.25
5½ inches long			

All Spoons in Sterling Silver Gilt

A Solid Silver Reproduction of the Coronation Chair to be used at the Coronation of King George V. All English Sovereigns have been Crowned in it, except Mary.

Size of Sterling Silver Reproduction 2½ in. high
Price \$2.50 Postpaid

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[Limited]
Jewellers, Winnipeg

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James Richardson & Sons Ltd

Western Offices:

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CHALLENGE



Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA Limited

54-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.

5142

COLLARS

\$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

ARE you one of the thousands of Canadian farmers who have used or intend using Canada Cement for the construction of some farm utility? If you contemplate building anything whatsoever of concrete, make up your mind right now to build it with a view to winning one of the prizes we are offering. Read the rest of this announcement and you will learn how you may try for a share in the \$3,600 we are giving away, to encourage the use of cement upon the farm. Throughout Canada the farmers have taken such a keen interest in our campaign that it has inspired us to go further along these educational lines. We have decided, therefore, to offer a series of four \$100.00 prizes to each of the nine Provinces, to be awarded as follows:

PRIZE "A"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of bags of "CANADA" Cement for actual work done on his farm.

PRIZE "B"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement on his farm in 1911 for the greatest number of purposes.

PRIZE "C"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "D"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work shown by photograph sent in, was done.

In this contest no farmer should refrain from competing, because of any

feeling that he may have little chance against his neighbor who he thinks might use more cement than he does.

For it will be noted that Prizes "C" and "D" have no bearing whatever on quantity of cement used. The man who sends us the best photograph of so small a thing as a watering trough or a hitching post, has as much chance for Prize "C" as a man who sends a photograph of a house built of cement—and the same with Prize "D" as to best description.

Canada Cement is handled by dealers in almost every town in Canada. Should there not happen to be a dealer in your locality, let us know and we will try to appoint one.

Contest will close on November 15th, 1911, and all photos and descriptions must be in our office by that date. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. The jury of award will consist of: Prof. Peter Gillespie, Lecturer in Theory of Construction, University of Toronto; W. H. Day, Professor of Physics, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; and Ivan S. Macdonald, Editor of "Construction."

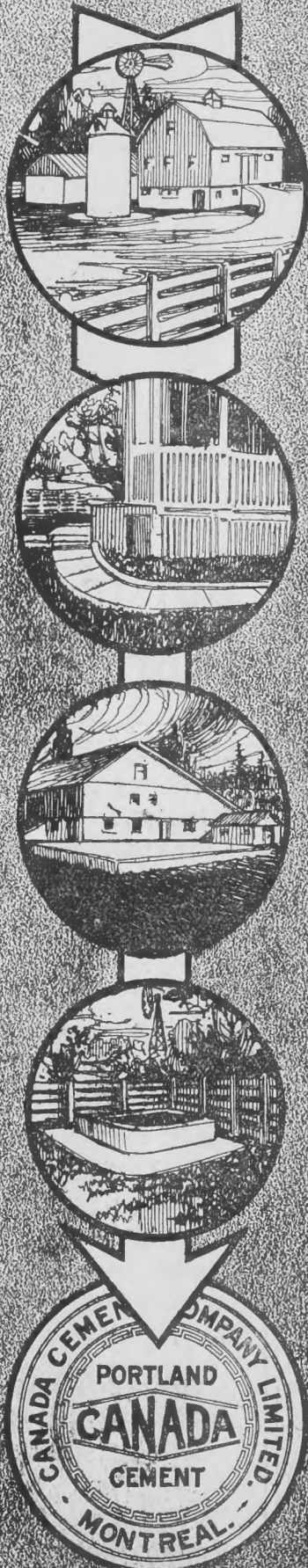
Now, you cannot hope to do concrete work to the best advantage unless you have a copy of our free book, entitled, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." This book tells how to construct well-nigh anything on the farm, from hitching post to silo. Whether you enter the contest or not, you'll find this book most helpful. A post-card asking for the book will bring it to you promptly. Send for your copy tonight. From your cement dealer or from us, you can obtain a folder containing full particulars of contest. If you send to us for it, use the coupon provided in this announcement.

Please send me full particulars of Prize Contest. Also a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name.....

Address.....

The Canada Cement Co.
LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUE.



The Time of Seed Sowing.

It is the time of sowing—a time of work and a time of faith. Man sows the seed, but God sends the rain. If it is necessary for him to know that he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, it is equally necessary for him to know that his life must be one of dependence and implicit confidence in a Power greater than himself.

THE SOIL.

Now, Providence has been kind to us who live in this western land. Nowhere on the face of this old earth is there a richer acreage. "It is but necessary for man to tickle the ground in order to make it break forth into smiles." But he who would preserve his land rich must learn how to plow it aright, how to cultivate it so as to coax the moisture to the surface. Moreover, he must observe the laws of crop rotation, must know the principles of fertilization, and above all must recognize the necessity of alternation of rest and production, if his land would remain fruitful throughout the years.

THE SEEDS.

Then, too, he must select his seed with care. He must winnow it until it is free from all impurities, and sow it at proper time and in just sufficient quantity. He must protect it from mildew and wash it until all parasitical growths are removed. Then he must be content to scatter it in faith, believing that He who feeds the sparrows will not disappoint the children of men.

THE SHOWERS.

Nor is faith limited to the act of sowing. Every day brings its anxiety. It may be that a drought will weaken or kill the young plant while it is still in the germ, or while it is a tender shoot, or even when the milk is in the newly-formed grain; it may be that frost will blight when the plants are just covering the ground, or when the grain is just turning from green to gold; and it may be that the hail will ruthlessly destroy just as the fields are reaching maturity. Which of us, knowing the frailty of mankind, and his inability to endure material prosperity, which of us, realizing that "no nation ever attained permanent destruction in act, legislation, or morality which won its wealth too easily from the soil," would quarrel with Providence for sometimes denying to us His best gifts? Then as we toil let it be in all humility so that in our lives the twin virtues of faith and works may be justly balanced.

THE MOST IMPORTANT SEED.

There is a sowing from day to day that is of infinitely greater importance than the sowing of grain. It is the sowing of ideals in the minds of our people, more especially in the minds of our youths and our children. The sowers are the parents, the teachers, the public press and all the other agencies with which we are familiar. It is a comparatively small matter whether, as a country, we produce No. 1 hard or No. 2 northern, and whether we produce a few million bushels more or less than we expected, but it is a matter of the utmost importance that our citizens shall rank high in intelligence and morality, that they become industrious and loyal and worthy of the traditions which we cherish.

THE PARENT AS SEED-SOWER.

When we find a parent who considers the effect of every word and act upon his children, when we find him seeking to place before them all that is true and lovely and of good report, when we find him living for them, considering it more important for them to be right in character and conduct and manner than that he should possess money and lands and position—when we find this we take heart and think that it may yet be all right with our land in the years to be. But when we find a parent in whom greed and but they may lead them into the possession of the lust for gain have choked out every generous impulse so that there is no kind and loving thought for

wife and children, no real unselfish joy and pride in the merits of his offspring, no lively concern in their intellectual and moral progress, no patience with their moral faults and no pity with them in their failures, when we find that he is careless as to the habits, tastes and dispositions that are being formed from day to day, regardless of speech and behavior and attitude, then we have reason to fear for our land, for we know only too well that it cannot prosper unless its people possess that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

THE PARENT'S OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

What an opportunity the parent has for seed-sowing! While the child is still in arms it may have planted in its heart the seeds of affection and reverence, loyalty and obedience. Foolish is the parent who thinks that these virtues can be acquired later in life if they are not cultivated in early childhood. So also there may be inculcated good habits of thought, speech and action. The old parable of the wheat and the tares applies with peculiar fitness in this field of habit, for wrong habits once acquired are practically incapable of eradication.

For parents to do their duty in the education of their children they require to give time and effort and make no small expenditure of money. Those who are not prepared to give this much should not accept the responsibilities of parenthood. To sow the seeds of intelligence means the installing of a suitable home-library. Why can not every farmer spend the value of ten or twenty bushels of grain in the purchase of readable books for his children? Why can he not also get one or two books with good wholesome pictures, and a few musical selections worth hearing? The conditions in not a few homes are perfectly disgraceful. Never can we attain to permanent greatness and glory unless we set the verb to be above the verb to have. This needs to be appreciated in not a few homes to-day.

Nor will books alone suffice. The parent must give his own life if he would produce life in his children. Except a grain of wheat die, it abideth alone, but if when cast into fruitful soil it dies it brings forth fruit a hundred-fold. So every parent who gives forth affection, and who spends time upon his children, who surrounds them with all that is beautiful and true and good, will find his reward not only in the returned affection and thanksgiving but in the knowledge that his loved ones have grown pure and sweet and helpful because of his sacrifice and devotion.

THE TEACHER AS SEED-SOWER.

Then the teacher must come to the aid of the parent. Often she does more than the home to present proper ideals of life and behavior. Yet our schools are far from being as efficient as they might be, because of the lack of proper support. The apparatus and teaching conveniences are lacking, and worse than all the money expended is not sufficient to attract teachers of first-rate ability. Nor can members of the farming community say they are over-taxed for education. A man should be willing to give all he has for his children. They are all that he has to live for in the long run. It is infinitely better for a parent to spend a few hundreds when alive than to bequeath a few thousands at death. The cost of taxation in country districts is ridiculously low when compared with the cost in villages and towns and cities. It is low when compared with rates in other lands. It is ridiculously low when compared with the expenditure for other purposes. Let any one figure it out and see for himself. If our country is to be great we must have an educated people. This means that we must have good teachers, and this means that we must pay the price. The situation in Western Canada is positively alarming if the reports of those who are in a position to know are worthy of credence.

But given teachers of proper qualification what opportunities they possess! Not only may they in-

fluence their pupils with a desire to know and to do, acquired wisdom of the race, and train them for efficient service in a world of active workers. It is no sinecure this teaching school, and it is more than likely that every faithful member of the body works more hours per day and more days per week than most of us. Yet it is just possible for them as for parents to skimp the work, and to cultivate the ground carelessly and sow seed that is not properly cleaned and winnowed. It is for them as for the parent and the husbandman to enter upon their duties in all lowliness and in meek dependence upon Him who dispenses love and wisdom. While they must toil as if everything depends upon their labors, they must ultimately depend, just as does the worker in the field, upon Him who sends the sunshine and the shower—the God of love and wisdom.

THE PRESS AS SEED-SOWER.

There is a seed-sowing in our books and magazines and in the daily press, and in the cities there are countless other agencies at work and many of them of a pernicious kind. But what of the books? Silent teachers they are but powerful in their appeals. They present ideals lovely or unlovely, inspiring or degrading. Unfortunately the grain has not been winnowed, and the parent and the teacher who neglect to supervise are criminal in their negligence. Yes, whether the parent proceeds to tell a story or read a book she must not only learn from the husbandman the art of tilling the soil, of watering it in love, of changing the crop, but she must be above all careful that no noxious weeds find their way into the furrows. Clean books, clean magazines, clean newspapers—these we must and will have at any cost. The blighting effect of the expressions of party bitterness, the damning power of reports of wrong-doing, can not be measured. The press is the greatest power in the land to-day, but is a power for evil as well as a power for good.

THOSE WHO SOW TARES.

There is a negative side to seed-sowing—a dark and terrible side. "And the enemy sowed tares." Yes it is all in vain that the parent cultivates the soil of the childish hearts; it is in vain that God sends the sun and the rain; if the tares abound. Need any one name the malign forces in our land to-day? Chief among these is the saloon—the common grog-shop. Have you, my good reader, ever thought of the danger to your boy and to your girl in that licensed institution? Will you not join in the crusade to abolish it from our land? Will you not winnow the grain that you are sowing in the minds of your little ones? Yea, even as your truth must contain no admixture of superstition and prejudice and exaggeration; even as your beauty must contain nothing of the deformed, the ugly, the distasteful, even as your good must be free from guile and filth and deception, so your moral atmosphere must not be contaminated by the presence of those institutions which are born of hell, and which have no redeeming feature. And as for other evils they are too well known to be mentioned by name. Is it too much to ask that in the name of childhood and in the name of our country we shall join in a common resolution:—

"As a tiller of the soil I pledge myself that henceforth I shall use all diligence in the cultivation of my land, and exercise all care in the selection of my seed. As a cultivator of the minds of my children I shall make it my endeavor to place before them in the most effective way and at the cost of my own life, all that is pure and true and beautiful. Above all I shall discountenance and oppose to the utmost of my power everything in the social, political and industrial life of my country that makes for dishonesty, immorality and vice. And with God as my guide and support I trust that the seed I sow shall be watered by His hand, so that my children will be more efficient than I have been, and my country more glorious in the future than it has been in the past."



Rip That Oilcloth Off Your Kitchen Table and Paint It With JAP-A-LAC

Oilcloth isn't *lasting* and only *sanitary* until it begins to *crack*, and you *know* that within a few weeks of use it is bound to *peel*, and within a few months it must be *replaced*. Every time you wash it, it grows a little more *smelly*.

Oilcloth costs more than Jap-a-lac, and won't give one-tenth the service.

Order a can of White Jap-a-lac today, apply to the direct wood—and have a permanently clean, waterproof table which can be washed in an instant and be kept sweet and wholesome.

You can take your old chairs and with a few minutes' work have them looking brand new.

You can re-paint your ice-box or refrigerator. You can take the paper off your pantry shelves and give them a waterproof cover of Jap-a-lac which instantly puts them into a sanitary condition.

You Can't Keep House Without

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors
and Natural (Clear)

Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret!

For every use there's a different sort. There's a Gold Jap-a-lac to restore picture frames. It is not only pure in quality, but comes in a "double-decked" can, which makes it go four times as far as the old style gold enamels.

You pour out just as much of the gold and just as much of the lacquer as you need for the immediate job, and then put it aside until you need it again.

There is a Jap-a-lac for your hardwood floors. It won't crack and it won't whiten. It won't show foot-marks—you can take a hammer and make a dent in the wood, but you can't break the Jap-a-lac coating. It will follow the dent. A Jap-a-lac floor can be cleaned as often as you please, and after each washing will come up again as glossy and fine as ever.

Oil paintings should be varnished at least once a year, otherwise their colors will grow dim. Use Natural Jap-a-lac for this purpose thinned with turpentine.

If the enamel has chipped off your iron beds, or has turned yellow or dirty, take a little White Jap-a-lac and a little time and you will have them looking just like the day you bought them.

These are just a few of the things that an industrious housewife can accomplish, by spending a mere pittance of money and devoting a little attention to her home.

We have published a book which tells about the uses of Jap-a-lac. You need no experience to get perfect results. The book tells of the many directions in which you are probably wasting your money now by discarding all sorts of things that simply need a Jap-a-lac treatment.

Jap-a-lac is sold everywhere and wears forever. There is only one Jap-a-lac. It is a trade-marked name. It is made by the Glidden Varnish Company. There is no substitute. All sizes, 25c. to \$3.50.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.
Factories:
Cleveland, O. — Toronto, Ont.



A Change of Luck.

By E. Margaret Stewart, Okotoks, Alta. Written Especially for the W.H.M.



NOW we got our claim staked out and that there chunk of ore sent off to them fellers to test, we'll jest set around here in Bow Crossin' for a little while and not say nothin' till we gets word back. We don't want no joshin' from the boys if the stuff ain't no good."

So spoke Hike Holmes to his friend and partner Bill Brown, as they rode their buckskin cayuses towards the livery barn of the Alberta Hotel.

"Right you are, Hike," responded Bill, cheerfully, as he dismounted. "By the way, Hike, they's a little dance on nearly every night at Old Nixon's. Let's

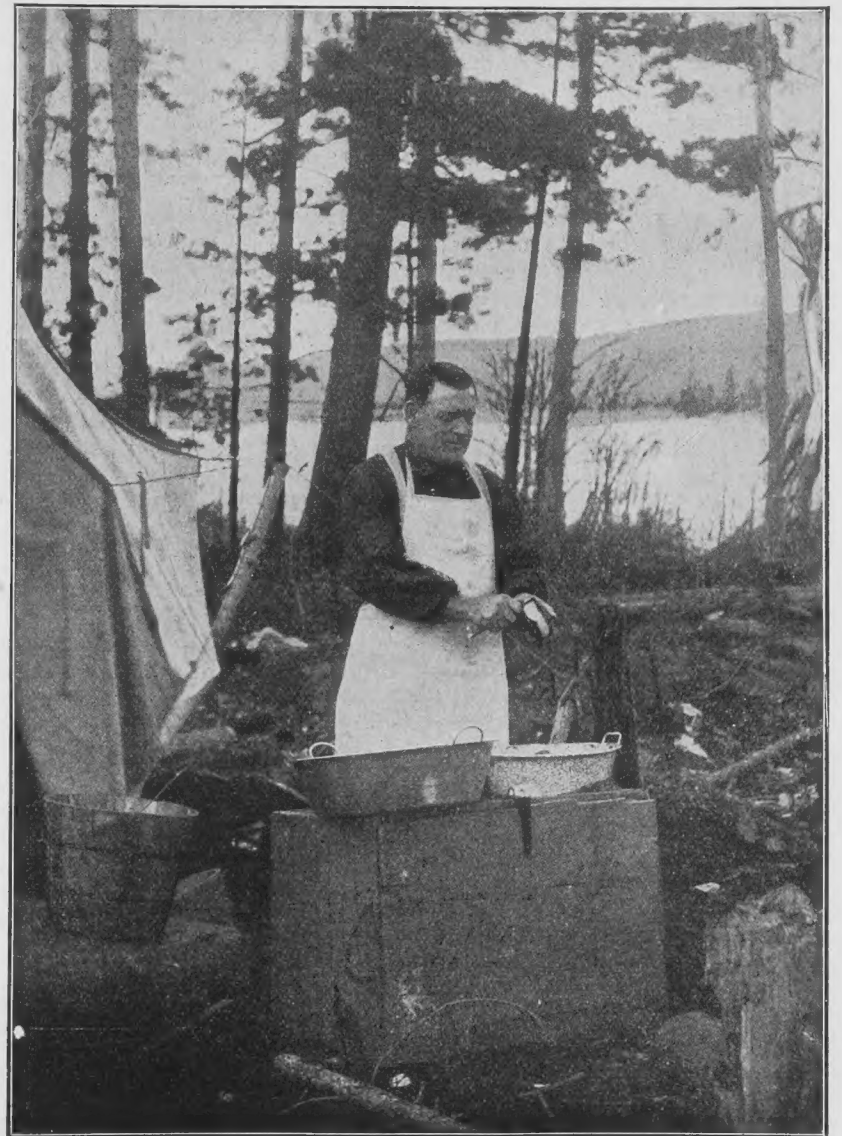
"Them is pretty fine girls." This sententious remark was delivered by Mr. Holmes to Bill as they watched the close of Old Nixon's last and most spectacular figure, the breakdown.

"Ain't they?" assented Bill admiringly.

"Yes, siree," continued Mr. Holmes, "and that one with the big pompadour has got me roped and branded."

"Not for mine, Hike," said Bill, "looks too pert and 'sassy.' Youse is welcome to her for all of me. That's Old Nixon's girl and she thinks an awful pile of herself."

"Guess I'll get busy," responded Hike, and as the fiddlers gave their last squeak he rose to cross the floor. "Glad I ain't got no carpet slippers on," he muttered as he stumbled across the floor. "Them



The Cook of the Camp.

take them in while we're hangin' round."

"Sure thing," replied Hike, as they led their horses into the barn.

When Hike and Bill arrived at Nixon's Hall that evening the dance was in full swing. These dances were well patronized by the young people of Bow Crossing. The fiddlers were sawing away vigorously and the dancers were giving themselves up to a genuine, hearty, old-fashioned "hoe down."

Hike and Bill seated themselves on the rough, pine board that ran around Old Nixon's hall. The ladies clad in glowing dresses made from highly colored bolts of sateen purchased at Old Peter's general store, were dancing with energy and vim. The cowboys from the near by ranches, with their gay knotted neck scarfs, added their dash of color to the general scheme.

"Old man Nixon" was displaying his extraordinary gifts as a "caller off," leading the dancers through long, intricate figures and bringing every couple back merrily to their original "stamping grounds."

knots in Old Nixon's floor is as big as ant hills."

As formal ceremony had not as yet invaded the little social functions of Bow Crossing, Hike made the acquaintance of the lady with ease.

"Dance this with me?" said Hike and they were off in a moment. For dances were rushed on with alarming speed and every couple made it a point to be on the floor at the first squeak from the fiddlers.

"Go on!" cried Miss Nixon, in response to some flirtatious sally of Mr. Holmes, as they see-sawed through the "Heel and Toe Polky." "I've heard fellers talk like you before!"

"Betche have!" replied Mr. Holmes, admiringly, "and that won't be no josh!"

"Now, quit yer kiddin'!" exclaimed Miss Nixon, vivaciously. "I'll bet you've said the same things to a dozen girls this evening!"

"I ain't neither," protested Hike, much dazzled by the charm and repartee of his partner. "Kin I have the next three dances—two quadrilles and a 'Dutch Polky?'"

Full of pleasureable excitement the evening passed, until the protesting cries of roosters in an adjacent building warned the guests of the approach of day. "May I see yer home?" inquired Mr. Holmes, gallantly, and Miss Nixon, the undisputed belle of all these Bow Crossing social affairs, graciously gave her permission.

In the weeks that followed, these dances at Nixon's took a very prominent place in the time and thoughts of Hike and his friend Bill. To make up for the desolation of those evenings when there was nothing "on," Mr. Holmes became a frequent caller at the home of Miss Nixon.

"You shore is making a great hit with Old Nixon's girl," commented Bill one day. All the fellers is wild."

"Bill," said Hike, with artless confidence, "Me and her has got things fixed up for good I guess."

"You shorely ain't?" gasped Bill in astonishment.

"We shorely has!" returned Mr. Holmes with decision, noting the look of disapproval on Bill's face. "And what's more if we don't hear from that there ore right away quick, I guess I'll get back to the old Horse Ranch. This here dance to-night'll have to be the last. This kinda thing won't do. I gotta earn some money."

"Well if that isn't the durnedest note!" observed Bill. "Cash is gettin' pretty low with me too. They're that graspin' fer money in this here town. Board at the Alberta is at such fancy figgers I can't stick it out much longer. So I'll pull out when you do."

Bill danced hard that evening, feeling that the gaities of the town were not for him much longer in his low financial condition. The thirst occasioned by the violent exercise he engaged in, forced him often to slake his thirst with the dipper from the pail by the door. Turning from one of these long refreshing draughts, Bill encountered Hike, whose face looked unnaturally gloomy.

"That feller in the paper collar thinks he's pretty slick, don't he?" observed Hike with some bitterness. "There's getting too much dashed style about this place to suit me."

A glance towards the dancers enabled Bill to single out the offending intruder whose innovations were destroying the peace and harmony of the evening. Old Peters' new dry goods clerk, wearing a dazzling white collar, had relieved Hike of all responsibility in the entertainment of Miss Nixon.

"How did it happen, Hike?" inquired Bill, sympathetically.

Hike poured out the whole sad story of how he had brought Miss Nixon to the dance. "She seemed quieter nor usual and on the way down asked a lot about the claim, which a-course I told her all about at the first. I told her I'd give up expectin' to hear from it and that I'd hev to get busy broncho-bustin' agin. Said I guessed I'd never make much money no other way but by hard work. I thought she seemed to ack kinda indifferent like after that." Hike went on to say that at the dance when his vigilance relaxed for a moment "this feller" had got in the way and there wasn't any getting near her afterwards.

"Better try again, Hike," advised Bill, turning to take another drink. "That feller don't stand no real chanst agin you. Anyway, there are lots of girls."

"That ain't the pint," began Mr. Holmes sharply, "Why, me and her—" but he was unable to finish what he started to say as Bill, anxious to make up for lost time, was rushing to join the dance.

"Did you tackle it again, Hike?" inquired Bill a few hours later when they met in their quarters at the Alberta. Bill's own spirits were slightly dashed now that the last dance was over with no more of their kind in view, but he was making an admirable attempt to show a kindly interest in his companion's affairs.

"I did," returned Mr. Holmes, grimly. "How did you make out?" said Bill.

"She seemed kinda high and mighty and acted quite snuffy like when I tried to talk to her," said Mr. Holmes. "I found it dasht hard to make any conversation with that blinking owl of a clerk hangin' round, so I asked her for a 'shoteast.' Well, she near took the head

offen me. So I loped," concluded Mr. Holmes.

"Pretty rocky," observed Bill, after a pause full of sympathy.

"Hard lines, all right," said Mr. Holmes sadly. "We'll get back to the ranch to-morrow."

Early next morning Bill was up and away to get the buckskins ready for the ride to the ranch in the foot-hills. Hike had just finished his breakfast and was standing gloomily in the doorway looking up the street when Bill rushed up breathlessly.

"Hike! Here's a letter for us. Youse open it while I tie up the buckskin." With difficulty they deciphered it between them. The substance of the letter was that the ore had been assayed very high and their claim was a very paying proposition.

"A money maker!" cried Hike. "This means no more broncho bustin' for you and me, feller!" and he slapped Bill cordially on the back.

"And the old man and Susie can leave off their rocky job trying to raise grain and hens on that sand bar they call a ranch east of here!" exclaimed Bill with satisfaction. "Hooray!"

"There ain't no one to benefit particularly outa my slice but myself now," said Hike soberly, "me not having no relations."

"Let's hitch up the 'skins' to that old buckboard at the barn and we'll go up and see how the old man and Susie take it," cried Bill enthusiastically. "Gee, but I'll give them a good time now! You remember my old man and sister Susie, don't you?"

"I shorely does," returned Hike, thoughtfully. It came back to him what a "looker," as he termed it, Bill's sister Sue was with her dark hair and bright eyes, and "not too blamed sassy neither," he reflected.

"We'll get them buckskins ready soon and go," said Bill. "We'll tell the folks about it before we do anything."

Within the space of another hour Bill's natural flow of talk had acquainted the people about the hotel with their good fortune. Hike and Bill found themselves the centre of many admiring friends and old Sandy Jones, the proprietor of the hotel, put himself to endless trouble to administer to the comfort of his two guests.

"You shorely ain't vexed at me for that little joshin' I give you last night, Hike," observed Miss Nixon affably when she met Hike on the street. "That guy at Old Peters' store is too tiresome for words. I just told him so plunk and plain a while ago. What're you mad at anyhow?" "I ain't mad, I'm jest in a hurry as we're drivin' out a town, and you'll find Old Peters' clerk isn't a half bad sort neither. He just give me quite a cut on goods I was buyin'."

"Look-a-here," said Miss Nixon, almost in tears, "I ain't mad if you ain't. If you're too stuck up to make friends jest because of a little money—"

"Excuse me," said Hike, with his grandest manner, "But once turning down ought to be enough for any fellow. It is for me anyway, so I'll wish you good day."

"All ready Hike," sang out Bill. "The 'skins' is waiting."

"Sorry to keep you," said Hike, cheerfully, as he stowed away some curious little packages in the buckboard and climbed in.

"Let 'er go, Bill!"



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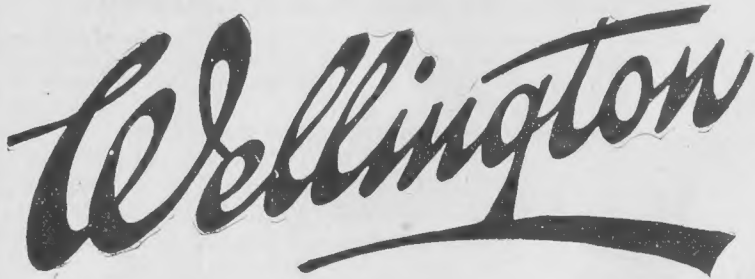
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Barney and Another.

By Beth Porter Sherwood, Woodstock, N.B., Canada.

MAYBE you don't like the job, Barney, but it's got to be done." The man sat there a huddled heap, shivering in the chilly night air, his tousled head dropped forward upon his chest;

the blanket that had covered him, as he lay snatching a brief sleep, hung in dejected folds to the floor.

"I just can't, Maggie." His voice came hoarse and muffled and, notwithstanding the brave show of the words, there was in it a note of indecision that told his wife, as she bent over him, that she had only to press the point and the victory was won.

"Barney, look here; the child's dying for want of nourishing food and how are we to get it? And you know why we haven't it to give him. We've sold all the bits of furniture we had and now it's only beg or—" she hesitated, "or borrow," she finished stooping a little nearer.

He turned his head and looked at her, thin and scantily clad, holding a small night-lamp in her hand; an old shawl wrapped about her and one lock of hair straggling over her shoulder.

"Maggie, if we'd wait a bit, maybe I could find some small job to-morrow."

"How long do you think the child can live without eating? Not a bite has passed his lips this day and," her voice grew sharper in its hushed intensity, "it was your own doing, Barney McKay, that got us to such a pass. If you could have kept a still tongue in your head you might have had your job yet; but when a man undertakes to tell his boss what's the proper thing to do and lays down the law as knowing as you did, he may expect to get the bounce, and small wonder."

Barney's head went down again and she felt she was gaining ground.

"We know the house is alone to-night and it seems like Providence ordered it that way. You know the premises well and it'll take you but a short time to get a little something for the child. It's only to borrow it. When you get the money you can pay it back, and you won't see the baby die, Barney."

Her voice ended with a wail and she put her hand over her face and caught her breath with a sob.

"There, there, Maggie," he laid his hand soothingly upon her arm, "Don't take on. I'll do what I can and the Lord have mercy on my soul."

He got up and put on his patched, shabby, old ulster, got a bag and a little lantern and went to the door. With his hand on the latch he looked back. "If I don't come back, if they get me, Maggie, send word to the boss's mother. She'll scold and fuss but she won't see you and the kids starve."

Then he went out and shut the door. "Lord, it's tough," he muttered when he found himself alone in the alley. "It's an honest man, if not an over-wise one, I've been all the days of me life and now to come to this."

Through alleys and side-streets and devious ways he went, cowering and starting and looking back, lest a policeman come unawares upon him.

As he neared his destination, the residence of his late employer, from whose household stores he hoped to replenish his own empty larder, he made a wide detour in order to see if time and conditions were favorable for putting his plan into effect. His familiarity with the premises, he having been gardener and general utility man for a considerable time, would enable him to gain a comparatively easy entrance to the house, now that the occupants were out of town, provided he met with no obstacle in the shape of a too officious public guardian.

His reconnaissance showed him the importance of proceeding with extreme caution; for there in the street in front of the house a big policeman walked leisurely to and fro; and Barney wondered what imp of mischief drew him to

that particular spot this night of all nights.

"Bad manners to him, and is there nothing in the whole town for him to do, but meander back and forth for all the world as if he had a string to him?" muttered Barney, looking with the utmost disapproval at this mode of procedure.

The front of the house, however, was not the back, and as trees and shrubs grew in profusion his movements would be fairly well covered. Accordingly, he made his way cautiously to the rear, and knowing the infirmity of the fastening of a certain window on the second floor, he resolved to discover what the conjunction of the branch of a tree and the corner of a piazza roof would effect; and without more difficulty than a novice would experience having this knowledge, hindered by much nervous apprehension, he found himself in due time in a small room at the end of a passage.

Trembling in every limb he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his face while he strove to get a grasp on his wavering courage; but the thought of Jim Cassidy down there with liberty to do openly what he did in fear and trembling added nothing to his coolness.

By and by from a window on the opposite side of the narrow hall he looked, and now he could see Cassidy standing upon the drive regarding the house with much apparent interest.

"Just staring the house out of countenance, confound him. It would do me a whole lot of good to go down there and upset him into the ditch," muttered Barney, much incensed.

The memory of the little sick child, however, kept him from indulging in any such pleasantries and going back to the starting-point he took off his boots and when he reached a place where he was convinced that no tell-tale flash would reach a too-communicative window, he lighted his lantern and went forward.

Once inside the house he had imagined that his anxiety and apprehension would be at an end, but it seemed to have only begun. The very darkness seemed to be something alive and tangible, and assumed bulk and blackness before his eyes. Then, too, he had an uneasy feeling that something or someone was looking at him, and the feeling that at any moment a bony hand might grasp him sent cold chills creeping up his spine. The floor creaked under his feet and there was a semblance of sound, a sort of rustle or murmur that crept down the passage ahead of him.

A cold perspiration broke out upon him as a tingling sensation assailed him, and he clapped his hands to his face, extinguishing the feeble light as he did so.

"Heavens above, I'm going to sneeze," was his thought, and the sneeze came, well-developed and vigorous, despite his efforts to suppress it; and then his hair rose upon his head and his jaw dropped in mortal terror, for almost at his feet came a groan, low, harrowing, full of agony.

With shaking limbs he turned and fled back by the way he had come. Then some force, stronger than his fear, impelled him to stop. Someone was speaking. His terrified thoughts flew to Cassidy; but that was not Cassidy's voice. He listened.

"Come here. Come here. Do you hear me? Whoever you are, come here."

It was the voice of a woman, imperious, commanding.

"It's the old lady or worse; her ghost," groaned Barney. "Oh, why did I come here this night?"

Again came the command to return and Barney dared not disobey. Dully he wondered why she should be here. He knew she had gone to visit a relative in a neighboring town while her son and his wife were absent.

He shook his head. It was a puzzle he could not solve and in spite of his dread and reluctance he relighted his

lantern and went slowly back; and there at the foot of a staircase leading to an upper floor was what at first sight seemed a heap of clothing. As he drew nearer he made out a head crowned with gray hair and from a pain-blanching face gleamed a pair of great, dark, indomitable eyes.

He stood looking at her, his "boss's" mother, hardly knowing what was required of him.

"Here," she said sharply, "lift me and put me on a bed somewhere; anywhere. I fell down these stairs and broke my leg. Now be careful," she reprimanded as he fumbled awkwardly, "and remember I am not a sack of coal."

"Indeed and I know that, ma'am. It's something better you are."

He lifted her as gently as he knew how, but before he had taken a step her thin, white hand gripped his shoulder and with a gasp she fainted away in his arms.

"Oh, I've murdered her entirely," he groaned, dropping upon his knees and laying her back upon the floor. But he had hardly done so before the dark eyes flashed open and she looked rebukingly into his face.

"Why don't you put me on a bed?" she asked angrily.

"Oh, I daresay," he answered, wringing his hands. "I'm afraid you'll die in me hands."

"I'll die if you leave me here. See, the place is cold and I'm on the floor.

the window, and as he neared a door some way along, a feeling that someone was near warned him of danger. He drew back into an angle and waited; and then between him and the window he saw a figure pass.

"Ah," he whispered, "there's two of us, it seems."

With every nerve tingling he paused until the advancing intruder was swallowed up by the blackness of a half-opened doorway; then with a dash forward, Barney sent him reeling into the room directly behind him, and throwing himself against the door locked it, just as a heavy body hurled itself against it from the inside.

"The poor old lady! God help her if I hadn't been here," he soliloquized. "But I'll fix him when I come back."

Feeling his courage grow with the capture of the midnight intruder, he determined to make his exit by the side-door. Accordingly he went downstairs, looked cautiously out and seeing nothing of the redoubtable Cassidy, he unlocked the door and went out, still keeping a wary eye out in case of surprise.

"He'll be at the other end of his beat," he concluded as he sped on his way to the Doctor's office.

Leaving the doctor to follow, he hurried back, looked in to see that his patient was all right, made up a fire in the open grate, listened at the door of his captive and thought how pleased Maggie would be and how very accept-



The Empress Hotel Victoria.

You must get me away."

Poor Barney walked around and around looking at her helplessly and stretching out his arms as if about to lift her, then drawing back to repeat his ineffectual attempts in some other way.

"You act as if I were a red-hot coal and you were trying to find out which side would be the coolest to take hold of," she burst out scornfully at length. "Lift me up anyhow and if I faint keep right on and don't put me down till you get me to a bedroom," she ordered.

As gently as possible, Barney conveyed her to a chamber and laid her down, covering her tenderly and murmuring soothing words as if to a child.

"There, I'm all right, Barney; now go to my son's office and telephone to Dr. Johnson; tell him to hurry."

He went out and to his consternation found that the office door was locked. "Now the Lord help me," he muttered, "I'll have to go out and as likely as not that murdering villain will have me before I get the length of me nose; and the poor lady will die and never a soul to give her a helping hand."

He went back and reported.

She turned her face, gray with pain, toward him. "You'll have to go," she whispered so faintly that a spasm of fear gripped his heart. Oh, if he could only go out of the side door and along the cross-street it would be such a little way; but as it was he would have to crawl and skulk and keep out of sight.

He went down the passage, dark except for the light that came in through

able a reward would prove if his prisoner should turn out to be someone who was wanted by the police. Then he hurried down to admit the doctor and thanked a merciful Providence that was giving Cassidy something to do to prevent his meddlesome presence in this particular part of the town at this present moment.

"Doctor, there's a little job I've got for you when you get the old lady fixed up all right."

"Very well, McKay," replied the doctor. "I noticed you were not looking very well. You're a good deal thinner than you used to be."

"I am that," agreed Barney cordially. "Is your appetite all right?"

"Indeed, the whole trouble is with me stomach," admitted Barney. "It has a sort of gone feeling most of the time," he added, chuckling to himself over his joke.

"Um, indigestion probably," suggested the doctor as Barney opened the door and ushered him into the presence of their patient.

When at last the lady was made comfortable, Barney, with an air of mystery hanging about him like a garment, beckoned the doctor from the room.

"What's the matter, McKay, and what have you got that rope for? You're not contemplating suicide are you?"

"Never a bit; but, doctor, there's a burglar in one of the rooms and it is meself's got him locked up, and I want and thus add to the length of his journey.



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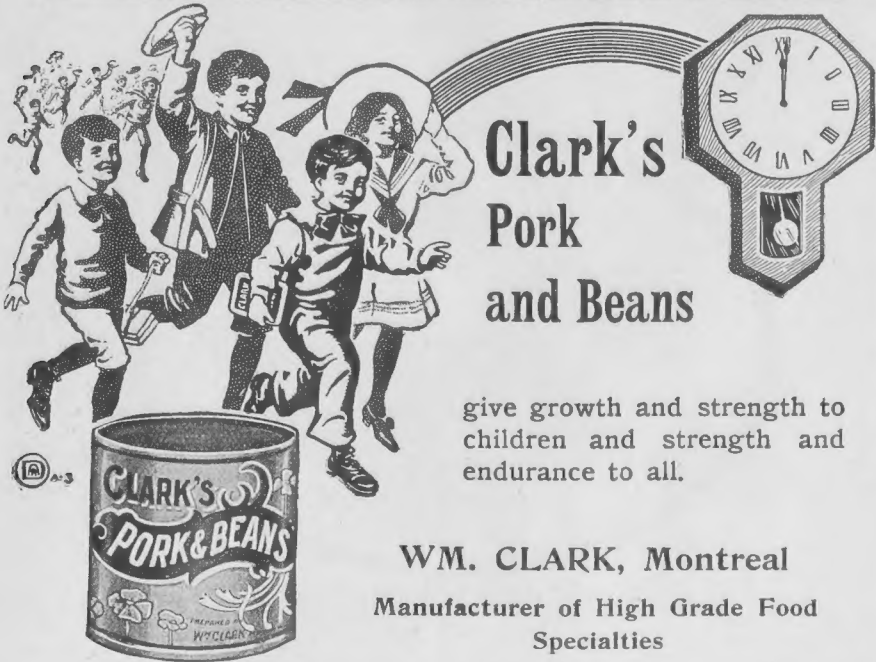
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you to stand by and give me a hand if I need it."

"A burglar? Why, man, you'd better call the police. He may be armed."

"I'd like to take him myself, sir. A policeman'd get all the credit if there's any going; and I think I can handle him all right. Here, you can take this;" giving the doctor an iron rod which, if wielded vigorously would make a most effective weapon. "Now I think we're all ready, sir."

Not conscious of any special liking for the job laid out for him, the doctor, however, followed Barney to the back hall, switched on the lights and stood by with outward calmness, while Barney unlocked the door and summoned his prisoner to surrender.

There was a movement within the room and then a blue-coated individual came forward and coolly surveyed his would-be captor.

"Good Lord! If it ain't Cassidy himself," ejaculated Barney; his eyes staring as at a spectre; his shaking hands relaxing their hold on the rope which went trailing to the floor.

"Yes, it's Cassidy," assented that person cheerfully and stepping forward, with a deftness born of long experience, he snapped a pair of handcuffs upon Barney's passive wrists.

"Oh, here, now," interposed the doctor. "That's not fair. McKay was only doing his duty in taking care of his employer's house. He thought you were a burglar."

"It's not for locking me up but for breaking and entering I'm putting the bracelets on him; and I've got to take him and give him in charge. Here, come along," he added, addressing Barney.

"No," cried Barney, recovering from the shock of his arrest. "I came here to take care of the old lady and I'm not going to leave her."

"Yes, you did," retorted Cassidy derisively. "I see a picture of you coming here to take care of the old lady."

"Take me to her, then, and see what she says," suggested Barney, displaying more confidence than he felt.

"That's right. Bring him along to Mrs. Liston," chimed in the doctor; and together they went into the lady's room and laid the case before her.

She looked from one to the other as the story was told and her shrewd old eyes understood the appeal in Barney's.

"He's all right, Cassidy, I sent for him," she declared.

A little gasp of astonishment came simultaneously from the three men, but Barney recovering himself quickly, remarked affably, "There now, what did I tell you?"

"I suppose there's nothing to be said, ma'am, but I certainly thought you were alone when I opened the door for you with the key the boss gave me when he went away; and it was because of your failing to give me the signal and seeing a shadow, that I knew wasn't yours, pass the window, that led me to come in myself."

"Well, you did only what was your duty and Barney has been doing his like a hero; and, now, you may go."

Cassidy bowed himself out leaving Barney looking much relieved and the doctor much puzzled.

"I don't understand. Did you come here this evening, Mrs. Liston?" he asked.

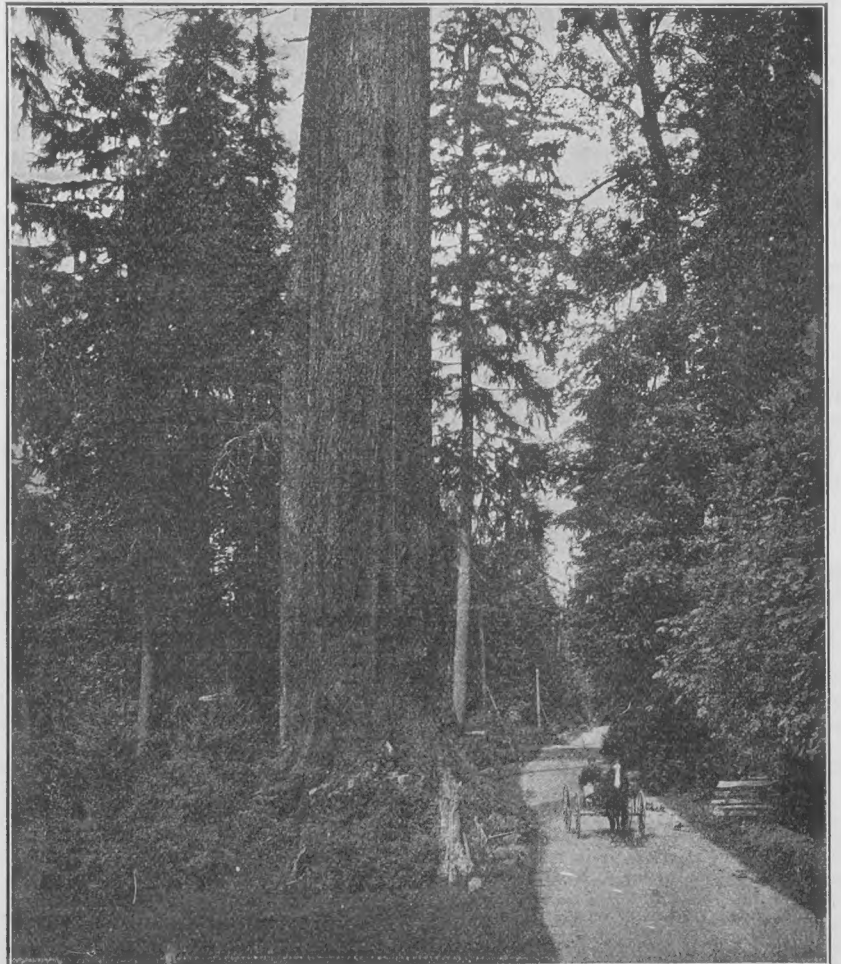
"Yes, I went to visit my sister but as she had illness in her family I came back and Cassidy, who it seems was left in charge of the premises, let me in and I agreed to give him a signal that I was all right; but coming back from an upper room I fell down the stairs and then, fortunately, Barney came, as soon as I sent for him," she finished haltingly.

"Now, doctor," she resumed after a pause, "if you'll send me a nurse I'll be grateful to you; and Barney will take care of me till she comes." and thus dismissed the doctor could do nothing but obey her behest.

In the early hours of the morning Barney returned to his home to find his wife almost hysterical with apprehension.

"It was a heart to heart talk the old lady had with me," declared Barney, at the close of his history of the doings of the night, "and I told her everything; and because of the help I was to her she gave me this," displaying a bill, "and she'll see that I get a job with the boss on condition that I mind my own business in the future; and, I'm thinking," he finished judiciously, "that that's about the best thing a man can do."

The transition of winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.



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Melindy.

By Willie Walker Caldwell.



YOU'RE a fool, Melindy, to throw away such a chance!"

"That's what I tells her," said the second of the three women as she plunged her well-frayed stick deep into the box of snuff she was holding in her other hand.

They were sitting on tilted split-bottomed chairs in the shade of a big walnut tree, which graced even the rough log cabin standing on the edge of the otherwise bare common.

The irregular mountain chain facing the cabin, its seductive shadows alternated with patches of glimmering sunshine; the quiet tree-begirt village on the left; and on the right rolling green meadows, with here and there a strip of woodland, waving with slow grace in the cool breeze, made up a picture good to look upon.

But the women were too deeply engrossed with their snuff-boxes and their subject (even if familiarity and other things had not blighted their sense of joy in the beauties of nature) to observe the fair picture, though in a dim, half-conscious way it often whispered to them of God and Truth and Purity—things of which they had almost ceased to dream.

Two of the women were past middle age, and wore that unmistakable look of hardened shamelessness and shattered energies which told their story at a glance. The other one was young, and, judging from her face, had not yet become inured to sin and shame.

"Women like us," continued Mollie, the first speaker, "don't have no chance any how; and since the Good Bein' give Melindy her purty face, seems to me she got a right to make a fortune out of it if she can."

"Who said anything about a good fortune?" scoffed Melindy.

"Well," responded the second woman, who was the girl's mother, "he offered us a plum support, and promised me you might wear all the fine clothes you wanted."

"I don't keer if he said two thousand dollars a year," replied the girl.

"Yes, an' he said maybe he'd marry Melindy some day, if his sisters ever got married and moved away from here—and I know they will," eagerly continued the mother.

"I see him marrying me now," replied Melindy, flushing hotly; "and I don't know as I'd keer to marry sich an old, ugly, deceivin' critter as he is, even if he was willin'."

"It seems to me like you wuz puttin' on a mighty heap of airs, Melindy," put in the visitor, "specially after what your mother's done for you, and her expectin' you for to be her support in her old days, too."

"Done for me!" exclaimed the girl, springing from her chair and facing them with blazing eyes—"Done for me! 'Twould have been a mercy if she had never brought me into this world, to have everybody p'intin' at me and turnin' up their noses at me; and men, sich as old Squire Thompson, a-biddin' for me same as if I wuz a filly at the horse fair."

"She's a queer girl, Mag, and I can't make her out," said Mollie, dipping snuff voraciously, as they watched her pink gingham skirts disappear along the path which led to the woods near by.

"Yes, she is kinder queer," replied the mother, calmly, as she also took another dip; "but she's young yet, and she's purty much had her own way ever since she wuz born. She'll come to her senses before many months, when wintertime comes and there ain't no meat nor wood in the house."

Somewhere among the tainted streams which were commingled in Melindy's blood there had entered one purer than the rest, and by one of those unexplained forces of heredity its influence was more plainly visible than might ever be again under similar circumstances.

This subtle force gave to her face a look of purity, to her air a touch of grace, and

to her manners a semblance of refinement. It led her to avail herself of her limited advantages of education, and put into her heart aspirations after better things than those she had known. Born to shame and poverty, reared amidst degrading surroundings and destined from the first to a career of vice, Melindy had not been given a fair chance in life. Twice her mother might have secured a home for her with respectable people, where she would have been decently taken care of and inured to hard but honest labor, had not her mother's prejudice to virtuous and seemingly hard-hearted humanity led her to fiercely reject such offers for her daughter, who promised to grow up too pretty to need to work for a living. Melindy, also, as a child, had felt that her present life—while she could laze in the sun or shade all day, hunt wild flowers or pick berries, swim, fish, or climb mountains as the mood came to her—was far preferable to hard work and strict control, even though coarse bread and meat was her daily fare and gaudy calico her clothing.

At fourteen, Melindy was tall and slim, with feet and hands too big, limbs too long, a tangle of reddish-brown hair and a clear, healthy skin, tanned and roughened by exposure and lack of care. Her large brown eyes softened by drooping lids and long lashes, a straight nose and even white teeth, redeemed her face.

At seventeen she was beautiful, and began to feel the self-importance derived from the knowledge of that fact. Her mother had guarded her thus far with the feeling that she was still a child. Now, seeing her beauty to be greater than she had supposed it would be, she valued her accordingly.

About this time a suitor, rich and respectable enough to command the mother's consent, appeared. Fortunately, he was neither young, handsome, nor fascinating. He trusted to his money to buy the mother and to her to control the girl.

Melindy did not like him; her self-love was offended by his mode of procedure, and her natural combativeness led her to resent being made an object of barter by her mother.

These feelings awoke within her the half-dormant sense of womanly purity, and once aroused it proved a powerful ally to her unconquered will. Her mother's tears, entreaties, complaints and threats availed nothing, though they made her very miserable and finally determined her to run away from home. She had heard of a woman boarding at the hotel who wanted a servant to take back to the city with her. Having secured the place, she slipped out one morning, while her mother was still sleeping, joined Mrs. Winter and took the north bound train for her new home. She felt a good deal frightened and a little regretful when she realized that she was rapidly leaving familiar scenes and faces behind her. After shedding a few surreptitious tears as she huddled in the corner of her seat, she began to feel the excitement of her adventure and to realize that it was a glorious thing to have her life in her own hands to make it what she pleased.

Mrs. Winter, who kept a second-class boarding-house for clerks, mechanics and other young business men of moderate salaries, was a kind-hearted, easy-going woman, and for two or three weeks she allowed Melindy to get gradually acquainted with her new life and duties. The boarders were much amused by her provincial idioms and her awkward, country manners, but they liked to look at her pretty, fresh young face, and did not laugh at her more than they could help. Most of the young men alternately flattered and teased her whenever they met her away from Mrs. Winter's presence, and several of them were inclined to be impertinently familiar with the poor girl, who hardly knew how to command respect.

One day, after Melindy had been several weeks in the house, Mrs. Winter was ill, and unable to preside at the dinner-table; so Melindy was entrusted with the duty of serving the meat, dessert, etc., from a side-table. One young man, a

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certain Mr. Tomlins, who had annoyed Melindy more than the others, came late and was left in the dining-room alone with her. While eating his dessert he amused himself teasing her until she became really confused and distressed. As he rose to leave the dining-room he walked around by her table, and in pretended kindness put his arm about her and patted her cheek familiarly, as he said: "Poor little country girl; she is really teased. Well, I didn't mean any harm, and you mustn't mind me. You're such a little darling a fellow can't help noticing you, you know," and he stooped to kiss her.

Melindy's face turned scarlet, more with anger than shocked modesty, and, turning, she pushed him from her with all her strength. The attack was unexpected, and the young man fell heavily across a chair, his head striking the wall. He lay there partially stunned for a moment, Melindy standing over him, contempt and disgust in her face. As consciousness came back to him, and he took in the full meaning of her expression, Tomlins grew furious, and springing to his feet seized Melindy by her shoulders and shook her until her teeth chattered.

"Stop that, you impudent coward!" a clear voice rang out, just as Melindy became thoroughly frightened at realizing that Tomlins was drunk as well as angry, and in another minute the unlucky youth was again sprawling on the floor.

"This is none of your affair, Grafton," growled Tomlins, "and I don't want any of your interference."

"It is my affair," answered Grafton. "I'll not stand by and see a man do

learned that Saturday afternoons were hers, and that she did not know what to do with them.

These kindnesses, which grew out of the natural impulse to helpfulness, which is the unflinching desire of a noble heart, more truly in a man, even, than in a woman, made a still deeper impression on Melindy. The other inmates of the house were kind, too, and they often gave her small tips, but he was the only one who seemed to care that she should go to the right places and read the right books, and who blended respect and consideration, such as Melindy had never before known, with his kindness. His tall, supple figure, which he clothed neatly, but somewhat carelessly as to cut and fit, his clear gray eyes, dark hair, high-bred countenance, and dignified, yet gentle manners seemed to Melindy the perfection of manly beauty and grace, and his name, Donald Grafton, the most musical she had ever heard.

It was some weeks before she acquired the meagre facts concerning him known to Mrs. Winter, which were these: He was a Virginian by birth, the only son of a widowed mother of limited means, and was practically acquiring the profession of machinist, after a college education looking to that end, in one of the big city machine shops.

It was not long before Melindy began to dream of the dignified young Virginian by night, and to build castles for him by day. At first she had no part in these day-dreams. He was simply the hero of the romances of her imagination, and she delighted to make him perform mighty deeds of valor and chivalry, such

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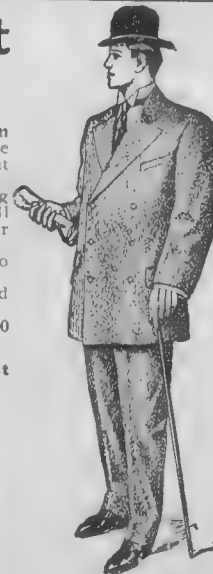
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violence to a woman while I can lift an arm in her defence."

"She struck me first," he answered, "or I'd never thought of harming her."

"If I did," said Melindy—"and I didn't strike him, sir," turning to Mr. Grafton; "I only pushed him off—it was because he was very impudent."

"I only tried to kiss her," put in Tomlins, "and the saucy jade needn't be putting on airs, for I don't doubt many a fellow has kissed her before now."

"That is not so, Mr. Grafton," Melindy answered, her voice getting husky, "and besides, if it was," she added, defiantly, "I guess I don't have to kiss them as I don't please to."

"You are right, Melindy," said Grafton, repressing a smile; "and I am surprised at Tomlins here. I do not believe he would have forgotten to be a gentleman if he had not taken too much whisky this morning. Come with me, Tomlins," he added, turning to the young man, who had dropped into a chair; "bed is the best place for you just now."

From that time Melindy regarded Mr. Grafton with sincerest respect and admiration, and he took a kindly interest in the friendless girl, whose feet seemed set among pitfalls. Several times he loaned her books to read, adroitly suggesting that they were the books ladies usually read, instead of the yellow-back French novels and sensational papers which were found on the tables in most of the young men's rooms, and which he had seen Melindy reading. Two or three times he gave her tickets to a matinee, such as he would have taken his sisters to see, or to a popular concert, when he

as she read of in some of the books he loaned her.

After awhile she began to imagine herself his trusted servant, and thought how delightful it would be to minister to his comfort always, and to share in a reflected degree some of the success and glory with which she delighted to surround him in her thoughts.

About the middle of December, Donald was sick enough to be compelled to spend several days in his room. Melindy, whose duty it was to wait upon him, was unceasingly thoughtful for his comfort. One day she went to renew his fire, and, after having done so, she said, apologetically:

"I'll wait a bit to take off the blower."

Donald felt lonely and bored, and responded, cordially:

"Well, sit down, Melindy, and talk to me awhile, I am lonesome anyhow."

The color surged into her face and her lips parted in a pleased smile as she sat down at a respectful distance.

"Tell me what you think of the city, Melindy," said Donald, feeling that he had not acted wisely, but anxious to ignore that awkwardness of the situation.

"I haven't gotten much acquainted with it yet, sir, but I like the house, and Mrs. Winter, and—everybody," after an instant's hesitation.

"Don't you get homesick for the country sometimes, and for your people?"

"I haven't any people except a mother, Mr. Grafton, and I despised the stupid little town we lived in. But I think, sometimes," she added, as her face kindled, "that I'd give anything to see the blue mountains smiling in the sunshine,

and the long soft shadows here and there, where the cool, shady gorges are, full of tall ferns and white laurel blossoms, with the clear, singing brooks running through them."

"Are you your mother's only child?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Melindy, playing with her apron-string.

"Then she must miss you very much, and you must want to see her sometimes."

A hard look settled about the young face as she answered: "I don't know how she feels, Mr. Grafton; but I know that I hope never to see her again."

"But that isn't right, Melindy. She's your mother, and you ought to love her."

"Mrs. Winter says the same, sir; and she says that God says so, too, in His book. But I don't think you and her can understand about a mother like mine—that don't care nothing for you except to make money out of you; and I don't believe God expects me to love her either."

"Well, perhaps not, Melindy. I don't know your mother. But whether you love her or not, you ought to write to her sometimes and send her a part of your wages, and maybe you could help her to be a better woman."

"Do you think so, sir? Then I'll do it. I'll do anything you tell me," she added, eagerly, as she looked up at him in undisguised admiration, "for you have been a good friend to me."

"I'm glad to have befriended you, Melindy; and I'll help you any time I can."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Grafton; but you'll go away some time, and I don't know what I should do without you, sir."

Just then, to Donald's relief, Mrs. Winter called: "Melindy, Melindy, where are you?" and her hasty departure rendered an answer unnecessary. On the next day Donald felt languid, sick and nervous. Melindy again came in after her morning duties were ended to replenish the fire. This time the blower was not needed, so after straightening the room a little and receiving no notice from Donald, who lay on his couch before the fire with closed eyes, she stopped near the foot of the couch and said, in low, beseeching tones:

"Would you like me to shake up your pillows for you, Mr. Grafton? I can make you more comfortable."

With a languid assent he sat up to allow her to rearrange his pillows, which she knew how to do quickly and deftly. As she did so, the graceful and slightly voluptuous curves of her figure, the soft pink flushed cheek and the full red mouth were temptingly near him. He thought she lingered over her task, and, resenting the temptation which willingly or not she threw in his way, he closed his eyes, settled back on his pillows as quickly as possible and said somewhat irritably:

"That will do, Melindy, and I don't want anything else this afternoon except to be alone."

He saw her eyes filled with tears, and her lips quiver as he watched her under half-shut lids, turn slowly away and leave the room.

All that afternoon her pretty, pleading face haunted him, and when he fell asleep her image, now dim, and ethereal, as life-like and very human, filled his dreams. She looked so grieved and humiliated and so physically lovable that evening, when she came up to bring his tea that it was only by a strong effort of self-restraint that he controlled the impulse to put his arm about her and caress her into smiles and happiness again.

The dangerous knowledge that he could do so had come to him that afternoon. If another ingredient is needed in the cup of temptation, which the devil mixes for a man when he puts a young and beautiful woman in his power, it is the consciousness that her happiness is bound up in his favor and that she will find joy in yielding all he asks without thought of sacrifice or fear of reckoning. Few men can resist the cup so flavored, and with the incense of adulation filling their nostrils and turning their heads even before the cup has touched their lips.

Lying awake that night Donald saw how near he had come to the edge of a precipice, and realized that it would take

all the self-restraint upon which he prided himself, backed by all the remembered admonitions of his dear, wise mother, to help him through the days which must intervene before he should be strong enough to go home.

But Donald Grafton's Scotch blood gave him something of that stubborn defiance to that which his sense of right condemned which characterized John Knox. He knew, too, what his mother expected from him, and he remembered the evening when, both his sisters being absent from home, he sat on a low chair by his mother's side in the firelight, and as she stroked his hair with soothing, gentle fingers, as he had loved her to do since his earliest recollection, she told him of his father, who had been killed in the Civil War before his children were old enough to remember him. She had told him of his bravery and heroism and of his gallant death while leading his company to the charge at Chancellorsville; of his lofty principles and knightly chivalry, of his loving heart and pure life. "If you are to be a worthy son of your father, my dear boy," she had said, "you cannot sow any wild oats as most boys do, for there was not a smirch on your father's manhood, nor a stain on his honor. If I can persuade you to exemplify to the world as he did during his brief life, what a God-like thing is a noble manhood; and if you shall some day bless and crown a true woman's life as he blessed and crowned mine, then I have not lived my lonely widowhood life in vain." Donald's soul kindled as he recalled his mother's words, and once again he vowed never to grieve and disappoint her.

For the next three days Donald talked very little to Melindy, and was always engaged in reading or writing when she was in the room. On the fourth day he was to start home. His train left at mid-day, and he spent the forenoon making purchases for his mother and sisters, returning to the boarding-house just in time to lock his trunk and take a hasty lunch. He called to Melindy, who was dusting the room at the head of the steps:

"I have a package for you," he said, when she came, "but you must not open it until Christmas Day."

As she took the package out of his hands and looked up at him, trying to say thank you, she burst into tears.

"Why, Melindy, what's the matter?" asked Donald, "Has Tomkins been annoying you again, or has Mrs. Winter been scolding you?"

"Neither, Mr. Donald; it's because you are going away. Christmas won't be any pleasure with you gone."

"That's foolishness, Melindy," he answered, some impatience mingled with the kindness of his tone. "I'd have nothing more to do with your Christmas than the rest if I stayed."

"Oh, yes, you would, sir, for I'm happy so long as you are here, and I cannot bear to think of anyone else waiting on you for two whole weeks."

"You must not talk that way, Melindy. You are a pretty, smart girl, and if you try to be sensible and good, too, you will marry a worthy man some day who will be very proud and fond of you and make you very happy."

"I'll never marry, Mr. Donald," she replied, as she threw herself on the floor beside his chair and seized one of his hands in hers, still crying as if her heart would break. "No man who respects himself will ever want me, born and raised like I have been; but if I ain't got a right to be respectable and to hold my head up like other people, I've got a right to be happy in my own way, and that's what I'll be if only you let me love you and wait on you, Mr. Donald."

As she poured out this wild talk she looked up at him with tear-filled eyes, and then in an abandon of childish grief laid her head on his knee and sobbed. Involuntarily Donald stroked her hair with a sort of tender, pitying touch, and in another instant her head was on his breast and his arms about her. For a second of time Melindy's whole being thrilled with supreme happiness. In that second the clock struck the half-hour, and Donald's conscience awoke as his mental faculties returned, telling him that he had not more than time to make his train. With an effort that made his nerves feel tense and vibrant, he put her gently



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If you are going to paint this spring, you want to do it as economically as possible. Your first idea may be that you will buy cheap paint and thus save money. True economy in painting, however, is not what the paint costs per gallon, but what a gallon will cover and how long it will last. Figure it yourself—cheap paint does not cover well, it does not wear; in a year or so you have to re-paint. The labor of applying the paint is two-thirds of the cost of your job. You can't afford this labor expense every year. Buy a good paint, it will cover more surface, look better and last longer than cheap prepared paint or hand-mixed lead and oil. Ask the S-W dealer in your town and he will tell you all about SWP.

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away from him, rose from his chair and turned to lock his trunk.

"Good-by, Melindy," he said. "You will have forgotten this folly by the time I come back, but if you think as much of me as you say you do and want to prove it, be a good girl and some day you will thank me for seeming unkind to you now."

Donald's victory was not yet won, however, and for the next two weeks the battle was renewed whenever he was left alone. "Why should you set up such a lofty standard for yourself?" the devil would say to him. "Are you wiser and better and stronger than many wise and great and even good men who have yielded under less temptation? Men of experience, men of the world would laugh at you for a prude and a narrow-minded ascetic. Besides, your squeamishness is mere folly and to no purpose; that girl is sure to throw herself away on somebody; she was born to do it. Providence, not you, is responsible for her tendencies, and if you don't accept her affection (and she is evidently devoted to you) some other man, who will not treat her with half the kindness you would, will make her his victim. She is as pretty as a woman can be, she will be your humble slave all your life, and will not expect or require what a wife would. Besides," the devil continued adroitly to suggest, "you cannot afford to marry for several years yet, and in the meantime you must break this poor girl's heart and worry yourself sick in order that you

so pure and noble a face without being subtly inspired to purer thoughts and nobler living.

His next visit was to say good-by. It was June, and Melindy was watering the plants in the tiny green yard as he was leaving. He offered her his hand in farewell, and, as she took it she said, feelingly:

"I keep your mother's picture and the little book on the table, Mr. Donald, and look at them every day. I know now why you are different from other men, and I am trying hard to be the sort of girl I might have been if she had been my mother. That is what you meant by giving her picture to me, wasn't it, sir?"

"That was it exactly, Melindy," he said, shaking her hand heartily, "and with the book to help you I know you will succeed."

A few months later Donald secured a lucrative position in Chicago. Reluctantly they sold their dear childhood's home, and his mother and unmarried sister moved to the big West with him. Three years of energetic effort brought success and prosperity. About that time Donald married a woman who was entirely satisfactory to himself, and, which is much more suggestive, was equally so to his mother. Among other Eastern friends he sent cards to Mrs. Winter and Melindy. In response he received a present for his bride from Melindy and a long letter for himself. In the letter she told him something of her life since he had last seen her. How Mrs. Winter had broken down in health, and she had be-



Pleasures of the Camp.

may not disappoint your mother's quixotic ideal (and she need know nothing about it) and may be entirely worthy the exalted type of womanhood you hope to marry some day, but who will think none the less of you because you do not tell her all your past."

Afterward Donald felt very thankful that the struggle took place amidst the scenes of his innocent aspiring boyhood, and with his mother's loving, trusting presence to unconsciously help him.

On his return to the city he secured another boarding-house, and only twice during the several months he remained did he visit Mrs. Winter's. The first time, soon after his return, Melindy was lingering in the hall as he took his departure, and preceded him to the door to open it for him.

"I just wanted to say, Mr. Donald," she said, in low tones and with downcast eyes, "that I know you did it all for kindness to me, and I am grateful to you."

"I am glad you know that, Melindy," and then, driven by an impulse to show in some way his interest and kindly feeling, he drew a small picture of his mother and a tiny Testament she had marked and given him from his pocket and handed them to her. "I want you to have these, Melindy," he said. "May-be they will help you sometime."

He hardly knew afterward why he had given her the photograph of his mother, but on analyzing his motive, he found that he had felt by a woman-like intuition that Melindy could not look often on

come her housekeeper. How, about two years before, a young carpenter from the country had come to the boarding-house. How he had been nice to her, and they had fallen in love with each other, and only a few weeks before had been married. That she had wanted to write to him to tell him about it, but that she did not know his address. That Mrs. Winter was going to close her house soon, and her husband, who had been successful and was getting small building contracts now, was building a pretty little cottage in the suburbs, and they would begin housekeeping in the spring.

The letter needed no comment to prove that Melindy was a good, true woman and a proud and happy wife.

There was but one note of sadness in the letter, and that was in the lines which said: "My mother died more than a year ago, and I went back to the village to see her decently buried. I have tried hard to forgive her, and I pray that God has done so. Thank you, oh, so truly, Mr. Donald, for all your goodness to me; and thank God for having given you such a mother."

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

His Last Circus.

By Bertha Esterbrooke Goodier.



IGHTY-FIVE, ninety, ninety-five, ninety-six, nine-seven, eight, nine, one dollar. One dollar, you said, sir? And you're sure they're the best—the very best that can be had?"

Appealing eyes turned upward to Bill Smith's rough, weather-beaten face.

Bill Smith stared. It wasn't often any one looked at him, appealingly or otherwise. Folks just "slammed down their coin, grabbed up the pasteboards, and made off," without so much as a glance for the automaton on the box. He looked at the pitiful little heap of nickels, pennies, and dimes, and past these into her eyes. Then he said, more gently than a "barker" is supposed to say anything:

"Sure, lady, the best they is. The kid kin see three rings an' the stage all to one't, if he looks sharp enough. His first circus, ma'am?" gallantly, and with splendid indifference to the long line "shoving up."

A swift change came into the eyes. It was almost as though they contracted with pain. The little woman clutched the boy's hand tightly—hungrily, it seemed to Bill Smith. "Yes," she said simply, "his first circus—and his last."

"His last circus! Oh, I say——" But they were gone across the trodden field. Someone was tapping a silver half-dollar on the board. "The next seat," said that someone authoritatively. "You understand? Next to the ones you just sold."

Bill Smith turned his eyes from the little woman in faded black and the little boy in the patched and quite evidently home-made suit. "Friends of your'n?" he couldn't help asking as he pushed forward the green ticket.

"No," said the man shortly, and passed on.

"Well," said Bill Smith to himself, as with a dexterity of years standing he flung the coin into his tin box. "He don't look like a masher, but you can't never tell."

He did not look in the least like a "masher." Such gentry are not of so serious a mien, so well-dressed, nor have they shrewd, kind eyes that look the world squarely, understandingly in the face. He took his seat quietly—it was next the little, fair-haired boy's—and sat there, heedless of the charms of "Zulu Annie" or the daring of the "Brothers Du Scharme." Ralph Merrill was studying the sea of faces, glancing now and then toward the profiles next him and wondering why he should be here—in a circus-tent, of all places. On this particular day of all days, when a host of his old friends waited to bid him "Welcome Home!"

Perhaps it was just the air of the native land. It got into the blood, and made him a boy again. Where in the Old World could you find a stage-setting like this? The vaulted roof, the sawdust ring, tiers on tiers of nodding heads, glitter, laughter, hubbub? It was America through and through—and America was home.

What fate had brought him to the side of this fair-haired youngster, whose ringing voice stirred half-forgotten memories of a day more years ago than Ralph Merrill cared to count? A day when he sat, breathless, eager, clutching the hand of a little fair-haired woman in black, who had smiled upon him just as happily when he questioned as did this youngster:

"Mother, ain't it ever goin' to begin?"

The velvet curtain swayed, now in, now out. Eyes turned toward it, lips were hushed. There was a crash of music, deafening in the great silence. Unseen hands drew the crimson folds apart. The grand triumphant entry was on!

Slowly, splendidly, with blaring of trumpets, with fanfare of drums, they came—knights in flashing armor, ladies in satin robes, charioteers, foot soldiers, elephant drivers, Bedouins, Indians,

clowns, jockeys—a motley array to eyes grown dim with glitter and tinsel and pinch-beck, yet to the little mother and the fair-haired boy, all very curious, very gorgeous, very real.

They sat motionless, their faces graven marble save for the warm blood coloring the boy's cheek as he leaned forward, his blue eyes half closed. There was something strangely familiar in the pose.

"Mother! They're coming." It was almost a whisper.

"Yes, dear. You can see them?" with a little note of terror.

He turned toward her wondering.

"What a funny little mother. Of course. An' it's all just like the pictures you told me 'bout. Joe Dobson, he said circuses was 'fakes.' It's such a joke on Joe."

The magnificent cavalcade drew nearer.

"See, Danny—the funny elephant lolling his head from side to side, flapping his great ears, and the little boy riding isn't a bit afraid. He's looking this way, dearie. He's waving his hand."

"Where—oh, where?"

"There, dear." She pointed a white finger. "Oh, you do see him, Danny!" Her voice was all a-tremble with a great eagerness.

"Why, yes, of course. The funny elephant—clumsy old thing. Will he see me if I wave my hand to him—the little boy in black and yellow?"

"Red and yellow, Danny——"

"Why, of course," the shrill, boyish laugh tinkled out. "Red and yellow, of course! You'll think me so stupid, mother dear. And that big black something behind them?"

"Another elephant!"

"Why, of course. I'm the stupidest boy!"

"His name is on that velvet banner. What is it, Danny?" She had waited till the huge bulk swung directly in front of them.

The boy colored quickly. The mother's eyes searched his face. It seemed as though her very life hung on his answer, as he leaned forward, drawing his brows together in a little perplexed frown. Ralph Merrill knew that Danny was trying, not so much to see, but to remember.

Suddenly he sat up very straight, his fair face aglow.

"It's the Rajah, mother! What a splendid old elephant! Not much 'fake' about him!"

The man beside them drew a sharp breath. It was such palpable guesswork. The tinselled letters didn't look in the least like "Rajah," nor the mild-mannered "Hebe" like that fierce leader-of-the-herd. Why should Danny quote Joe Dobson? What would the mother say now?

She smiled bravely, though the blue eyes were filled with tears. She threw one arm across the boy's shoulders, as though to shield him from all sorrow and care. There were no more questions. Perhaps she dreaded their answers.

Presently she began to speak in low tones, lest she disturb those near:

"Danny, a girl is going to swing from a high trapeze. She is right out in the middle of the tent, ever so high. She's a very pretty girl in her pink suit, with the great rose caught in her dark, dark hair."

"I like yellow hair best—yellow, with shiny threads running through. Like sunshine, you know. Like yours, mother dear."

He had forgotten the beautiful trapeze performer. His face was turned toward hers wistfully.

In a fervor she caught his little hands, and bending, kissed them.

"Danny, do you know you're the dearest little son a mother ever had!"

"Cause you're the dearest mother——"

"Hush, sweetheart——"

"And the most beautiful——"

"Flatterer!"

"It's true!"

"And pretty soon your old mother will be getting so conceited. But, dearie,

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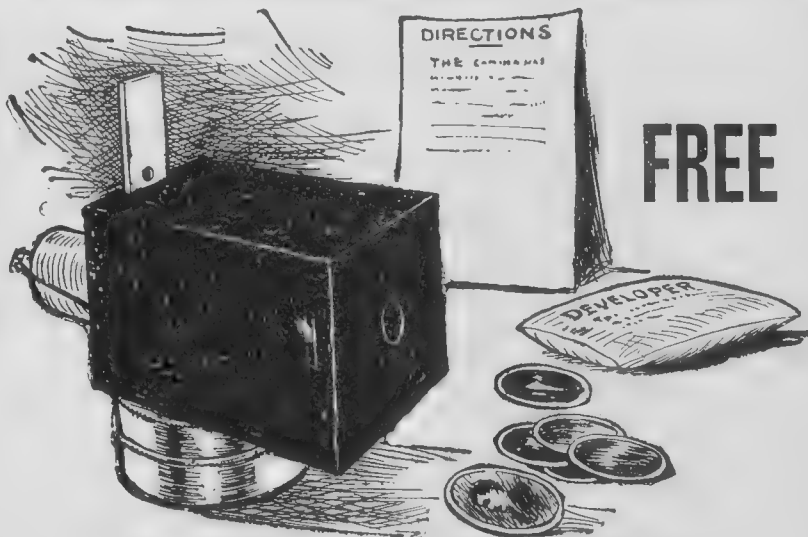
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we musn't miss this pretty girl riding the great white horse. Her hair is yellow enough. She's going to jump through a great paper ring. The clown's holding it just right."

"Mother, she won't fall!" shuddering. "Fall? No, indeed. She has done it hundreds of times before. There, she's through—away she goes! Now a troupe of Japanese are coming. Jugglers, you know, Danny. Such funny, dark, little people, with queer slanted eyes and black satin robes with gold flowers on them. They pick their way across the sawdust as though stepping on eggshells."

"Funny little Japs. And they're going to toss plates and big silver balls and hoops into the air, and never let one slip. Joe Dobson, he—oh, mother dear!"

Out in the center of the sawdust arena sat a group of red-coated men, their great brazen horns at rest, their eyes intent upon that single, upright figure. A silver cornet was raised. Out upon the hushed air went one long, sweet note, throbbing upward to the tented roof, onward and outward to bid that chattering audience "Be still." In wonder they stared and listened. "Paul Maurtiz" had been but a name upon the show-bills. No one had guessed that he would play like this!

For but a passing moment, it is true, may one man's magic hold thousands bound. The moment lived, riders would leap upon their shining horses, clowns would tumble and grimace, whips crack, horns blare, the mad hurdy-gurdy of the circus go on. Yet for that moment no sound was heard through all the great tent, save only that clear, sweet, silvery note.

The little boy breathed deeply as though he would draw in the very soul of the music. And when the last tone sobbed and trembled and died away, he put one tiny hand to his eyes, then hid them against his mother's arm, whispering:

"Oh, mother! mother dear!"

In the storm of applause that followed, Ralph Merrill leaned forward. Almost

reverently he touched her arm. He asked, as simply as had Bill Smith—for he felt that he must know:

"His first circus?"

The little mother turned. With half-frightened eyes she searched the grave, earnest face. What she saw written there I cannot tell, yet she answered as simply as she had answered the rough ticket-seller:

"His first circus—and his last."

"It need not be!" The impulsive words were out before he knew.

"It need not be? Oh, you do not understand! You do not know that next year—"

"Next year?"

"He will be—blind!"

The whispered words shrieked out above the cracking whips, the brazen horns, the screaming clowns. He had guessed it in his heart—yet spoken, it overwhelmed him with its despair.

"Blind—oh, no!" he protested sharply; then, when he saw the look upon her face:

"Won't you tell me all about it?"

His kind voice was not quite steady, yet, because keen sympathy was its undertone, she told him the sad little life-story—the impending tragedy of blindness—as simply as though it were but a lesson she had learned.

Widowed, almost penniless, frail, yet she had woven with her shining needle a gay little world where there was only Danny and herself. And they had been happy—so happy—till a terrible day when Danny had put out his trembling hands and groped his way to her, crying: "Mother! mother dear! Are you there? You seem so very far away!"

She had sewed and saved and starved. From one doctor to another they went. Always, always to meet the reply:

"He is beyond our help. The retina of the eye is affected. We can do nothing, madam, nothing!"

"I look into his eyes a hundred times a day!" cried the poor mother-heart. "They are so clear, so beautiful. Will God let the light go out forever? Sometimes I won't believe! Then he tries

so hard, and I pretend not to know, and he tells me of the things he sees. It is a hopeless little game, sir. Some day it will break my heart; yet now I must be brave for Danny's sake. I must not make it harder for him—my poor, poor little boy!"

"But surely there is someone—"

"Yes, one. He is in foreign lands now, and his price—ah, sir, if I were rich my little boy need not go into the darkness, but five hundred dollars! It might as well be five thousand."

The words upon Ralph Merrill's lips were stilled, yet the light did not leave his face. When the last rider had disappeared through the velvet curtains, and with one accord the vast tentful surged down the rickety boards, he quietly took possession of the boy's hand.

"You must let me guide you out of the crowd," he said to the fair-haired woman. "People jostle and shove so, it is a wonder more are not hurt. Take my arm, please, I'll look after Danny."

They went out into the waning afternoon, this strange trio, the little boy clasping tightly to the hand that guided the mother close behind. They passed beneath the ticket-wagon. "Lord!" muttered Bill Smith, his faded blue eyes fairly bulging from the very red face.

When he had seated them in the car, Ralph Merrill lifted his hat, and pressed something into the tiny hand.

"I want you to tell your mother to bring you to this address to-morrow afternoon, Danny," he said. "You'll do it, won't you, my boy? Perhaps I'll have very good news for you both."

Passengers in that car glanced curiously at the little woman in shabby black, who held a small white card as tightly as though it were the most precious thing in the world. And some of them smiled kindly when they saw her hide her face against the boy's fair curls, though they could not hear the gladness in her sweet voice as she whispered:

"Danny, Danny—it is he. The doctor, Danny. The one, you know. And I'm to take you to him to-morrow! Oh! my little boy, isn't God good to us?"

Isn't He good?"

Danny looked up at her with eyes that were clear and blue and beautiful. He wondered at the great tears. Was mother crying or laughing? A little of both, had he only known.

"Why, yes," said Danny, "didn't you always say He wouldn't forget?"



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The Beachcomber's Daughter.

By Don Munday.



AINSLEY did not know he was staring at the moon, and perhaps the moon did not know it either. For like a bright bit of orange peel it slid down behind the black ridges of Bowen Island, utterly regardless of the moody young man. A sense of finality, a feeling of "dust and ashes, dead and done with," was produced by moonset as the in-stealing mist blackened the waters of English Bay. It was as though the Recording Angel, in scrawling "Finis" across the day's account, had splashed the whole page with ink.

"Forget her!" he muttered, referring to the girl in the case. In an effort to forget his disappointment he made ready for a refreshing plunge in the bay. He swam towards the Jessie Mac, which was anchored a hundred yards from shore with a big boom of logs. The tug's lights were scarcely visible from the further end of the boom, where he clung for a while, allowing his body to float in the undulant rise and fall of the strongly ebbing tide.

The bell on Spanish Bank tolled sonorously, and the fog-horn on Point Atkinson answered hoarsely through the darkness. Unseen in the fog, a liner tore seaward; the swell attendant on her passage rolled chattering against the gravel beach, and the logs heaved uneasily against each other amid the manifold spoutings and gurglings of the obstructed waters.

Ainsley was about to loose his hold and swim ashore, when he detected on the black water a blacker shape approaching. A mesh of ribbony sea-weed washed across his face and chest; he left it there, an opportune screen against discovery by the occupant of the boat, for such the object proved. Ainsley took a sudden whim to know this man's business in approaching so cautiously. The boat bumped lightly against the boom, within arm's length of him. He felt certain the prowling boatman was McMasters, a beachcomber and fisherman, whom he knew held a grudge against the owners of the logs. Ainsley ran his fingers along the patched bow of the boat. He could swear it was McMasters' boat, at any rate.

He paddled softly away from the boom and watched. When the tension on the boom-sticks slackened in the cradles of the swells, the boatman slipped the cross-ends of the boom-chain through the holes in the ends of the boom-sticks, which at once swung apart. Like cattle through a gap in a fence, the logs scattered seaward. The crew of the Jessie Mac would certainly attribute the mishap to a broken boom-chain.

Ainsley struck for shore. Having dressed, he picked his way through the darkness towards the beachcomber's house. He was exultant. Fate had played into his hands, and as a rejected suitor of Bessie McMasters he thought his knowledge might be utilized. Nearing the house, he heard a boat being drawn up on the beach. "That you, McMasters?" he asked casually.

"Yes," was the growling response he received.

"I just strolled down for a little business talk," remarked Ainsley, unasked following McMasters into the house.

Bessie McMasters, with a slightly constrained greeting, offered Ainsley a chair. An almost imperceptible menace in his manner struck her with an apprehension of impending trouble. From childhood the motherless, sensitive girl had had to rely on her own swift intuition.

"Well, what is it?" demanded McMasters as he seated himself opposite Ainsley.

"It chiefly concerns your daughter here," replied Ainsley, flashing a look at the girl's pale, attractive face, framed with dark brown hair.

"She refused you once already, didn't she? Well, that settles it, I guess. Doesn't it, Bess?" McMasters glared at Ainsley, who merely rose and leaned on the back of his chair. It seemed safer

to be in a position to move quickly. His drowsy blue eyes were hard and narrow when he spoke again, and his voice rang hard as wire.

"Perhaps she will reconsider her decision," he said, adding with calculated emphasis, "to save her father from a jail sentence!"

Man and girl were on their feet in an instant—the girl white with dread, for she felt the deadly truthfulness in Ainsley's voice—the father pale with con-

scious guilt, yet trying to convince himself that Ainsley could know nothing of that night's doings, that it must be some other charge and therefore a mistake or a bluff.

Bessie mutely motioned Ainsley to continue.

"I know who broke the Jessie Mac's boom of logs."

Choking an oath, McMasters flung himself at him with an axe from beside the stove. Bessie flung herself between. Drunk or sober, he had never struck the girl. Her mother's eyes looked out of hers and forced the madness from his brain. He dropped back limply in his chair. She bent over him, not questioning, but asserting, "It is true!" He

affirmed it with a groan. She turned again to Ainsley, who briefly recounted the occurrence.

"You make me the price of your silence?" she asked in piteous appeal when he finished speaking.

"I do!" he answered in smothered triumph.

She threw herself at his feet—tears, reproaches, entreaties were alike wasted on him. Seeing at last the uselessness of her pleadings, she rose, swaying against the table for support. Ainsley was unmoved by her appeal as was the driftwood outside the door. McMasters looked on remorsefully, helplessly. He took the heartbroken girl in his arms, but had no word to comfort her, for he

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knew it was his cowardice was wrecking her happiness.

"Father, father!" the girl sobbed on his breast, "I love—love—love Dick Renfrew, and it is sin and shame for me to let another call me wife—but I will do it for your sake!"

Ainsley knew he had won; he did not care how. He had correctly estimated the father's cowardice and the daughter's self-sacrifice. Smiling exultantly, he passed out into the darkness.

Ainsley was employed as helper to Dick Renfrew, who was powder-man of the Government gang clearing and grading the Marine Drive along the shore of Point Grey. He could not but observe that the powder-man was growing markedly careless. He was seated on a log, engaged in the hazardous performance of using his teeth to crimp a cap on to a fuse. Judging from Dick's face, his thoughts were not of the pleasantest kind.

"Where's your crimping pincers?" demanded Ainsley. "Here, use my knife."

"Go to anywhere and mind your own business!" savagely retorted Dick.

"Humph!" grunted Ainsley with no show of resentment, promptly switching his attention to a fish-eagle pursued by a vindictive little kingbird. He leaned on the handle of his shovel and watched the pursuit until the powder-man interrupted with, "Have you that hole down yet?"

"No," Ainsley rejoined languidly, without shifting his position. "You'd

out. The sharp strain broke the burned strands. He sprang back, instinctively covering his face with his arms, and immediately the flame had reached the cap. A jet of stones and dirt shot out with a muffled report.

When the dust cleared Dick sat up, slowly comprehending his escape. Ainsley, shaking the dust out of his ears and hair, was hotly disgusted. "Profanity fails to speak it," he declared, but not until after he had attempted to express it with the choicest bits in his, the largest unexpurgated vocabulary between Dawson and Frisco.

"Dick, look here," he continued, "if you don't mend your ways you'll be away past mending. The good angel of fools and little children, being kept jumping, is liable to forget and let you slide over the edge into hereafter. Besides, he mightn't always find as good an understudy as me to take his role in the ten-seconds-from-eternity scene. I never once thought you were so gone on Bessie McMasters. Buck up! But I know how it feels."

Dick said little; had the conditions been reversed he would have acted similarly. He to a great extent regarded the incident as a matter-of-course, as did Ainsley in spite of all his talk. Work was resumed. Before long three large "shots" had been placed under as many stumps, each over 5 ft. in diameter. While the powder-man was splitting the ends of the fuses to insure prompt ignition, Ainsley quivered, "Say, whose kid is that picking blackberries with Bessie



The Days Collection.

better 'spring' a hole. A badger with case-hardened toe-nails couldn't dig a hole under that stump. What ain't roots is rocks, and what ain't rocks might as well be, it's so hard. But speaking of badgers reminds me of one time

"It's time someone reminded you that you're expected to work one hour in nine on Government jobs. You don't! Get busy, and get a stick of powder. I'll loosen things up."

Ainsley spent preparatory to moving; he had spent too much time in camps up and down the coast to heed abuse unless particularly sulphuric in character. The pugnacious kingbird had abandoned his attack on the eagle. Ainsley felt he had done his duty by the birds, and, yawning again, bit off a fresh chew. After getting the dynamite he sprawled comfortably along a sun-warmed log and commenced to ease an overloaded vine of blackberries.

Meanwhile, the powder-man was loading the "shot," which was intended to loosen the obstructions enough to allow digging a hole of sufficient size and depth to insert the charge required to tear out the huge fir stump. Suddenly Ainsley smelled the pungent odor of burning fuse. Looking around, he was jerked into action by seeing that Dick, engrossed in his unpleasant thoughts, had first lit the fuse and was calmly tamping in dirt afterwards.

Ainsley yelled as he knocked the powder-man headlong—a wild bull would not have hurled him further. Seizing the end of the fuse, he tried to jerk it

McMasters on yonder side hill?"

"Jack Carlin's kid; you might know by the dog," replied Dick without looking up.

"That dog of Carlin's is getting as powder-crazy as a dog that picked up with the gang when I was working on Sasamat Street; used to run in when we yelled 'fire,' and chase the pieces flying around. Once we tried to call her off, but cowed her instead. She laid down on a chunk of a root we had a shot under. She got an elevated view of things the next minute. Cured her too, but might as well have killed her—she was crushed by a wagon when we moved to Eburne."

All being in readiness, Dick uttered the familiar cry of "Fire!" The gang put their tools in places of safety and hurried out of range of flying debris. "Alright?" asked Dick. "Alright," returned Ainsley, lighting a fuse. Dick touched off the other two, and both men retreated towards shelter, repeating the customary warning shout of "F-i-r-e!"

Suddenly they heard the excited barking of a dog. Glancing back, they saw coming down a disused skid-road a girl of four or five, hanging on to the collar of a big black mongrel which was running into the very heart of the danger zone.

"I'll go," said Dick simply to Ainsley, who was farther away. In his bitter mood Dick found some exhilaration in taking long chances. It is questionable whether he had ever heard of "potential heroism"; he never thought of it, at anyrate, as he dashed across

the rough ground in a race against those slow-consuming, inexorable fuses. The child, alarmed by the man's approach, released her hold of the dog. Turning to run, she tripped and fell. The powder-man caught her up and started away. He knew it was only a question of seconds now.

The stump nearest him burst apart with a staggering roar. The storm of debris caught him, tossing him like a chip in under the curving side of a great fir log. Though nearly stunned, he tried to shelter the girl with his own body.

Again the ground reeled with an explosion. He was pelted with sticks and stones, with mud and broken bark. Great pieces of the stump were hurled somersaulting in every direction. "Powder is cheaper than muscle," the foreman had insisted; Dick had never spared the powder. He was not surprised when one huge fragment fell inches distant from his head, pitched against the log, and protectively over-arched him.

The third "shot" followed at once. The giant piece of wreckage effectually warded off several big missiles the last explosion shot towards him. The spreading fan of upthrown rubbish had not begun to fall back to earth before Ainsley sprang towards where he had last seen Dick. Bessie McMasters, sun-

bonnet blown back and berry-pail on arm, ran down the skid-road along which the child had come. Ainsley reached Dick first. He dragged the unhurt child from under Dick, who grunted painfully, "I'm alright, I guess," but shut his eyes and lay still, waiting for heaven and earth to slow down in their mad whirl with him as their pivot.

Bessie, after one satisfied look at the child, who clung and cried, rushed towards Dick; then checked herself, remembering the great barrier between them. She crouched against the log and could not restrain her sobs. Ainsley bit his lips savagely; he was thinking hard. Having leaped to a decision, he seized the girl almost roughly; he must not lose his grip on himself. She looked into his face with pitious brown eyes; what she saw there brought a glad wonder into her pale face.

"Bessie," he whispered hoarsely, "I'm going to forget everything—everything, you understand?—that happened the night the Jessie Mac lost her logs. I'm going to ship north to-morrow." When he would have falteringly asked forgiveness, she kissed him fearlessly, a great light in her eyes.

Ainsley waved back the approaching men, and, without a backward glance, found the foreman and asked for his time.

A Man's Strategy.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.



HILDA NORTHEY stood waiting for Mrs. Stedman and Laura to come and take her to the tennis club ball.

She wore a white gown embroidered in silver, and made in a fashion which was not quite the prevailing mode, but just a shade more fanciful. She was a pale girl, not a beauty—just the kind of girl about whom people would differ, one maintaining that she was pretty, others denying it.

Her aunt, Miss Eccott, who had brought up the motherless girl—her father was in India—thought that she was looking unusually well that night.

It was a simple little house in the suburbs, and nobody in Strettonham had any idea that Hilda was an heiress. Colonel Northey's express wish had been that his child herself should be ignorant of the fact.

"Let her mix in the local society," he had written, "but let her mix in it as a nobody. She has had the bringing up of a gentlewoman, and if she has been properly trained she should know one person from another. But London is brimful of fortune hunters. Don't let anybody know what my little girl is worth. I wish she might keep heart-whole until she sees Borodaile. He is the man I would choose for her, but I fear he cannot get his furlough till next year."

Poor Colonel Northey! He was very anxious for his little girl's happiness, but he knew so little about girls that he never realised that, in cramming the excellent Borodaile down Hilda's throat, he was doing his utmost to defeat his own hopes. His letters were full of Borodaile. Borodaile was the stock joke between Hilda and her aunt. "My future" was what Hilda called him.

And this winter Leslie Willis had appeared on the scene. He was an artist, and he had not been three months in Strettonham before he was the society pet of that gay little suburb. Hilda Northey appealed to his artistic sense in a way that no other local young lady did. He admired her, she interested him—he came very near to loving her. But he had no fortune but his handsome face and wavy hair. It behooved him to consider ways and means.

Miss Eccott had seen very little of him, nor had she heard much, for Hilda was reticent. Unfortunately, Miss Eccott's delicate chest made winter balls impossible for her, and much to her regret, Hilda had to be chaperoned on most occasions by Mrs. Stedman, the mother of her schoolfellow, Laura, an acknow-

ledged heiress, and the "catch" of Strettonham.

The imperious rat-tat of Mrs. Stedman's chauffeur caused Hilda to pick up her gloves and fan, kiss her aunt a loving farewell, and run downstairs.

"Good girl, you never keep us waiting," said Mrs. Stedman with approval, as the slim, girlish figure slipped into the small seat in front of the motor brougham facing the two radiant, highly perfumed, and gorgeously decked ladies. "One needs to be in good time at the tennis balls, if one's guests are to be introduced properly."

Laura Stedman was leaning back, fastening her last glove button. She was a finely developed girl, with black hair, and a hint of future coarseness. She wore a marvellous gown of geranium red, in the newest and most daring mode. Her necklet was of diamonds.

"I told Willis to come early," said she languidly, "to help me to introduce. He is one of the stewards."

The short speech made Hilda wince, for two reasons. One of these was that she disliked to hear Laura talk of young men by their surname, without prefix—it gave her an odd sense of discomfort. The other went deeper.

At the last dance at which she and Leslie Willis had met, he had asked her for two dances only, alleging a pressure of duty dances, which had, however, not prevented him from sitting out five consecutive waltzes with Laura in the conservatory.

Hilda's own bringing up had been of so simple and dignified a character, that the idea of anyone's being deliberately mercenary had not occurred to her. She did not feel that Laura's money gave her any advantage over herself; but the idea of the transfer of the affections of Leslie Willis was acutely painful.

She strove against the feeling as unworthy of her. She liked and trusted Leslie Willis.

The big drill hall was already filling, early though they were. The first-rate band was tuning up, men were assiduously providing their fair ones with programmes. Leslie Willis, with his steward's favour in his buttonhole, was hurrying to and fro. Apparently he did not see Hilda, though he passed very near her. She saw he was busy; she could wait: she had a radiant smile ready for him when he chose to come for it. She had designed the charming dress she wore with a special hope and intention of pleasing him.

Five minutes ebbed away, while he passed and re-passed, his eyes always in another direction. Someone came up to her, shook hands, begged for a dance. She gave it, not knowing to whom she

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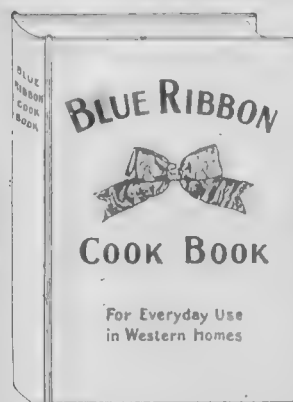
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spoke. Someone else followed. A third begged to introduce his friend. Her card was filling. She looked round wistfully, more expression than she knew in her beautiful eyes.

Leslie Willis was approaching, with a bashful youth at his side.

"How do you do, Miss Northey? Very well to-night? Yes, that's right. May I introduce Mr. Watkins? I dare not ask you to keep one for me on the chance—my duties as a steward make me so uncertain."

He smiled, bowed, left her. That was

all. This was how he used her—this man who a month ago monopolized half her programme. What could she have done to merit such treatment? Had she shown him too plainly that she cared? Had she been unmaidenly? The torture of the thought racked her as she stood there stonily still, unconscious of her surroundings, unconscious of the fact that the first "extra" had just struck up—unconscious, most of all, of her own exceeding charm as she stood thus, mentally reeling under the shock of this new, bitter experience.

What should she do? Plead illness? Retire? Never, never! Hilda had not known until to-night that she was proud; but now she thrilled with pride and passion. Leslie Willis should never see how he had hurt her. If she died of it she would dance.

Mr. Willis had never proved himself so true an artist as in this unintentional bit of work. With one stroke he had converted pale Hilda Northey into a beauty. Her cheeks were touched with carmine, the carriage of her head was full of dignity. Several strangers

pleaded to be presented to the girl in white and silver.

"Getting on well, dear?" said Laura. "I do hope so. My card was full before the first dance began; but when Willis gets hold of one's programme, there's not much room left for other people! Now, don't, for pity's sake, ask to see it, Hilda!"

"See your programme? I don't want to," said Hilda bluntly.

Leslie Willis came up at the moment. "Our dance, Miss Stedman. Ah, Miss Northey, are you in want of partners? Because if so, do let me help you—"

"There is no need, thank you. My card is quite full."

As he led away the heiress, a transient expression, as of regret or pique, flitted across Willis's handsome features. He knew how far in his charming flirtation with Miss Northey he had permitted himself to go. As he thought over it, he did feel some discomfort. He had done the thing too suddenly; a dance should have been asked for form's sake. Yet how could he have trusted himself?—she looked so sweet to-night. Nothing less than complete surrender would satisfy Laura, as he well knew.

"Our dance, I think, Miss Northey," Hilda rallied and looked up. The pleasant voice was a stranger's, and a tall, plain man of about five-and-thirty, with keen blue eyes and a dark moustache, stood before her. She had no memory of having been introduced, but she supposed she must have gone through that ceremony, so she placed her hand on his arm, and they slipped into the dance.

He waltzed very well, and did not speak for a minute or two. Hilda felt faint and unsteady. A glow of geranium red and a whiff of strong perfume seemed to pursue her as she revolved. Presently her partner spoke—suddenly. "I ought to make you sit down," he said, "but I can't. This is so delightful."

"Why should I sit down?" she gasped. "I am not tired."

"Is it not fatigue? Then"—his voice was close to her ear—"then what is it?"

"Nothing," she said affrightedly; and unconsciously tightened her hold of his arm. The room was going round with her. Dimly, as they passed a doorway, she saw that the red gown had ceased turning. Laura and her partner were standing together near the large archway watching the dances. Without reflecting on her action, she turned her head for a moment so that her eyes looked into those of her partner.

"Listen," she said. "I have—been upset. I feel as if I were going to faint; but I want to go on—as if there were—nothing the matter. Help me to go on—to seem all right."

Her partner exhibited no surprise, though he could hardly have been accustomed to appeals of such a nature. His eyes met hers coolly and steadily. "I think I understand. Something has happened to disturb you, and you wish to keep up appearances—is that it?"

"Yes—yes." "Nothing easier," he replied, still in those composed tones. "Look at me, think of nothing but me. Go on dancing, but throw all your weight on me. I can hold you up if you can just continue to look perfectly natural—as you are looking now—for two minutes longer. Are you listening?"

"Yes, I hear every word, but as if I were dreaming. 'Oh, help me to do nothing that will make people look at me! Do I look mad?'"

"You look perfectly normal. You are obeying orders splendidly. I want you to keep up just a minute till we have completed our round. Now, it is done. Nerve yourself to walk a few steps, leaning on my arm. In a moment you shall be where you may rest awhile."

She had obediently fixed her eyes on his, as he bade her; and now it was over. She was walking quietly and collectedly down the stairs, and had passed Laura and her partner without even seeing that they were there.

He led her through the refreshment room to a small, dimly lighted room beyond. There he left her a moment to collect herself, while he went to fetch some champagne and soda water.

When she had drunk some of it, and her wits had returned, the color flowed suddenly into her face, and she felt the

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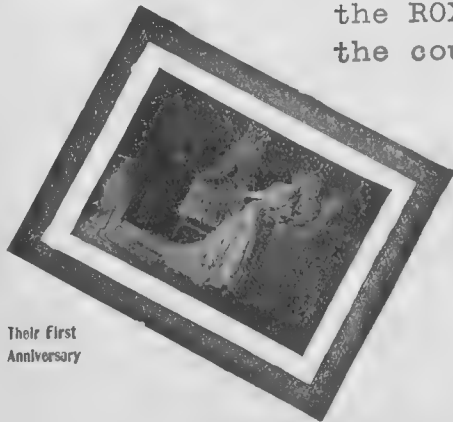
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Their First Anniversary

urgent need of excusing herself to this stranger.

"How stupid to faint so suddenly! I never did such a thing before! I cannot understand how I came to be so weak-minded."

He smiled a little, looking down at her fan, which he was slowly agitating, with the air of one well accustomed to fanning ladies.

"I think I understand," he said deliberately.

She looked at him in astonishment. Her first impulse, to resent what he said, faded instantly. Something in his calm simplicity, his unruffled composure, forced her to feel that he was to be trusted.

"I want to know what you would like to do," he went on slowly. "Is it your intention to stay and dance and brave the matter out, or will you go home at once?"

The colour flooded her face, her very neck. He raised his keen eyes and looked at her humorously, as if together they shared an amusing secret.

go in to supper with me? If you would not mind too much, it would be really worth doing."

"But," said Hilda, in her confusion saying the first thing that occurred—"all my dances are taken."

"May I look at your card?"

She produced it. "At the beginning of the evening," he said, with a gleam of fun in his eyes, "you were, I regret to say, a trifle absent-minded. When young Wade introduced me I asked what dances I might have, and you replied, without looking at me, that I might take which I liked. I resented not being looked at, and to punish you I took all these. Now, what do you say? These dances are mine. Of course, if you feel you can't go through with them, I renounce them all. But it will be a blow. I confess."

"I think," said Hilda earnestly, after a stupefied pause, "that you are the most astonishing person that I ever met."

"Well, as long as you don't say I am



"I ought to make you sit down," he said, "but I can't. This is so delightful!"

"There is an ill-bred jackass here to-night, who for some time past has favoured you with much of his valuable company," he suggested. "So much so that people have remarked it. To-night, for reasons of his own, he sees fit to turn his back on you. Perhaps that may be remarked too."

"What makes you say this? I have never seen you before."

"No. But I know friends of yours who are here, and have apparently noticed something of the kind. Now, the question seems to be—wouldn't it be better to let it look as if the avoidance came from you? To let the young bouncer fancy himself—cut out?"

She looked at him bewildered.

"Would it help you if I offered myself for the evening?" he suggested warily. "Do you think you have pride enough to put up with a good deal of my society—to dance with me, talk to me,

the most disagreeable——"

"Oh, no, no! Think what you did for me just now. I don't even now understand how you could know——"

"I'm a bit of a clairvoyant, I believe; but I hope I am to be trusted."

"Ah, how am I to know that?" She felt that all her preconceived ideas of the world had been rudely shaken.

"I know just how you feel. Being yourself by nature what you are, you have hitherto taken the men you met for granted—you assumed that they were gentlemen. Having now discovered one of them to be a cad, you are inclined to think that most of them are the same."

"I feel as if you were good," sighed Hilda.

"I don't know about that. But I am sincerely anxious to befriend you. I am your slave for to-night. I will dance or sit still, speak or be silent, as

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you bid me. Do you agree?"

As he spoke, the swish of draperies was heard, there was a glow of color, and Leslie Willis and Laura Stedman entered the room. As if their approach forced an answer from her, Hilda hastily replied, "Yes, yes, I agree."

She rose, laid her hand on his arm, and they went out, with a laughing word on his lips. Leslie Willis's eyes followed them. Laura knitted her brows.

"So Hilda Northey has got hold of the catch of the evening," said she fretfully.

"That so? Who is the gentleman?" asked Willis with a fine show of indifference.

"Oh, some important person who came with the Wades: I heard he is related to Lord Wedderburn. I wonder if I can get introduced."

"Surely it is too late. Your card is full."

"Oh! I would throw over anybody even you—to dance with an earl's nephew."

This cruel retort was a revenge for the furtive look she had seen him send after Hilda. It brought him speedily back to his duty.

Meanwhile Miss Northey and the stranger had returned to the ball-room. The girl was quite herself now. The thought that people might think her deserted acted like a spur.

Her mysterious partner was an excellent dancer, and had plenty to say. By the end of that dance she was quite ready to take the next partner on her list, and behave in her usual manner. All the time she was dancing, her new friend stood like a sentinel against the doorway. He sought no other fair one. All the world was free to mark.

if it chose, that he danced with nobody but Miss Northey.

Mrs. Wade, mother of young Wade, the secretary of the tennis club, whom Hilda knew but slightly, smiled as she remarked to Mrs. Stedman that pretty little Hilda had made a conquest—the part of the evening.

Mrs. Stedman's temper was not improved by the confidence. She was always willing to chaperon the pale Hilda, thinking she served as a foil to her own brilliant daughter. And now Hilda was monopolising the eligible stranger, while Laura was bestowing her whole programme on the artist, who, though he might be a local lion, had nothing but his own personal attractions to recommend him.

Hilda and her partner grew very friendly as the evening wore on; towards the end they repaired once more to their seat in the dimly lighted ante-room.

"It seems ages since we sat here before," said Hilda artlessly.

"Has it been as bad as you expected?" he asked in a low voice.

Her face lit up. "Oh, no, I have enjoyed it, it has not been bad at all thanks to you! Why, how ridiculous! I don't even know your name!"

"Ah, that's a secret."

"A fine secret! I can consult my programme."

"That won't help you." He laughed lazily, looking down with great appreciation at the small, changeable, eager face. "I just scribbled myself down like an unknown quantity in algebra—A.B."

"What a shame! But I can ask Mrs. Wade. Why is your name a secret?"

"Oh, that is only my nonsense. It is not a secret really. My name is Wedderburn."

"What a funny name! I never heard it before. I am glad your name does not really begin with a B."

"Why so?"

"The name I most dislike begins with B—the name of a person I never want to see."

It was not difficult to extract from her an account of the unknown Borodaile. It greatly amused Mr. Wedderburn.

"I shouldn't care to be the unlucky man when he does appear," he said. "You will make up your mind to dislike him, won't you?"

"I have made up my mind. I do dislike him already."

"Poor chap!"

"Why? He doesn't know me. He has never seen me."

"And I never saw you till to-night."

"No. I feel ashamed when I think how quietly I have accepted all your kindness, when you are quite a stranger."

He continued to look at her, but as if he hardly saw her. "When are we to meet again, Miss Northey?" he asked presently.

She opened her large eyes wider. "To meet again?"

He laughed quietly. "You surely don't expect me to see you into your carriage and then turn away and forget that you exist?"

The girl was frankly embarrassed.

"Do I understand that you would rather I did not pursue the acquaintance?" he asked, with a sudden note of disappointment in his voice.

She hesitated. "We—might meet again at a dance like this, perhaps."

He shook his head. "Too uncertain. May I not call on your aunt?"

"O, no," cried Hilda in consternation, "she would think I was mad to make friends with a stranger at a dance, and ask him to call."

"I see. And my acquaintance with the Wades is of the slightest—"

"So is ours. In fact, I don't think Mrs. Wade has ever called—"

"Well, then, we must devise some other way. Aha! I have it!" He looked at her with mischief in his eyes. "I will call on Miss Eccott and pass myself off as Captain Borodaile."

Hilda laughed merrily at the excellent joke. "O, by all means try it! How delightful if you met the real Captain Borodaile! But no, he does not get his furlough till next year; it would be quite safe."

"It would amuse you? Very well, then I'll try it."

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"Certainly. I shall expect you with the greatest eagerness," replied she in the same vein.

"Meanwhile," his voice dropped a little, "you won't forget me, will you?"

"Even if I were a fashionable society girl and went to two or three dances every night, I could hardly forget what you have done for me this evening, Mr. Wedderburn."

"I don't want you to remember what I have done for you. I want you to remember me."

"Isn't it the same thing?"

"Do you think so?"

Their eyes met for a moment, and a curious thrill passed through the girl. He saw the sudden trouble in her clear glance, and rose.

"Come. Let us have this last dance together, shall we?"

And so the end had come. She had gone through it all triumphantly. When Leslie Willis escorted Laura to the motor the stranger escorted Hilda. Laura was very haughty. She had applied, through Mrs. Wade, for an introduction, and the gentleman had sent back word that he should be most happy to be presented to Miss Stedman, but had no dances to spare.

As Leslie put the irate heiress into her luxurious car, he knew that his game was won. Pique would finish what jealousy had begun. Laura had chosen to consider the innocent Hilda as her rival, and would do anything to be engaged first.

When the mother and daughter had left Hilda at her door, and were driving on together, Laura laughed quite bitterly.

"Hilda carries it off with a high hand; but I know she was ready to cry when Willis never asked her to dance."

"She soon consoled herself," snapped her mother. "Do you know that man is Lord Wedderburn himself? He never so much as looked at you."

* * * * *

Hilda had expected a sleepless night, but she was disappointed. She fell asleep almost as soon as she was tucked up in her little bed, and did not awake until her old nurse brought her breakfast. Rather to her own vexation, she did not feel in the least like a love-lorn heroine. She had dreamed a good deal, but it was of a kindly, humorous face and a pair of quizzical blue eyes, which had looked at her as though their owner felt a prescriptive right to stand on her side against all troulbers of her peace.

But that afternoon a fresh stone was dropped into the usually tranquil pool of her existence.

She and her aunt had been out shopping. On their return the maid handed her a visiting card; and Hilda turned cold with consternation as she read the name on it—Captain Adrian Borodaile.

She recalled with an accusing throb of conscience the nonsense she had talked with her partner of yesterday evening respecting this poor, unoffending gentleman. And here he was in the flesh! The visiting card in her hand showed that this was the genuine person.

"The gentleman is here, ma'am," said the maid. "I said I thought the ladies would not be long, and he said he would wait."

"Quite right, quite right," said Miss Eccott in a fluster. "Go in and greet him, darling, I must go upstairs a moment, my foot hurts me so, I must get it off before I can say a word of sense."

"But, auntie—I can't—Oh, auntie, don't be so mean!"—in a breathless whisper.

"My dear, what nonsense!—your father's particular friend. You have not been brought up to blush and giggle like a schoolgirl. I will not be long."

She hurried upstairs, followed by the maid; and Hilda, full of twinges of conscience, opened the drawing-room door slowly, and walked in with hot cheeks.

"I must introduce myself, Captain Borodaile," she began in her clear, sweet voice. Then there was a short, sick silence, and her agitation threatened to master her: for the man who stood in the centre of the room, the lamplight on his half mischievous, half abashed face, was not Captain Borodaile at all, but her partner of the tennis club ball.

"How could you? Oh, how could

Chalmers

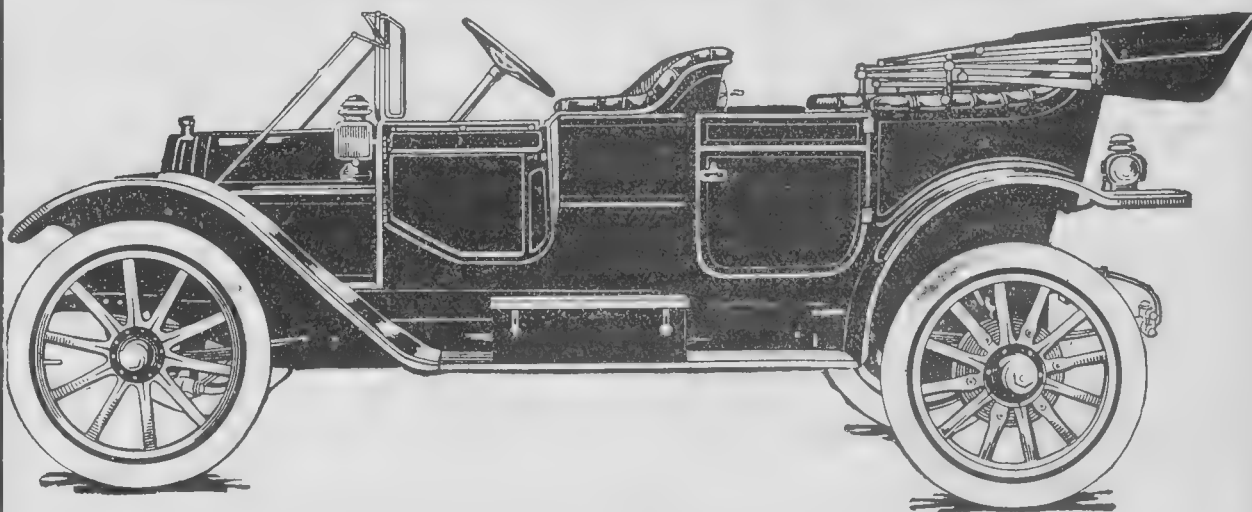
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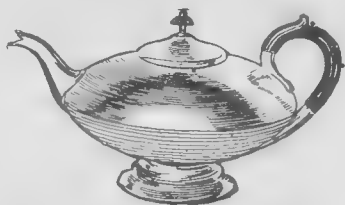
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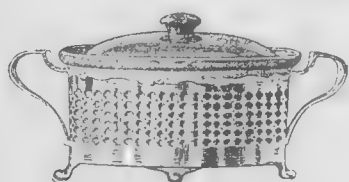
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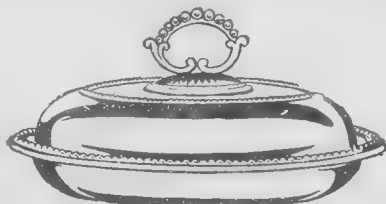


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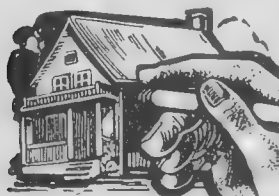
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you?" she gasped, even now failing to understand how he could have procured the visiting card.

"Oh, come, don't take too serious a view," he said gaily. "I wanted so tremendously to see you again, and there seemed no other way."

She held her hands behind her, and struggled for a calm voice. "I am fated to learn the ways of the world in a hard school, it seems," she said brokenly. "I admit how foolish—how worse than foolish I was—to confide in you. But I own I thought you were a gentleman."

"But—but it was to be a joke," he stammered. "I thought you were amused—"

She threw back her head, with the tears lying on her cheeks just below her flashing eyes. "Some men," she said, "would, I think, have been clever enough to distinguish between a designing girl, and one as ignorant as I am. But you have taken advantage of my ignorance. I—I think I have not deserved to be so humiliated."

He stood there, looking quite conscience-stricken. His relish of the joke was all gone. "I am ashamed of myself," he said in a low voice.

She took a little handkerchief from her muff, and dashed away the tears. Then, turning away her head, she ex-

have something to show you."

He was feeling in his pocket. With the same sense of being hypnotised which she had experienced with him before, she drew slightly away from him. He laid a hand on her arm, and somehow she found herself seated. He took a chair beside her and laid in her lap the small velvet case which he had drawn from his breast pocket.

"You are to look at that," he said. She opened it, as if mechanically. Inside was a miniature of herself which had been painted nearly a year previously, to send to her father in India.

"For a year," he said softly, "I have been in love with that portrait. I begged it of the colonel of my regiment. I felt that there was something in that girl's face which I had not found in the many pretty, trivial faces I had seen. I was half eaten up with the longing to come to England and see if she was really like that—I was so afraid I might be disappointed. Well, suddenly I had to go to England, my uncle was dying, and I was wanted. I came over, and on the voyage I made a plan. I said to myself, I will see her just as she is. I will have no special introduction. I will meet her as one of the crowd, and if she is like all the rest I will go away again, and she will never know what a romantic fool I



"The man who stood in the centre of the room, the lamplight on his half mischievous, half abashed face, was . . . her partner of the Tennis Club Ball."

tended a small, warm hand.

"Good-bye," she said.

He did not move. "Am I to go?" he asked in a faltering voice.

"Surely you cannot stay?" she asked, so astonished as almost to forget her resentment.

"But what will you say to your aunt?"

"I shall have to confess my folly," said the girl bitterly, "to confess that I gave away dear father's little secret to an outsider—a man I met for the first time. Oh, go!" she cried with passion, turning on him and stamping her foot. "Go! I wish I had never seen you! You have hurt me far, far worse than Leslie Willis ever did!"

He took some steps towards the door. Then, like one taking a sudden resolution, he turned back, set his hat on a table, and came up to her where she stood with drooping head.

"No," he said in a low voice, "I can't go like that. I have deceived you, but not so disgracefully as you think. You may turn me out after all, but there is something I must say before I go. Sit down, please."

She drew herself up, staring straight at the man who thus ordered her to sit down in her own home.

His voice dropped to the low note she had found so compelling on the previous night. "Sit down a minute. I

am. . . . So I went to a ball, and there I saw her . . . and when I saw her, I knew that the picture was only half the living girl . . . and that I could not go away until—"

"Oh, don't! No more!" cried the girl brokenly. She let the picture fall on her lap, and covered her quivering face with her hands. "Tell me plainly, are you Captain Borodale?"

"I was when I left Calcutta. I am Lord Wedderburn now, so I told you my name truly at the ball."

She sat trembling, trying to think, rebelling in her heart, yet with a shy, secret triumph that this man who loved her had been near her to champion her.

"You see," the pleasant voice went on softly, "I did not feel as if I were a stranger. I was afraid of letting out how well I knew you, of dropping out something about your father. I used actually to read your letters to him. I knew all your little joys and sorrows. When you told me how the dear, injudicious old boy had done his best to sicken you with the sound of my name, I did thank my stars that I had met you in a different way—as a total stranger. Hilda, do you suppose you can ever forgive me?"

She heaved a sigh as though a weight had been lifted from her heart.

"Oh," she said, "the world seems such

a different place from what it did when I started for the ball last night! Things are moving too fast! I can't keep pace with them!"

"You shan't be hurried," he said gently, but urgently too. "I have known you long, but you don't know me yet. All I ask as yet is the chance to make you care for me a little, just a little. Hilda, do you think you ever can?"

She hesitated, trembled, crimsoned, sitting there with her eager lover bending over her. The rustle of her aunt's approaching dress was heard, and she looked up suddenly, with sweet eyes

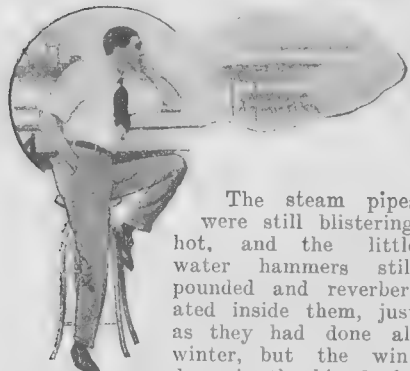
brimmed with tears. He gave a short, inarticulate sound of gladness, as he sprang from her side and took his place soberly on the hearthrug.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Willis are not on Lord and Lady Wedderburn's visiting list. Nor are Mr. Willis's pictures to be found hanging in any of the current art exhibitions, either on the line or above it. Perhaps this failure of his is the natural result of being the husband of a rich woman; but it is a source of keen mortification to his ambitious and jealous wife.

The Matter with Carpenter.

A Story of the First Year Out of College. By H. K. Webster.



The steam pipes were still blistering hot, and the little water hammers still pounded and reverberated inside them, just as they had done all winter, but the windows in the big draft-

ing room were all open at least an inch or two, and the moist, warm, seductive breath of April was coming in. Sometimes it came softly like a kiss, sometimes boisterously like a burst of laughter, tugging the great sheets of tracing paper away from the thumb-tacks, rolling hexagonal drawing pencils off the table and breaking their points—proclaiming in a score of ways that it was time to quit work and to come out and play. She was not the country April, to be sure—the April of the early blossom and moist, new-turned earth, of the crowing cock and the lowing cattle; but, like a fallen sister of hers, an April in grime and tatters, the April of a pounding, clanging, smoke-belching city. But her song was not the less seductive for that.

One of the windows, to the huge discomfort of some who sat near it, was flung wide open, and before it, in his shirt sleeves, sat a youngster of twenty-two years. You would not have needed the somewhat intimate view of him that his soft linen shirt afforded to recognize him for an athlete, and the fine grain of his skin and the symmetry of his body told plainly enough that sport, and not labor had developed it. And if something about his manner, even as he sat there gazing out of the window, had not been a sure enough guide, his clothes, particularly his necktie, which was riotously exuberant without being vulgar, would have classified him for you unmistakably as a college boy.

The joyous, care-free expression of his necktie contrasted strongly with the look in the boy's face. He was frowning hard, but the frown was only half-hearted, superficial, a mask for the real expression in his face. He was staring out the open window, across a vacant cinder-covered path, over the top of the locomotive roundhouse, over a smoky half-mile of factory roofs and chimneys, out to where everything ended in the smudge; and what he saw was a stretch of water, a boathouse and a landing with the little waves slapping and snapping at it and a crowd of big, obedient chaps and one fiery, domineering little one circumspectly putting the eight-oar practice shell into the water. If you could have stood between him and this picture, and have looked him straight in the eyes, you could have seen beneath the frown, you could have discovered that the boy was homesick.

And he knew it. Calling himself a fool and urging himself not to act like a freshman did no good. There it was—the big lump of lead pressing on the pit of his stomach, the conviction in his head that none of the gears fitted, that he was misunderstood, that he wanted to

go home—to his kindly mother on the hill. He had had the feeling before, but had contrived not to own up to it. But this morning, half an hour ago, a letter had come in from "home"—from one Walter Patterson, '05. Patty stood to-day—though the fact was hard to realize—in the same big, important, awe-inspiring shoes that he himself had occupied when Patty was a freshman. Patty was his successor, and Patty's letter had done the trick.

It was a long letter, in the affectedly bad hand of an upper classman, a bit labored down to the signature, but after that, when he'd got the letter written and proceeded to relieve his mind in a series of postscripts, it was quite like hearing old Patty talk. Here they are—

"Perhaps you'll think that this is all grouch, and that maybe things aren't all going to pot after all. Well, you haven't seen the fresh. They've been getting younger every year lately, but this year's crop is the limit. They're just little kids, talking about papa and mamma and the geography lesson. Well, thank the Lord, I'll be out before they get to running the college and have the whole place turned into a day nursery. And if you don't think we're going to get what for in the boat this June—well, I can prove that. Do you know who Carty is trying at number five? Green! Green '04! And that will show you what we're coming to. And that ain't the worst—he's had to put me in your old leathers at stroke. When I think how you most killed me last June in the last half-mile, and how I saw your old back coming up at me like clockwork out of the mist—and that was all I could see—well, it just makes me sick. And to have Green splashing around like a boy in swimming behind! Lord!

W. P.

"P.S.—I've asked Evelyn on for commencement and the Prom. Carty's going to let us stay up till half-past ten, so I'll have time for the first three dances with her. I doubted if she'd come now you're out. Baker asked her for the hop, and she told him she'd graduated, so in my letter I artlessly contrived to tell her that you were coming on, of course. Perhaps you'd better write her to that effect yourself. After ten-thirty—

Pat.

"Williamson is a lobster. I always thought so, and now I know it. He's been saying around that you wouldn't be on to coach the line in the fall. I told him not to make a fool of himself, but he seemed really to mean it, and stuck to it. We almost had words over it.

Pat.

"How many weeks can I have you for this summer? Let me know when you're coming.

P."

Every line of it had made him homesick; but after he had stared out of the window a while his face lightened a little and he turned back to his letter and read the postscript about Evelyn over again. Curiously enough, there was something about that that made him feel good. There had never been any nonsense between him and Evelyn; they had been pals more or less for three years, and it had been very delightful, so delightful that he had been aware sometimes of a vague, unacknowledged doubt whether they might not be something more than

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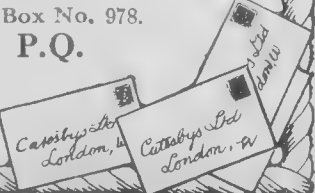
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pals. Well, there could be no doubt about it now. He wasn't jealous of Patty in the least.

"How are those drawings coming, Carpenter?" The superintendent was by no means a stealthy man, yet here he was at the table before the boy was aware of him.

"All right, I think."

"You'll have it all figured before morning, will you?"

"Oh!" said young Carpenter, "didn't you know? The chap has changed his mind about it—wants a lot of changes. Practically the whole job has to be figured over again."

"Sure!" said the other; "that's why I thought you'd better get busy. Hall leaves at noon to-morrow, and he's got to take it with him."

"I can't have it for him, then," said Carpenter. "I'm sorry, but it isn't possible." There was surprise in his tone, but no protest.

Everybody within range of his voice looked up, and a snicker, imperfectly disguised in various ways, ran round the near-by tables. The superintendent stood looking at him, but said nothing.

A little extra color came into young Carpenter's face. "I'm sorry it happened that way," he said. "I'd have been ready with the other."

Then the superintendent unaccountably lost his temper. "Schmidt!" he

down before him from across the table, but at the next course—of corned beef and soggy potatoes—his nerves revolted. He stared at the mess and pushed it away. Now, this was distinctly a new development. This restaurant was by no means the first nor the worst of its kind in his experience, and he had never, so far as he could remember, failed to meet half-way what was put before him. He had been off his sleep for two weeks; now he was getting off his feed! Matters were growing serious.

Lord! how he hated it! How he wanted to quit! How he longed to go home, home to the hill, the campus, the boat, to Patty and the other chaps and Evelyn? Yes, why not? She was a part of it.

But he wasn't going to quit. He wasn't a quitter. He wasn't the sort to walk off the field because the umpire has just dealt him a rotten decision. There were a lot of other chaps in the same boat, right in the office there with him, flat-chested weaklings in eyeglasses, a good many of them. He would stick it out until the glad day when the superintendent should put an end to his misery and give him the sack. He was surely a good enough sport for that.

There! That was one queer thing about it. They weren't—Schmidt, for instance, wasn't a sport at all. That



"What do you call it?" he demanded.

snapped, turning on his heel, "Mr. Carpenter doesn't find this job to his taste. Take it off his hands, will you?"

It was the "Mister" that cut. Whatever else he deserved, he didn't deserve that, and for a minute his temper hung only just below the boiling point, but he sat quite still; he had a curious feeling that if he shook himself at all he might explode. And Schmidt took the work over. The noon whistle blew just then and relieved the tension.

Carpenter's anger lasted only out of the drafting room and half-way down the stairs, but this was due less to his natural evenness of temper than to the fact that he had no room inside for another emotion. His sense of being lost, of moving in a world he couldn't understand and that couldn't understand him occupied him fully. What was it all about? Here he was, working eight hours a day, six days a week; here was spring coming, with no promise for him of the long vac.—nothing but more long, hot weeks of six days each—and what was he doing? He did not know. And why was he doing it? As well as he could make out, he was doing it because everybody else did.

Arrived at his restaurant, he picked out the cleanest patch of unoccupied tablecloth he could see and sat down at it. He ate about half of the unpleasant soup which the waitress had plumped

wasn't why he stayed. But Schmidt, somehow, seemed to have caught on to the game, seemed to know what he was trying to do. Perhaps Schmidt liked it!

While he ate his pie, and after he had finished it—long after, as a matter of fact—he sat ruminating. Patty's reference to Green offered him a clue. He remembered well Green's fall term; furthermore, his own first view of him, of the big feet, the bow legs, the wide hips, the long back, the long, sloping, round shoulders, the incredibly long arms. And he remembered how the joy over his first appearance in moleskins had given place to bewilderment and to sorrow when it was proved with more than fatal clearness that this Samson could never play football; that anybody, the merest weakling with a grain of football sense, could toy with him, could make him use his great strength against himself. And now Carty was trying him in the boat. Carty had a long, long head, and perhaps—

He was rather startled on looking at his watch to find that it was half-past one, and he paid his quarter and clattered down the two flights of stairs from the little restaurant in a hurry. But April was loitering about outside waiting for him, and she greeted him joyously. She laughed at him, and daintily brushed his cheek, and his pace slackened to a stroll. He stuffed some

tobacco into his pipe, lighted it in spite of April's playful attempt to blow out the match, and presently there appeared on his face a broad, schoolboy grin. Perhaps he might not have to wait so long for the sack, after all. Perhaps this very day he would be able to write to Patty, in the words of Mr. Dooley's "Cubian" workman, "Thank Gawd, I'm fired!" No, he'd write it to Evelyn. She'd appreciate it.

He hurried into the drafting room a few minutes later, hung his coat on the nail, and stood before the superintendent, wearing a look of demure contrition. The superintendent did not look up. The expression was wasted. Gradually it settled deeper, became a look of real concern. It occurred with renewed force to young Carpenter that it was a far cry from this brusque, efficient superintendent to those scholarly old gentlemen to whom he had been wont to make his excuses and who had listened to them with such simplicity. The most masterly excuse, even a simple, obvious, true excuse, never seemed to weigh much with the superintendent. So when young Carpenter finally spoke it was only to say, "I'm sorry I'm so late. What do you want me to do this afternoon?"

"I guess I haven't anything for you to do, Mr. Carpenter," said the superintendent.

He stood where he was for a moment, not trying to see what the words meant—trying, on the contrary, not to see. Now that the thing had happened it did not look as it had looked in prospect half an hour ago. This was a different world, this room. They had shut all the windows tight, and the water hammers clattered along the pipes in undisputed possession. Everybody was looking at him, and the snickers appeared again, this time without disguise. Young Carpenter recalled a fragment of a conversation he had overheard between two of his fellow-draftsmen a week or two before.

"A man don't get fired for breaking rules," said one. "He gets fired because he's no good."

That was the superintendent's verdict on him, and it was the verdict, no doubt, of every other man in the room. Patty wouldn't agree to it, he knew. He could imagine just what terms Patty would apply to the superintendent and to the men who snickered. But Patty might well be wrong. His standards didn't seem to apply in this world, somehow. You couldn't measure distance by the acre.

He went back to where he had hung his coat, slipped into it, and walked out of the room. When he reached the door, the superintendent called to him: "Mr. Hooper wants to see you, I believe."

Young Carpenter didn't want to see Mr. Hooper; he was sure of that. He knew just what attitude the head of the firm—his father's old friend, who had known him from knickerbockers up—would take. He could spare this homely very well, and he was strongly inclined to go his way without giving Mr. Hooper a chance to deliver it. But he thought better of it, and knocked at the door to the private office.

Mr. Hooper had him sit down, inquired somewhat waggishly as to his health and spirits, and then said abruptly: "I'm thinking of putting you at a rather trying piece of work for a few weeks—what you boys would call, I suppose, a spurt, but if you don't care to try it you must say so."

With that for a preface, he explained. A certain inventive genius, Wagner by name, to whose star Mr. Hooper had many times and profitably hitched his wagon, had recently conceived a most brilliant idea. Backed by Mr. Hooper he had already realized this idea in a model which demonstrated that the idea was good, but was still far from being commercially, or even mechanically, fit to put on the market. Mr. Hooper also explained the new machine in a general way, and touched upon the large profit there was bound to be in making and in selling it. Then he stopped, and looked hard at young Carpenter.

"Now, here's the situation," he said. "We learned not long ago that Sawyer & Company have a man at work on much the same idea, and that brings in

a new element. There are still in our machines one capital defect and several minor ones, and we must get rid of them before we can market the machine, but we must market our machine before Sawyer & Company can market theirs. It's just as it would be," said Mr. Hooper, going rather far afield for an illustration. "Just as it would be in your football nine: The man who reaches the goal first wins the—advantage."

"Yes, sir," said young Carpenter.

"We're doing all we can to help Mr.

Wagner out. He's had already three different assistants, but he hasn't agreed with them. In fact, the situation has affected Mr. Wagner's temper, and makes it rather hard to work with him. I had a talk with the superintendent this noon, and we agreed that if you cared to try it you were the man. It will mean working days and nights, and if you cared to try it, as you boys would say, for the good of the game, why, you'd better report to Wagner this afternoon. Here's his address."

The man who bawled "Come in!" in answer to young Carpenter's knock, and the surroundings in which young Carpenter found him, justified all that Mr. Hooper had said of the difficulty of the job and explained the decline and fall of the three assistants. A room like a barn, with big dirty windows, a red-hot stove holding the temperature of the place at near 80 degrees, an incredible confusion everywhere, and at a drafting table, under a window, a meagre, un-

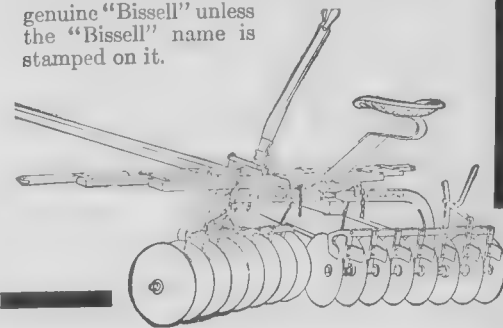
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shaven, grimy young man, whose facial muscles twitched while he worked.

"Self at home," he said for answer to Carpenter's word of introduction.

So Carpenter took off his coat and sat down at the other table, the table of the three assistants, and continued to look about him. The longer he looked the worse it seemed. It was not all clean mechanical litter that filled the room: there was personal litter mixed up with it; shoes, greasy frying-pans, a broken wash-bowl with dirty water in it; the remains of a hasty luncheon, and, in the darkest corner, a tumbled bed. Lying around helter-skelter were tools, iron filings, and the disjecta membra of the model.

"Do you know about this thing?" demanded Wagner; and then he began explaining it, not in the painstaking, classroom manner Carpenter was used to, but in volleys, broadsides, dashing back and forth between the model and the drawing, his fingers pointing five ways at once.

And young Carpenter listened for dear life, listened as he had done one night when, a humble scrub, they had taken him and pumped the 'varsity signals into him, because he might have to play in the game to-morrow. He followed along pretty well, caught the general idea perfectly, and at the end tried to express his admiration of the diabolical cleverness of the thing. But Wagner cut him short by plunging into a more practical consideration of it, showing how this was wrong, how that wouldn't do, how this improvement here made a change necessary there; and at last, coming down to one minor movement, he explained why it was wrong, and how it was wrong, and what must be done to set it right. "Figure that out, will

you?" he concluded, and in an instant he was lost, twenty fathoms deep, in some problem of his own, the "capital defect" that Mr. Hooper had spoken of, perhaps.

Young Carpenter saw what was wanted, and he tackled it gayly. This sort of thing, somehow, was more in his line. There was an end to this job; when it was done it would be done. Furthermore, it was a race; another man was crunching up the track just behind them, and this thought lent wings to his pencil.

So he figured the movement out, and when it was done he called Mr. Wagner. Wagner glanced at his proud result, and then stared at him. "What do you call it?" he demanded. "Look at it! Look at it! Think of the weight of metal it would take to hold a club-footed, lopsided thing like that rigid!"

"But," said Carpenter, "you can't turn it around the other way. There isn't room."

"Of course not!"

"Well, then, how am I going to do it?"

And then young Carpenter was told in seven different ways that he was a blank, unutterable fool, and all well within seven seconds. "Is this an infant class?" wailed Wagner. "I don't know how you're going to do it. Nobody knows. The answer isn't in the back of the book at all. You'll have to think! With your head! Here!" and he tapped his forehead and walked away.

Well, that sort of a tongue-lashing didn't hurt. Carpenter knew what it meant. He had heard many a team captain toward the end of a hard season go it in just that way. "Trained down a bit too fine," was the comment he made to himself, and the seven ways of calling him a fool left no sting. But Wagner's peroration stuck. "There was no

answer in the back of the book." What he was looking for was no longer something that the professor had coyly hidden to test his powers. Wagner didn't know, nobody knew, the professor didn't know, and would have had to put on his spectacles and search like the rest of them to find it. There was something in that notion—a perfectly new one to young Carpenter—that warmed him up inside. He set his jaws tight over a lead pencil, gripped the sides of the table and looked at the thing, and so tasted, for the first time, the travail of creation.

At noon, three days later, he was no nearer the end than when he had begun. The hours had flown, and the quest was getting more and more absorbing. He had been lost in it. Three times a day he had found himself ravenously hungry, and somehow he had satisfied his hunger. He had not slept much; the thing would not let him sleep. He was beginning to have nerves. His hands weren't quite steady, and once, when Wagner dropped a pulley, he gave a gasp and the sweat jumped out all over him, and Wagner begged his pardon. That ought to have surprised him, but it didn't.

He had thought of a dozen ways, which were all obviously no good. He had not called on Wagner to look at one of them. He was going back over them now. He paused over the best one. Could it be made to do? Perhaps so. No, it couldn't. It was hopeless—almost as bad as—

And then from somewhere the thing was given to him. Without any laborious thinking out, making up, the way was there; the beautiful, simple, only way, that solved not only his problem, but another one besides. He drew a long breath.

"Thank the Lord!" he said. "Here it is."

Wagner looked, and swore softly. "That's it!" he said.

It was about two months after this, and late one night, that he and the superintendent talked it all over. "We've got Sawyer & Company by the short hairs this trip," said the superintendent. "You did a good job."

"Don't forget the kid," said Wagner. "We did it between us."

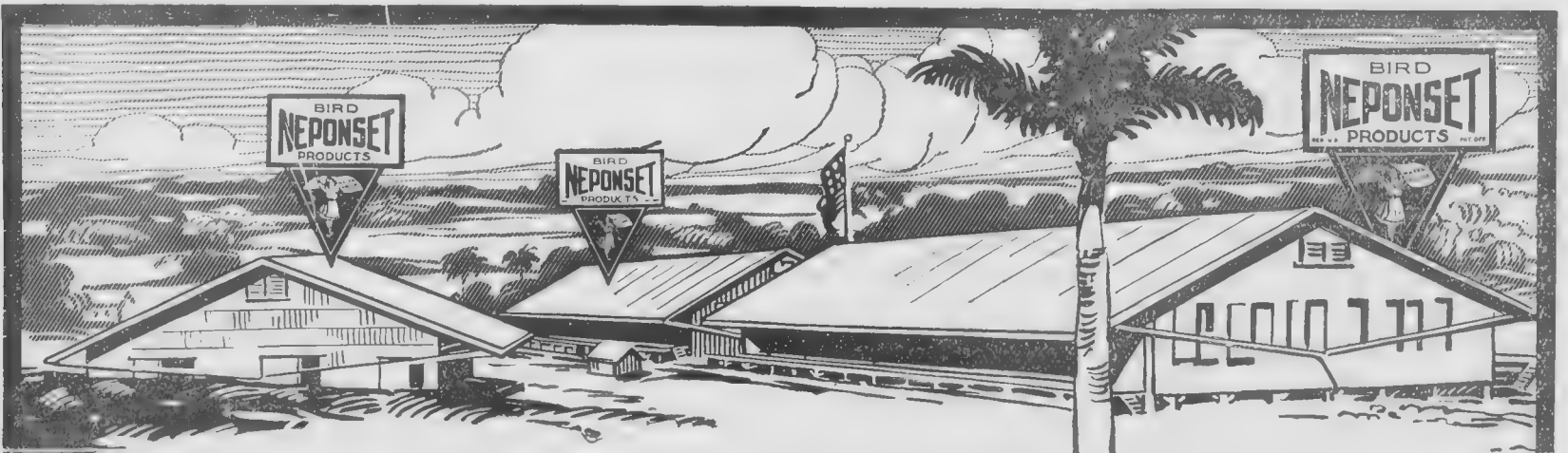
"Ain't that the most amazing thing you ever heard of?" the other said, after a pause. "And wasn't it just like the old gentleman to make a long shot like that? Why, that boy wasn't worth his ink. And when I told that at last to old Mr. Hooper he just narrowed up his eyes kind of thoughtful and he said: 'We'll give the boy another chance. We'll send him out to Wagner.' If he'd said, 'We'll put him in a den of lions,' I shouldn't have been more surprised. You're pretty fierce, you know, when you are on the warpath."

"I guess I did give it to him pretty stiff the first day."

"And there's another funny thing," the superintendent went on. "If I'd prick him up just a little he'd sulk half a day."

"He didn't sulk out here," said Wagner. "He worked like a pup right up to the end. Well, he's having his fun now."

"I don't see why Hooper did that. Seems kind of a mistake, just as he was beginning to forget his college dude ideas to send him back there for a week. We'll have the same trouble with him all over again when he comes back."



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"Oh, don't you worry about the kid," said Wagner.

And, indeed, at that precise moment young Carpenter might be said to be having his fun. He was lounging back in a recessed window-seat against a stack of highly ornamental sofa-pillows, looking at Evelyn, who shared the recess with him. She was sitting very straight, and rather near the edge, watching the dancers go romping by—romping, for the two-step was one of those inspiring things that 'carry you around in spite of yourself, and, besides, it was the last but three. Her foot was beating time to it.

"What luck—what mammoth luck this is!" said young Carpenter.

The remark irritated Evelyn, perhaps because he had already made it several times during the evening, perhaps because the long silence which had preceded it made it sound a little perfunctory; also the two-step at that moment came abruptly to an end. "It needn't have been a matter of luck at all," she said, "if you'd only taken the trouble to write to me or to Patty. Besides, it's very unfeeling to Mr. Baker's grandmother!"

"I don't mean it that way. But it sort of serves him right after making a clean sweep of your card like this. Why, here are five right in a bunch! What if he hadn't had to go home? Would you have given me any of them, or would you have left me all the evening to sit around and watch you from the corners?"

"You don't deserve any. You couldn't have been too busy to write a word for two whole months. You'd forgotten there was such a person. And, besides, I believe you're bored."

He sat erect with a jerk. "Well, it's true; I did forget—I forgot you, and Patty and the crew and everything. I forgot to eat or sleep. I almost forgot to brush my teeth. But I was making

something. This thing"—he indicated a confusion of pencil lines on the back of his programme, damning evidence of an insane attempt earlier in the evening to explain to her the mechanics of his great invention—"this thing is part of me. It's mine. If I got struck by lightning this minute I'd still have done something. And it was worth—"

The orchestra started up a waltz, and how they were playing it! Evelyn had been tapping her tight-pressed lips with her fan. Now, suddenly, her face brightened into a smile. An immensely tall young chap, but very boyish and inclined to blush, was standing before her, asking if he might have the dance.

"I'm awfully sorry, but it's taken," she said.

"Who was he?" demanded young Carpenter.

"Mr. Greenwood. He's an awfully nice boy, and quite the best dancer in college. He dances better than you do, I think," she went on judicially, and with an infinitesimal glance at him she added, "better even than Patty."

"Come, let's dance it," he said.

The leader of the orchestra, who stood with his violin cuddled under his chin, and looked, not at his orchestra but at the dancers, saw young Carpenter take her out of the crowd that was just around them to a part of the floor where there was more room, and, as he had often done before with that particular couple, the leader followed them with his eyes and with his music. The waltz had become an accompaniment to their dancing.

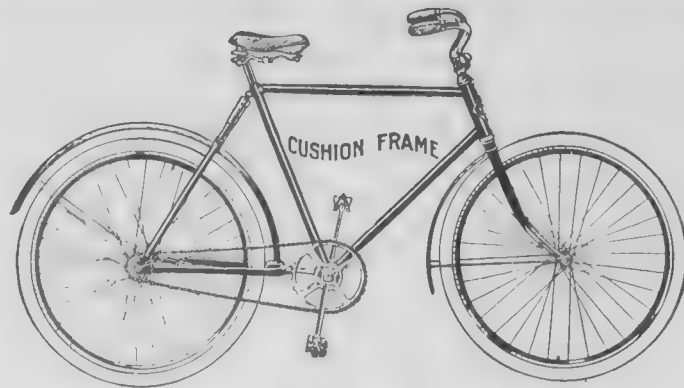
Evelyn drew a long, contented sigh.

"I didn't mean it," she said.

"What?"

"That Mr. Greenwood danced better than you!"

"How about Patty?" he asked, after a minute; and thereupon she laughed. "I knew I could make you jealous," she said.



Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Mr. Farmer:

are your boys satisfied on the farm, or will they eventually drift to town and join the band of failures already there.

If they leave the farm, what will be the reason? The usual reason is that they are not provided with the same means of enjoyment as the city boy. Every city boy from ten years up has a bicycle. Why not your son?

Not only will it give pleasure to the boy, but it will pay for itself many times over.

Has a piece of your seeder broken suddenly? The boy can go to town and back, and enjoy it, while you are getting the rig ready. Do you want your mail every day without having to drive to town and back for it? Does your wife run out of groceries, and need them in a hurry? Is your son able to join with the town boys in baseball, lacrosse or football? With a bicycle he can do so without using a horse or wasting time.

These are only a few of the thousand ways a bicycle can be a tremendous convenience, and at the same time show your boys that they are appreciated, and that it is not necessary to leave the farm to have some of the advantages of the city youth.

The best price to pay for a bicycle is the price of the best bicycle

—which is eventually cheapest. Don't make the mistake of supplying your boy with anything cheap, which is bound to give him lots of trouble.

The Cleveland, Massey, Brantford and Perfect are all standard, and have our guarantee. You know the makers, and know where to look for your guarantee.

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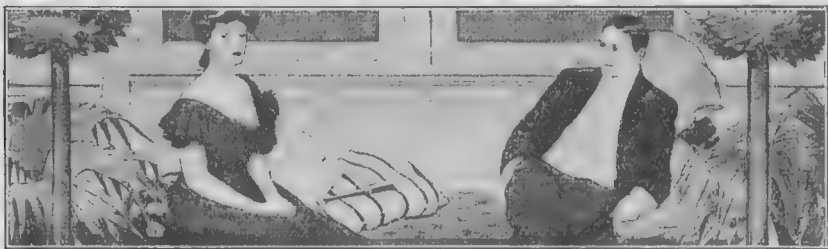
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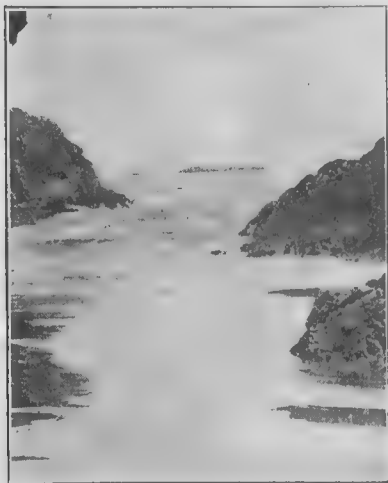


"What luck—what mammoth luck this is!" said young Carpenter.

Prying Open a Province.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

Take a glance first at the picture of the great Douglas firs that cover the lower mainland and the island of Vancouver. These are the veritable giants of the vegetable kingdom. Take another glance at the shores and reefs and mountain ranges of this beautiful land, beautiful even in its ruggedness. Here is a scene, taken from the shores of Vancouver Island, near the capital city of Vancouver, with the snowy cap of mighty Mount Baker dominating the picture (although this high peak is 80 miles off in the State of Washington).



Rocky Entrance to Valley Pass, B. C.

So runs the view of this, the largest province in the Dominion. High piled range, fertile bench land, smiling valleys, surf-torn reefs and white-capped seas—a picture one never tires of viewing.

Now, the old way of opening up this land is amply illustrated by a friend's experience. He took up a hundred acres right in the forest. The trees grew as thickly as in the picture. Unused to forestry, he chose the place that looked the prettiest for his house, and securing a Chinaman to help, he went to work. Right in among the firs he reared the frame for his house, putting the roof on before he boarded up the sides. By calling the wife to prop up the swaying building, this defect was in time, and with much labor, overcome. But, alas! the house had warped and bulged, and it needed a sign to tell the back door from the front. Cedars were split for shingles, the roof covered with them, then out spoke the Chinese: "Heap much tall tree, big wind, smashes house." Now, watch this noble pair. The Englishman had never even seen a cross-cut saw, but the "chink" had one. No "springboard" had they to stand on; you know, these trees are so huge that they cut notches in them some twelve feet from the ground, where the butt is somewhat less bulky. So they made a springboard, and stuck on a rude bit of iron for the lip, cut a notch in the tree and put the board in, and then went and make another board, for alas! two men could not work with only one foot-

A Special to Read About

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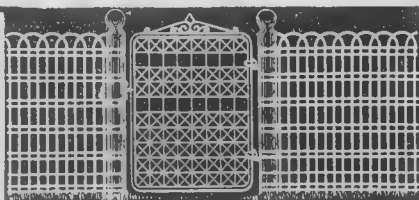
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Peerless Lawn Fence is made from heavy, No 9 steel wire, all galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. It is built so strongly that it will last for years and it cannot rust. It costs less than one wooden fence and will outlive two. It will add to the appearance of any property. Let us send you the cost of fencing with



Peerless Lawn Fence

the Peerless Lawn Fence and electrically-welded, solid frame gates.

We make a full line of poultry and farm fences and gates. Write for particulars.

THE CANWELL HOSIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd., Dept. P, Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.



Bungalows along B.C. Coast.

board. Now the two standing places were up, both men took their places on each side of the tree and started to saw, without an oil bottle to help or knowledge to guide. For just five days those two antipodes labored, and when they had made the "falling cut" the tree leaned towards the devoted cabin. By extreme good luck they felled it on the "trail," and then had to cut a three-foot pass through an eight-foot tree twice to open the path. With a courage worthy of ultimate success they strove for six months and managed to clear up half an acre and only knock the ends off the house. They had destroyed fully a thousand dollars' worth of timber, and the sun just peeped down into their little pocket when the wife came and said a big black bear had just chased her out of a field.

"Field!" quoth the husband. "Yes, field," reiterated the wife.

True enough. Right on their land, within a quarter of a mile of their labor, was a nice little natural prairie, a burned-over strip, so all they had to do was build again. They had no furniture to speak of, so the moving was no great trouble. Now came the question of water. My friend hitched up his rough pony, a skittish beast, to his light wagon and drove twenty miles to the post office for his dynamite. He had never even heard of the stuff before. A box of high explosives, fifty feet of iron rod, a few rolls of barbed wire, a barrel of nails and a wife and baby over a rough trail are not a happy combination, yet they got home, and with the aid of the wife—she drove off the cow, "shooed" away the horse, ran out of the house with the babe and stood behind a tree—he dug the hole, put in the blasts, frantically climbed the rough pole ladder before each blast, and struck water at forty feet. Now enters the Prince Charming. Unlike a prince this sunburned, dusty driver, this timber valu-

ator, yet he gave my friend two thousand dollars for the standing timber and let him keep the farm. He could have had it for the asking. Now, this is an isolated case. We happily do things a little differently out here now, but the virgin forest has ever the same troubles for the novice.

If you come out here we can give you good land, cleared, from \$150.00 per acre up and one hundred acre blocks, with a few acres cleared for about \$25.00 per acre. I speak of the island of Vancouver. You would like our charmingly situated capital city, Victoria. Here is where you would land if you wish to settle on the island. Look at the Empress Hotel, its chief hostelry. I know of none better in New York city. See the residence of its former Governor Dunsmuir—a massive home, overlooking the Straits of Juan de Fuca, a home that seems to fit excellently well into the scene; yet within ten miles of its walls the blacktail deer, the cowardly panther, the grass-eating black bear and a more rare timber wolf—all animals harmless to man—disport themselves as they did when Vancouver first sailed up those glittering Straits of Fuca. For remember, though we clear the natural prairies, cut off and clear the river banks and lower bench lands, the great ranges of hills that forms the backbone of the island are still excellent hunting grounds, the rivers still are crowded with fishes fresh from the sea, the woods at their margins now give shelter to the valley and the mountain quail, the ring-necked pheasant and the native, now increasing, ruffed grouse.

I want you to distinctly understand that if you sell out a hundred to a five hundred acre farm in the Middle West or East that you must not expect to get as many acres cleared out here for the money. We have less land, but, thank goodness, it is under genial skies. I have never heard of sunstroke or frost-



An Indian Totem.



Hatley Park, Victoria, B.C. Residence of former Governor James Dunsmuir.

bite out here. I own no snow shovel, and for eight months of the year it is a perpetual September and October (early) as I remember it in Ontario. Notice that I am not writing by guesswork. I take the precipitation, the tides, the temperatures, the fogs, the snowfall—less than a foot fell here (Sooke Inlet) all last winter.

Yet with all the luxurious growth of its cleared lands—and it does grow fruit and roots and vegetables to perfection—and by intensive farming, you can keep busy and pay your debts on ten to twenty acres, it is not the place for the poor man. We have room for thousands of husky chaps that can throw off their coats and join the lumbering camps, the fishing industries, the railroad constructors' camps, but these men should not be encumbered with a wife and family until they have got settled. They should take up a bit of land. The Canadian Northern Pacific will soon open up new townships.

For the man with a few thousand dollars, one that wants to settle down where he can pick his own roses late into the fall—I have picked them on the glad Christmas Day—here is the place. Let him put in a few acres of fruit; this pays very well out here. Strawberries grow excellently well, and an acre, if you have some kiddies to pick the fruit, would clear you up quite a handsome sum. We can offer you good schools, churches and societies, and, I think, the most agreeable climate on the continent and goodness knows I have tried them all.

There is not a river that surges into the sea, there is not a creek that sparkles over its ripples, there is not a brook that steals the woods between, but has its finny hosts. The great bays and inlets and straits are filled with fish, from the tiny oulican to the mighty halibut, and with mammals from the porpoise to the whale. I do not seek to attract citizens of one province to another, but I do want the men that intend to come to get acquainted with some facts. Remember, advertising is alluringly drawn. Write to Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, and the Government officials will send you bulletins of Vancouver Island filled with facts.

A Factory for the People.

Iowa is one of the most important States in the Union, and within its borders are a number of nice-sized towns—all apparently making considerable headway. One of the largest cities of the State is Waterloo, a fine go-ahead place, situated on a stream, which lends especial beauty to the city in summer. Factories are on the banks of this river and distributed here and there at the outskirts. One of the thriving industries is that of the William Galloway Co. The head of the institution is not unknown in the Canadian West, as he has been out this way quite frequently,

and is indirectly connected with Galloway Brothers, seed growers, near Lajord, Sask.

A few years back Mr. Galloway was a field agent for farm implements in that section. Getting "manufacturing" well fixed in his mind, he determined to start, and, through the indomitable will which he possesses, has succeeded wonderfully. Factory after factory he now controls, and all are used in the construction of manure spreaders, gasoline engines, cream separators and other agricultural machinery. He also is interested in the construction of automobiles. Each line has its own building, and is largely treated as though a separate concern. System runs through not only the large administration building, but the various factories, and in this way there is quite a saving in the cost of production. A special feature in connection with the business is that everything that can be done is done by the employees of the company. The buildings are all concrete, and these are erected by the company's own employees.

Mr. Galloway is a strong believer in treating not only his own employees, but the public generously. As going to show his trend in this way, there has lately been erected opposite the large administration building a structure 200 feet long, two storey and basement, built of monolithic concrete. It is to be devoted to the automobile salesroom and to the entertainment of visiting farmers. The entire second floor will be a restaurant, rest room and kitchen, together with a dozen bedrooms. They do not stint entertainment to their friends, and it is a feature to make the visitor always welcome. Vegetables, dairy supplies of all kinds, poultry, eggs and pork are to be furnished by a dairy farm near Waterloo in which the Galloway company is largely interested. There will be seating accommodation in the restaurant for 200 people, and it is planned to take care of the office employees at net cost. They expect to serve a full meal for 16 or 18 cents. The factory employees will be accommodated on the first floor, where there is a cafeteria restaurant, operated to give the best possible lunches at lowest cost.

Mr. Galloway is of Scotch extraction, and is quite an admirer of the music that charms Scotsmen as no other music does—the bagpipes. As showing his fondness for this, we have but to state that last year he contracted with, and had Major Collie and a dozen of his pipers visit the state fairs at Des Moines and also at St. Paul and play during the exhibition, as well as at Waterloo. Not only was a good salary paid to these players, but they were royally entertained. So pleased was the company with the entertainment furnished by the pipers that further engagement has been made for a similar visit the coming fall.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Piano Snaps

No Home Can Afford to be Without a Piano at Such Prices as These

WE have never offered more generous bargains to our out-of-town customers for months and months than these mentioned below. If your home is without a piano to-day, don't delay to take advantage of these offerings. No home should be without a piano—greatest of all home instruments.

Two only Heintzman & Co. Upright, very slightly shop worn; good as new.

Regular \$500. Special \$450.

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Also one Weber Piano, upright, slightly shop worn; good as new.

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Second-Hand Upright Pianos

These are in first-class condition, having been taken in exchange for Heintzman & Co. Player Pianos.

One Williams Piano, regular \$375, for \$175.

One Stephenson & Co. Piano, regular \$375, for \$190.

Pianos taken in by us in part payment for Heintzman & Co. Pianos. All put out in good condition. Prices \$25 to \$75

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A number of second hand Organs from \$15 to \$75.

The House of McLean

The principles adopted by the founders of this business, over a quarter of a century ago, were strong and immutable, and have prevailed throughout, under the present owners. Though the growth of this business has kept pace and been a part of the rapid development of our city it has never outgrown these foundation principles of integrity in its dealings with the public—of sincerity in all its actions, courteous service to its patrons, and greatest integral worth of the goods offered.

The home of the celebrated Heintzman & Co. Piano and Player-Piano and Western Canada's Greatest Music House.

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We are Farm Land Specialists and can locate you on just what you are looking for. Small or large improved farms or wild lands in Winnipeg or Yorkton districts are our specialty.

Our Melancholy Pastimes.

By James L. Ford.

AS it has always been found difficult for a warlike people, sated with the spoils of victory, to lay down its arms and resume the gentle arts of peace, so have we, essentially a race of workers, and sated, as many of us are, with the fruits of our labors, found it hard to enjoy, in a rational and healthful manner, the recreations to which we are now fairly entitled. And in this respect we are, as a nation, distinctly inferior to the Latins, the Teutons, and even the sober-minded British, who "amuse themselves sadly," as their Gallic critic once amiably put it.

In no respect do the French—in many ways the wisest people on earth—show riper wisdom than in their appreciation of the supreme importance of amusement as a factor in their national life. I declare that in all Paris there is nothing better worthy of our serious consideration or more pleasing to the eye than those family groups which may be seen in the Bois any fine Sunday afternoon—groups in which real enjoyment is written on every face, from that of the wrinkled grandparent to the rosy one of the toddling infant of two years.

Now a careful consideration of the

The amusements of the young, and particularly of school boys, are founded largely on disaster to somebody else, and are almost invariably flavored with the pungent spice of disobedience. In the case of infants this tendency to defy traditions and orders manifests itself in their manner of playing with toys. Give a child a locomotive capable of generating real steam, and two hours afterwards it will be found with its train of real cars in the bath tub, where it has been put to soak; but the toy steamboat, intended to float in real water, will be dragged across the nursery floor at the end of a long string.

Somewhat later in life the boy who plays in this topsy-turvy fashion is likely to become the ringleader of his little set in school and famous as the organizer of all sorts of fun. During the recitation hour, almost anything that has no earthly value will pass current as amusement, provided only that it be offensive to some one—a form of entertainment that finds its highest expression, as well as its most honored tradition, in the putting of pepper on the stove.

But late at night there is more variety and spontaneity in the fun. There is, for example, the midnight supper, stealthily served by young gentlemen, whose bare feet and light attire invite pneumonia, and consisting largely of indigestibles that bring a shudder to middle life. If the head master were to compel his refractory pupils to get up in the middle of the night and eat crackers, chow-chow and canned peaches as a punishment for their misdemeanors, the boys would run away and their parents would commend their course.

The ancient ghost trick is another deathless form of school-boy entertainment and one that owes not a little of its success to the opportunities it offers of scaring some trembling new boy into fits. Like the midnight supper, it is also provocative of pneumonia, and entails on its perpetrators want of sleep, personal discomfort and the risk of capture.

But, after all, the first swim of the season is without a peer as a serious menace to health, combined with acute personal suffering. There always comes a time early in May when three or four successive days of warm weather give a sudden impetus to the buds, leaves and grass, and fill the schoolboy's heart with a longing for the cool depths of the river that flows through the meadows half a mile from the school. And on the second or third day of this warm spell Tommy will take Jimmy aside at the noon recess and say, "I'll bet the water will be bully and warm with all this hot weather we've had. Let's get a crowd of fellers and go swimming this afternoon."

And, immediately after the hearty two o'clock dinner—which, as every physician knows, is a most auspicious moment for bathing—a dozen boys with towels



Pepper on the Stove.

various forms of amusement that find favor in this country cannot fail to convince even the most sceptical that that is a branch of our education that has been sorely neglected. It is an important branch, too, when we take into consideration the vast amount of work that is accomplished by us every year, and the consequent necessity for a commensurate degree of diversion that shall be healthful and at least not mentally or morally degrading.

As it is, we have only to consider the American people, class by class, to learn the barrenness of most of what passes current as amusement or recreation.



Indigestibles that bring a shudder to middle life.



A serious menace to health, combined with acute personal suffering.

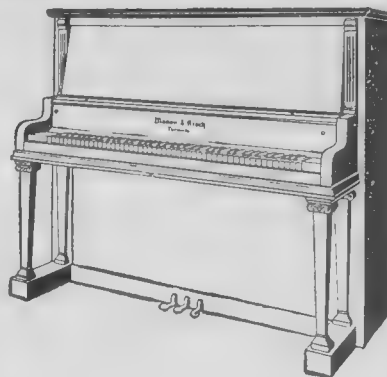
stuck under their jackets may be seen leaving the school grounds in a furtive manner so as not to attract the notice of the "old man," who is known to harbor certain old-fashioned prejudices against swimming in the early spring, when the water is as cold as ice and malaria lurks about the river banks. The little band of fun-seekers are also at pains to elude the school bullies who might play disagreeable tricks with their clothing, and to bid to their saturnalia of discomfort two or three unsuspecting small boys who are surprised, pleased and flattered by the invitation.

After all, there are so many things that can be done with a small boy in the water without actually drowning him; and besides, there ought to be some fun to compensate for the discomfort!

Which one of us will ever forget the ghastly misery of that early spring swim? The icy coldness of the water; the oozing turf on which we undressed and left our clothes; the gusts of chill wind that swept down the river; the sharp stones over which we walked and the awful coldness of the water that was splattered on our backs by our merry comrades! As to the health-wrecking and nerve destroying practical jokes that we played on one another, even at this late day I am absolutely ashamed to allude to them.

Many of the most popular forms of college fun are even inferior to those which are so popular among school boys because they are smirched with the adolescent yearnings after dissipation. To consider the follies and excesses into which the simple gudgeon of an undergraduate plunges in the hope that his classmates will regard him as a viveur or dashing man of the world, is simply to take up the whole subject of human folly, vanity and weakness. But I will venture to remark that the spectacle afforded by beardless youths, to whose unaccustomed stomachs strong drink is still a nauseous draught, deliberately trying to cultivate appetites that they may never be able to shake off, is one likely to be viewed with scant respect by those who have learned some of the real lessons of life. As compared with these shuddering dips into the early spring waters of dissipation, such amusements as painting the statue pea green or (what bright, jolly dogs they are, after all!) tying the professor's cow to the end of the bell rope are diversions well worth the regard of the wisest of French philosophers.

The amusements of the rustic are inferior, in point of physical suffering endured, to those of the school boy or collegian, but they excel them in the matter of stupidity and positive melan-



Character

Is to a piano exactly what it means to a man. He may be well-groomed and have a reputation of some sort, but his fine dressing needs constant renewing at enormous expense. The "reputation" is inclined to rub and once scratched it is gone for ever, but a clean

CHARACTER

is proof against the worst that calumny or the ravages of time can do for any man or anything.

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Mason & Risch Piano

Its character has been welded and woven into the smallest structural detail. Beginning on a solid foundation of quality, it is built up on quality, to the least conspicuous item in its interior or casing. The grand result is that for resonance and durability of tone, freedom of touch and delicacy of finish, there is not an instrument made that surpasses it and there are not many that equal it.

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We have on hand at all times a large stock of slightly used pianos of nearly every good make that we can offer at bargain prices. Also large stock of used organs. Write for complete list of these bargains.

Moderate Monthly Payments.

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And when you are away from home there are pictures that are not only of interest but of value, too, pictures that mean dollars and cents to you. Every progressive farmer to-day is a student of the methods of those who are making the biggest successes in agriculture. A Kodak makes the most effective note book.

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The point toward which the village lovers bend their steps.

FIVE MINUTES

—or less—will wash a tubful, and have them clean, if you will use a

PASTIME

WASHING MACHINE



Read This Warranty

"We Guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash clothing Quicker, Cleaner, and to operate easier than any other hand power Washer on the Market."—The Maytag Co., Ltd.

We are not going to make a proposition full of "catch-phrases," no freight, and a-dollar-down-25c. a-week nonsense, but will make a suggestion as follows:—

Go to your home dealer, the man whom you know and who knows you. Tell him to order you a Pastime Washing Machine. He will do it, and after it comes he will say to you (remember, this is not a stranger a thousand miles away who is talking to you, but your home dealer): "Here is your 'Pastime.' Take it Home, use it for four or five Washings, and if for any reason you do not want to keep it, bring it back." You are not confined to any special number of days to try it. Satisfy yourself, and when you are perfectly satisfied, settle with your dealer at home.

Read the Warranty
Once More!

The Pastime not only washes quicker and cleaner than any other Washing Machine in the World, but practically runs itself. Any child that can reach the handle can run it.

The Maytag Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.



A headache in every glass.

choly. The village store also affords a great deal of innocent diversion to people who enjoy the health-giving warmth of an airtight wood stove and prefer the senseless and ceaseless repetition of such pleasantries as "Wa'al, 'Lisha, haow about that air watermelon up to Deacon Sprogett's?" with its ensuing guffaws, to real humor.

But these enjoyments are merely for week days, which are supposed to be given over entirely to work. Far more remarkable are the diversions which bucolic habit sets apart for the day of rest. On this day the rustic gives expression to his religious ecstasy by greasing his hair and boots, but these purely decorative exercises are as nothing in the way of amusement in comparison with the afternoon walk in company with the girl of his choice.

This form of diversion would not be in itself extraordinary were it not for the direction which this Sunday stroll inevitably takes. No matter how beautiful the surrounding country, how rich in points of historic interest, in shady dells, sylvan glades and sequestered paths by running streams, there is but one point towards which the village lovers bend their steps by common consent on Sunday afternoon. That spot is the village cemetery, and there, by crumbling tombs and chilly vaults, 'neath the shade of doleful cypress and resinous evergreen, one may find these bucolic couples wandering hand in hand, pausing now and again for a sly embrace or to read mendacious epitaphs over the bones of those who in life's Sundays sought the very turf which their feet now tread.

The middle-aged or elderly rustic has, as a usual thing, outlived most of the pleasures that I have named and finds his chief delight in the trip which he makes to New York every fall for the ostensible purpose of disposing of the produce of his farm. Now it is well known that in point of quality, variety and quantity the amusements offered by New York to the intelligent citizen or visitor, and even to the unintelligent ones, are practically without limit. Even those who are unacquainted with the more intimate and fascinating phases of New York life may still find endless diversion in theatres, art galleries and libraries, in streets and parks and in the thousand and one points of historic and public interest in which the city abounds. Which one of these shall the visiting farmer choose—theatre, park, museum or art gallery? Not one of them. In his eyes metropolitan life possesses a far



The refreshing lung tester.

keener zest than can be found in any of these, but it is for the initiated alone to enjoy it.

What do streets, theatre or art gallery offer in comparison with the dingy saloon toward which he bends his eager footsteps, valise in hand, the moment he leaves the Grand Central station? What sweeter sleep than that which comes to him in that cosy back room where the knock-out drops are served? What sweeter awakening than that which finds him with his pockets turned inside out and the bartender asking him when he is going to settle for the last round?

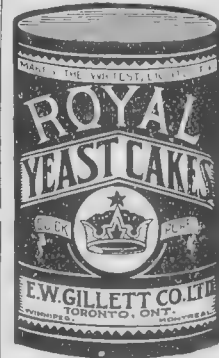
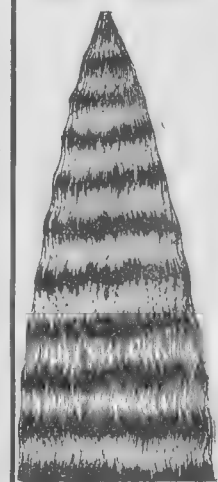
I who have lived in New York for more years than I care to acknowledge, and have in my day trod nearly every one of her many streets, could not for the life of me point out a single place of refreshment in which knock-out drops are to be had for the asking. But to the bucolic visitor, brought up among the



Watching the miracle of honest toil.

green fields and dusty roads, the source of this popular sedative is as an open book, and, as a general thing, he contrives to drink deep of it within fifteen minutes after his arrival in the city.

The rustic or provincial visitor of higher, or rather of wealthier degree, hies him with his wife and progeny to certain gorgeous hotels which he fondly imagines are the favorite haunts of our well-advertised Four Hundred, and there spends a week, at an outrageously high price, in roaming through the corridors and other public rooms, and gazing at the other over-dressed and equally ignorant provincials of his own kind who are there doing just exactly what he is. This peculiar diversion resembles tennis, whist and the art of embroidery on textile fabrics, in that women attain in it a proficiency that is equal to, and even greater than, that of the males of their species. In the height of the season the spectacle afforded by these bands of open-mouthed strangers eyeing each other with awe is so amusing that a great many of the wealthy and leisure class not infrequently visit these hotels for the purpose of enjoying it themselves.

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Melancholy attempt at recreation

And this lays bare a curious and interesting phase of the amusement question. A great deal of the most rational entertainment that this country affords is derived from the spectacle of other people amusing themselves in what we onlookers regard as an irrational manner. Thus there are more smiling faces to be seen among those who watch the eagerly gaping throngs in the corridors of the gorgeous hotels than there are among those who are really furnishing an amusing spectacle of mutual deception. And certainly Atlantic City would not be one of the most picturesque and entertaining spots on the Atlantic coast were it not for the crowds that patrol its board walk hour after hour and day after day seeking after amusement, but never finding as much as that which they themselves afford to the philosophic onlookers.

A more pronounced example of this condition is to be found at Coney Island, which in the busy season offers infinite diversion to those who know enough to appreciate it; not so much on account of its elaborate system of cheap shows and catch-penny devices—funny as many of them are—but because of the manner in which the regular frequenters of the place seek their amusement. On the very hottest Saturday afternoons in August thousands of the city toilers, exhausted with the heat and worn out with the week's labor, pack themselves into steamboats and trolley cars and come hurrying down to enjoy a breath of the cool sea air. Arrived at the world-famous ocean beach, one would naturally expect to see them plunge without delay into the refreshing salt waves, or at least sit down in some shady spot where the sea breeze can fan their heated brows and bring back some of the strength that has been worn out in the week of unrelenting toil. But the habitual Coney Island visitor pays scant heed to the ocean breeze or the refreshing salt waves, and even in the very hottest weather the proportion of visitors who derive any sort of pleasure from the ocean itself is not more than one in ten. The other nine hurry from railroad depot



The tramp loves to read the comic papers.

and steamboat landing to the heart of the densely populated region of chowder pots, photograph galleries, variety shows, fortune tellers, and other characteristic Coney Island attractions. Once within the limits of this enchanted territory the perspiring citizen plunges with animation into the whirlpool of enjoyment that lies before him. The lung-tester claims his instant attention, and, placing a filthy rubber mouthpiece to his lips, he blows until his face turns purple and his lungs threaten to split, in an insane attempt to force the pointer on

a dial to the unattainable number that will yield him an unsmokeable cigar.

Having had all the fun that he can with the refreshing lung tester, he passes on to the sister device known as the "try your strength," and by payment of a nickel secures the privilege of pounding with an enormous mallet, in the hope of reaching a number which lies only within the powers of the proprietor of the machine, the only man, by the way, who can smoke the cigars that are the reward of this prowess.

Cheered and invigorated by these two forms of exercise, the amusement seeker next proceeds to the photograph gallery and secures a tintype of himself that his own mother would fail to recognize; then on to the fortune teller, where a soothsayer, who is also a chiropodist, pictures for him a future state which he knows he

can never realize. These forms of amusement exhausted, there still remain the variety shows in which the worst acts in the world are performed by the worst serio-comic and played-out song and dance men known to the modern stage; the hot corn spread with rancid butter; the poisonous beer, with a headache in every glass; the "loop the loop," in which enjoyment is flavored with the pungent spice of peril; and the thousand and one opportunities for staking and losing money on reputed games of chance that are really the surest kind of sure things. In fact, I know of no place in which the search for pleasure is marked by such strange eccentricities as here.

Our two leisure classes, meaning the two extremes of society, also have ideas of their own as to what constitutes fun. The tramp loves to read comic papers



This is the Genuine Burlington Special.

Our very finest watch and the absolute peer of any watch made in the world today. It is, of course, impossible to give a full description here, but we submit this short outline so that you may have some idea of how this perfect masterpiece is constructed.

ADJUSTED TO TEMPERATURE The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours. Then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures. Not 10 per cent of all watches made are adjusted to temperature.

ADJUSTED TO ISOCHRONISM A careful adjustment so that the speed of a watch when it is fully wound up is the same as when it is almost run down. Not more than four watches out of every one hundred watches made in the United States have this adjustment.

ADJUSTED TO POSITION Adjusting a watch to position is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions. You can easily see a watch is to run absolutely accurate the friction of the bearings must be exactly the same for different positions. This adjustment is never attempted on more than a very, very minute percentage of all watches made in the United States.

THE JEWELS used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported ruby and sapphire jewels, absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency. Nineteen jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a perfect watch, more jewels often being a source of complication rather than service. The smaller size ladies' watch has 17 jewels, giving this watch the protection needed for a lifetime of service.

DOUBLE JEWELS—that is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

MAIN SPRING The two points in which Americans have yet to compete with the Swiss are mainspring and hairspring. Although watch springs are made now in almost all parts of the world, no one has ever been able to equal these Swiss springs. The strain is almost absolutely constant, no matter whether the watch is fully wound or is nearly run down. The Swiss springs used in the Burlington Watch do not crystallize with usage and breakage is very rare. These springs will run a watch from 32 to 36 hours.

SWISS BREGUET HAIRSPRING are imported for the same reason as the important mainspring. They are far better than any other hairspring made.

THE U SPRING REGULATOR allows adjustments to the smallest fraction of a second.

FACTORY FITTED Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness or wearing of parts against the sides of the case. No rattle or jar.

OUR DIRECT GUARANTEE means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time, without red tape or formality. Note, we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at any time. Our guarantee, of course, does not include cleaning or breakages caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch; but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free, as you may elect. Note: This guarantee is good for 25 years, yes, and longer than 25 years; for any length of time if anything is found wrong with the material—absolutely without restriction.

WRITE TODAY for our Free Watch Book explaining every detail of the Burlington Watch.

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Our great fight against the Watch Trust is **Now on**. We are **determined** to maintain our **Independent Burlington line**. And so we are making this offer—the most startling, the most overwhelming offer ever known in the whole history of the watch industry. A more liberal offer to **you, the consumer**, than any other concern would dare to make to the biggest wholesalers.

Trust Prices Smashed

At last! An absolutely perfect watch, the magnificent Burlington Special, at a price and on terms within the reach of all. For we are waging the fiercest battle against trust methods ever known in the history of this country. We **will NOT** be bound by any system, no matter how powerful. We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere, which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price-boosting contracts is very, very unfair.

The Watch Trust has cornered the dealers, but we are determined to win this fight **no matter what it costs**. So we have decided to offer our very finest watch, the unparalleled Burlington Special, direct to the public on a staggering offer which must simply annihilate unfair competition.

Here Is Our Offer You may get our finest watch at the anti-trust price and besides, if you act at once, you may secure the splendid Burlington Special at the no-dealer price, without profits added—exactly the same price which the wholesale jeweler himself must pay. Think—the quality watch, the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, for less than half the price usually asked for watches even approaching this one in quality.

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You pay exactly the same price whether you buy for cash or on time. We allow the public the advantage of these \$2.50 a month terms, in order to quickly attract national attention to our great anti-trust fight. So that everybody can afford to get a Burlington watch at once.

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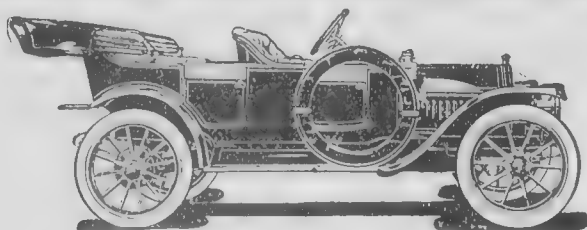
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and to see other people work. A city librarian once told me that he did not allow any funny colored supplements or copies of Puck and Judge in his library, because they attracted so many tramps. There was nothing, he said, that a tramp liked better on a cold or stormy day than to come into a warm library and spend a few hours looking at comic pictures printed in bright colors and reading jokes. And, curiously enough, nothing will divert him from this form of entertainment so surely as the news that some great public work is going on, in which case he will cheerfully trudge off to some distant part of the city and there stand on the edge of a subway excavation for hours at a time watching the miracle of honest daily toil.

Bourke Cochran has wittily and wisely said that the one place in the world into which no ray of human enjoyment ever penetrates is the safe deposit vault in which the millionaire finds himself face to face with his securities. He might have said, also, that genuine amusement is as far removed from all money considerations as anything in this world can well be, and that the way in which, in this country, the whole question of entertainment has become closely intertwined with that of spending money shows how very far off the track we have gone in our quest for enjoyment.

The first thing that the newly enriched man does, after carefully washing from his hands all soluble evidence of the fact that he once did honest work, is to go into some high-priced bar-room and ostentatiously spend money on the most worthless assortment of human beings that he can find within the length and breadth of the town. This is what he calls "having a good time," and it must be a consolation to him to realize that he is spending his money in such a manner that not a single decent human being with the possible exception of the landlord and the bar-tender can derive the slightest benefit from it. I never heard of a man of this sort who would consider that he was having a good time if he took the hungry and unfortunate into a restaurant and fed them or if he invited a number of poor and worthy persons of scholastic tastes to step into a book store and have a few books with

him. And yet this cafe hero thinks that he is amusing himself legitimately when he gathers his loafer following together and buys cigars and drinks for them for the mere sake of hearing them laugh at his jokes and applaud him for his liberality and good fellowship. As a matter of fact, he is simply having his vanity tickled, which is a diversion so primitive that angle worms and caterpillars are able to indulge in it.

Among those who, with increasing wealth, have found time to study the arts of amusement as practised in the different capitals of the world we find more variety in the methods of seeking it and results that are pitifully small. It is indeed a curious fact that the very people whose lives are chiefly devoted to the pursuit of material happiness are the only ones who scarcely ever catch up with it, whereas the working classes

whether they labor with their hands or with their brains—nearly always succeed in getting a large amount of enjoyment out of life during the very few moments that they can spare for its pursuit. The trouble with the rich is that in their anxiety to escape the primal curse of labor they have taken upon themselves the yoke of that deadly form of ennui which is a thousand times worse. And of all the melancholy attempts at recreation with which New York's social season is scourged, none is more deadly than that which carries upon its shoulders the added encumbrance of pretended culture. I never knew what boredom really meant until I was enticed into a huge drawing-room to listen to a lecture on the "Folk Lore of Greenland," delivered by a solemn ass with a college education in his head instead of brains. The room was crowded, chiefly by women, not one of whom could have any sort of real interest in the subject under discussion.

And so, whenever I am moved to ridicule the taste of school boys in the matter of their sports, or that of the Coney Island visitor who prefers the bad variety show and worse beer to a cooling ocean bath. I think of that intellectual salon and what I suffered there at the hands of the "Folk Lore of Greenland" man while penned in by two solid rows of amusement seeking women.

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MANITOBA.

Home Economics Society.

Manitou.

This society is only about four months of age, and already five meetings have been held—four regular and one special. The membership is large, and a great deal of interest is manifested in the meetings, which are held the third Saturday in each month in the Normal School building.

A programme committee has been appointed whose duty it is to see that suitable and sufficient persons and material are on hand to keep up the interest in each meeting. After the business part of the meeting, and before the papers are read and discussions take place, an intermission of ten minutes is allowed for social intercourse, during which time home-made confectionery provided by two or three members for each meeting, is passed around. At the March meeting the following resolution was drawn up and carried to the Grain Growers' Association:—Resolved that we, the members of the Household Science Association, wish to put ourselves on record as being heartily in favour of reciprocity in so far as it concerns horticultural and cereal products. A short time ago, when Hon. Mr. Coldwell, Minister of Education, and Mr. Fletcher, Deputy Minister, visited our town in the interests of school consolidation, a deputation of four women of our society waited upon them asking that manual training and domestic science be taught in the Normal School, the latter open to all members of the community who wish to avail themselves of the privilege. Also that a technical school be established in connection with our public school. The April meeting takes up house-cleaning and gardening. The officers of this society are:—President, Mrs. C. H. Brown; vice-president, Mrs. C. McNamara; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Rowe; directors—Mrs. A. Swanson, Mrs. J. Tait, Mrs. R. R. MacTavish, and Mrs. (Dr.) MacCharles. Programme committee—Mrs. G. T. Armstrong, Mrs. A. Swanson, and Mrs. MacCharles. Press correspondent, Mrs. W. J. Rowe.

During the past winter the Manitoba Agricultural College has conducted a free course of lectures on improved farming. The course, which was inaugurated by way of experiment, was given in connection with the Rockwood Agricultural Society as night school work.

From the standpoint of the Manitoba Agricultural College the results of the course were most encouraging. The attendance was good, and the interest shown by the students was amazing. The influence it had on those to whom it was given is best evidenced by the following resolution sent into the College by the Rockwood Agricultural Society:—

Rockwood Agricultural Society,
March 16, 1911.

"Moved by V. McFarlane, seconded by J. T. Turner.—That this society greatly appreciates the action taken by Principal Black, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, in favor of this district with a free course of lectures on scientific farming, or improved methods of farming, for the benefit of the farmers of this district. We have every reason to believe that the lectures were highly appreciated, and will be of lasting benefit to those who heard them. And this society wishes hereby to express our appreciation and thanks to Principal Black and the other lecturers for their interest in this important matter."

Motion carried unanimously.

Such a course as that mentioned above should serve to arouse an interest in scientific agriculture among the farmers of our province, as well as to demonstrate the efficiency of the work done by the Manitoba Agricultural College.

It is hoped that this line of work may be enlarged and that during next winter the course may be given at other points as well.

Morris.

The monthly meeting of the Home Economics Society was held in the County Court Hall, Morris, March 18. There was a good attendance, and five new members were received. A paper on "The Ideal Wife," by Mrs. Graham, was read by her sister, Mrs. A. G. Swain, and much appreciated by all. The address given by Mrs. McClung at the Household Science Convention in Winnipeg on "The Importance of Social Life in a Country Neighborhood," was read by Mrs. Lewis, and much enjoyed by those present. The society intend giving a patriotic concert on the evening of Coronation Day.

Mrs. Jas. Lewis.

Morden.

The membership of the Morden Home Economics Society is steadily increasing, and the meetings are well attended.

At the March meeting the secretary, who had attended and greatly enjoyed the convention held at the Agricultural College, read a full and interesting report of the whole proceedings.

As was expected, this took up all the available time, so no other entertainment was provided.

A petition signed by all the members present was sent to the council asking that steps be taken to stop the filthy habit of spitting on the sidewalks of the town. The council has taken the matter up, and already there is a marked improvement in the appearance of the streets.

"House-cleaning" was the subject discussed at the April meeting. The committee who had the programme in hand are to be congratulated. A bright and helpful paper was read on "Hints and Helps in Housekeeping," followed by an animated discussion in which many excellent "hints" were exchanged. Mrs. Ching, who has had a vacuum cleaner in her own home for over a year, gave a talk on the great labor and time-saving properties of the machine. Mr. Spencer, agent for the "See-saw" vacuum cleaner, very kindly brought his machine up to the hall and gave a practical demonstration, which was much appreciated by the ladies present. Few of them had seen a vacuum cleaner in use, and the general opinion was that the happy owner of such a contrivance would find half the labor of house-cleaning removed.

Poultry and gardening are the topics to be discussed at the May meeting.

Short papers on the care and management of turkeys, ducks and chickens, and one on Home Gardening, are to be prepared and read by members who have been particularly successful along these various lines.—R. Lloyd, Secretary, Morden H. E. Society.

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It is a tribute no less to the sterling construction and big value offered in the 1911 "Everitt" than to the typical Western spirit of quick recognition of a good thing, that has earned popularity for Tudhope's new car, the Canadian made "Everitt," at Lethbridge, Alta. A branch of the Tudhope Anderson Sales Co. of Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and Saskatoon, has been recently opened at Lethbridge in order to take care of the "Everitt's" rapidly growing clientele in Southern Alberta.

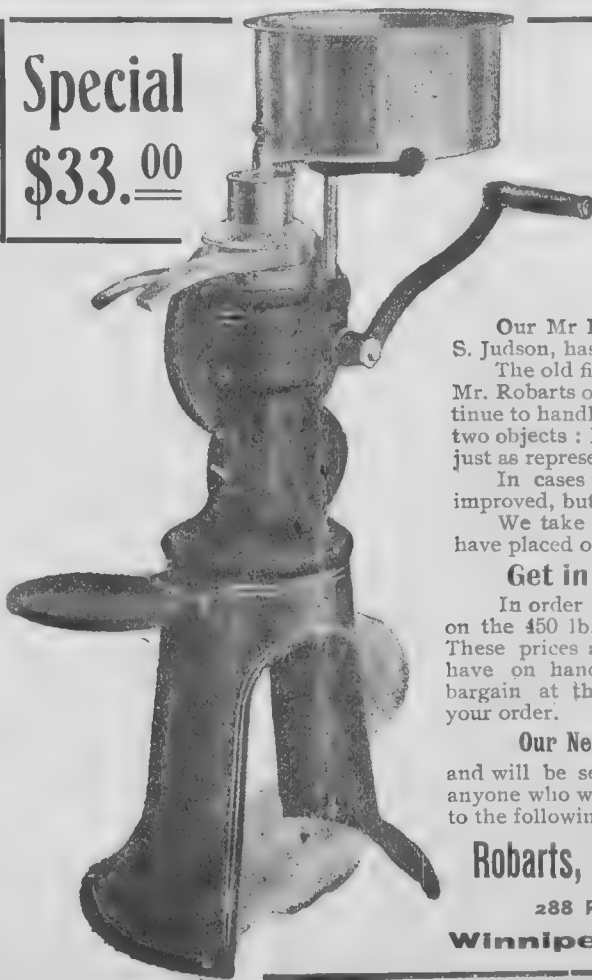
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These Toasted Corn Flakes require no cooking. They are a most nutritious and easily digested food, ready to be served with milk and cream or fruit. Note the high class premium found in every package.

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In cases where it is possible to do so, the quality of the goods will be improved, but in all cases the very lowest price possible will be observed.

We take this opportunity of calling your attention to the special price we have placed on our Separators.

Get in on our Special Separator Offer while it lasts

In order to reduce our stock, we have placed a Special Price of \$33.00 on the 450 lb. size, and \$37.00 on the 600 lb. size Peerless Separator. These prices are only good until we dispose of the stock we now have on hand, and as these goods are fully guaranteed, and a bargain at the regular price, would not advise you delaying your order.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

WANTED—A POSITION.

From actual experience I have learned that it is extremely difficult for inexperienced girls to find positions in the city. I have made several applications myself lately in the interest of girls who need positions. They who apply for general housework cannot get more than twelve or fifteen dollars a month unless they have had experience.

Then I have made applications in factories, and I find there the same demand—experience. A girl without experience can hardly earn her board. On the other hand, girls with experience often earn ten and fifteen dollars per week, when they are paid by piece-work, but this salary is not paid to many. It takes weeks for a beginner to even earn enough to pay her board.

I made applications for stenographers, and in this field I find the same difficulty—in fact, experience is even more urgent. Inexperienced stenographers do well if they get five dollars a week. Of course, if a girl has a little money in reserve to tide her over the period of gaining experience, she can work up if she have ability, ambition, and courage. A business man said in my hearing the other day that his most profitable girls are his highest paid girls. He stated that when a six or seven dollar a week girl gives notice of her leaving he does not care—there will be many applicants for her position just like her; but when a fourteen dollar a week girl gives in her notice to leave, he is sorry, because she will be a decided loss to the business. You see, it pays to excel in your work until you are a profit to the business that employs you.

I made applications in departmental stores, and there found the same demand for experienced girls—clerks, mail order, and office girls must be experienced if they desire positions. In some cases it was difficult to persuade an employer to give a hearing to an inexperienced girl.

One does not realize that this condition of affairs exists as universally as it does, but it is nevertheless true. The country girl who feels the call to the city should bring with her enough money to tide her over many weeks of unexpected expenses while looking for a position. Adventurers exist who prey upon innocent girls by means of advertisements in papers, and employment agencies should be licensed by authorities that would make them bona fide.

Then there are employers that chill the courage of the bravest girls. Some of them are perfectly heartless, and some—well, some are not even decent. I made an application for a position in a factory, and the employer answered me as sharp and ugly as if I were a dog and not a human being. My heart aches for the girls who are forced to apply for positions in some places. On the other hand, I applied to employers who were most kind and considerate, and encouraged me. Had I really needed a position these employers would have given me confidence to try again.

I know one inexperienced girl with an unusual amount of natural ability, who applied again and again for a position, until in desperation she said to an employer, "Try me, give me a chance to show you what I can do." The earnestness of her manner appealed to him, and he gave her a position. She proved herself capable, and is with him to-day at a greatly increased salary.

This is the result of a bit of experience I have had lately for the benefit of my girl readers and other young women who may be profited thereby. Employers demand experienced help, and inexperienced applicants have no easy task before them in obtaining positions.

I wish I might have the opportunity to tell some employers that a kind word

and a courtesy cost nothing, and they do mean a great deal to a girl who is striving desperately for an opportunity to make an honest living.

ROOMS TO LET.

Girls tell me that the search for a comfortable room and wholesome board is like the lure of the rainbow—it is a quest for the impossible. Hundreds of pale girls in stores, offices—yes, and in homes—suffer from want of proper food and well ventilated rooms. I often wonder when I visit girls in tiny, dark, cold back rooms how they really do exist. They often suffer weeks of illness as a result of their privations.

Only last month I called on a girl whose illness had been brought on by living in a room with no heat. To be sure, the landlady had told her when she engaged the room that it would be heated, but so many landladies have furnaces that work spasmodically—I should like to write an article on some landladies, but if I were to attempt it my vocabulary would be too limited.

Of course, there are landladies and landladies, but the kind I mean are those who have all their rooms filled up to the front window, leaving no place where a girl may entertain her callers. I know girls who pay well for their board and rooms, but are forced to entertain their young men friends on the street or in places of amusement. This is not only humiliating, but dangerous. Girls have asked me what they should do under such difficulties. They tell me they have their rooms furnished like little sitting rooms, and ask me if I consider it proper for them to receive their young men callers in their rooms. What can I answer? What would you? I wish we might have a discussion on this problem, because this is just what many girls in this city are doing.

A young lady came to me the other day with a most pathetic story. She was obliged to take a room on the third floor, where were other rooms occupied by roomers of careless behavior. She said she really did not feel safe, especially since her door had no lock.

The printed sign on the front window with "Rooms to Let" is sometimes not so innocent as its appeal suggests.

AT THE STATIONS.

These have been interesting and busy days at the Railway stations, for the woman who is interested in young women. Hundreds of bright, beautiful young girls have passed through our gates for the west while hundreds of others have stopped here to find employment. No doubt you will be surprised to learn that many have been stranded in Winnipeg unwillingly. There are a great many girls who leave country homes for employment in the states. They do not take into consideration the fact that it is not possible for a girl who is alone or has no friends at her destination, to cross the line. Officials are very strict in this matter and for the safety of our Canadian girls, I am glad they are. One girl last month claimed that she was married and that she was going to her husband. The officials doubted her story and wired to learn if it were true. Finding it false, she was not allowed to cross the line. Girls living in the country, who have ambitions to seek employment in the States, need to be informed that a girl travelling alone or who has no friends at her destination, will not be allowed to cross the line.

Our officials at the stations deserve great credit for the protection they give the strange girls that arrive at the stations. A woman with no apparent reason for being at the station is politely told that she is not allowed in the waiting room, that is if the constable sees

her there two or three times. One very innocent appearing young woman from the under world, who met incoming trains two or three times and greeted a few girls with a friendly hand shake aroused suspicion, and when she could not prove that she was an actual friend to these girls, the constable ordered her away. Indeed I have been fearful lest the constable should question me, as I have been there several times of late; but he must have inquired of the good matron because I have been allowed to scribble away in a little three-by-two note-book, undisturbed.

THE SECOND-HAND GIRL.

Last week I passed a second-hand store and I noticed articles for sale, that looked new. Something had cheapened their value and they were classed with other goods half worn out.

I once knew two neat appearing and attractive girls who permitted young men to take them out riding nearly every evening of the week. They prided themselves on their popularity because they could have the privilege of entertaining a different young man every evening. The girl who insists on spooning with everybody in the community is on the road to grief and disgrace. I heard the mother try to persuade these two young daughters to give up some of their company but they accused her of being old fashioned. It pleased them to be able to take young men from other girls in the community.

It is a very serious mistake for girls to change partners six nights in the week in the front room, with the lights turned low. It is harder for a girl to marry who has "been passed over by every young man in the country" than it is for the girl who has selected her company with care. You cannot bribe a worthy suitor with money—he knows second-hand girls at a glance.

Have you ever noticed how far some girls fall short of their ideal? I once heard a girl say that her young man friend must be physically strong, temperate in his habits, manly in appearance, and he must have good business ability. That night a weak, lath-framed specimen of humanity, slouchily dressed, with a cigarette in his mouth, shuffled up the front walk, rang the bell, and the young lady in question knocked a cut-glass fruit dish off the table in her haste to get to him.

I FORGOT.

While waiting to be served in a grocery store last week, a young woman came in and said to the clerk in a careless manner: "I want 15 cents worth of, you know, that kind of soap that you use on clothes when you don't boil them—I've forgotten the name." The clerk named the kind, and she replied, "I guess that's it." Then she requested him to "send it over to that block on the corner—I've forgotten the name—Millan, I think." She was visiting a friend in the block. The clerk gave her the correct name—MacMillan Block—and she went out of the store. Careless memories make careless girls, I thought, as I turned to the window—and careless girls develop into irresponsible women.

A good memory is a wonderful help in life. Writers, speakers, lawyers, doctors, merchants—men and women of all professions—depend largely on their memories for advancement. Many great characters have declared that they owe their fame to remarkable memories. Napoleon was said to be able to call every soldier in his army by name. Macaulay knew by heart the whole of Paradise Lost and Pilgrim's Progress. It is splendid practice for girls to learn both prose and poetry. Have quotations pinned near your mirror and learn them while you are dressing. I know a woman who has quotations over her kitchen sink, and she learns them while she is washing dishes. This study robs work of its drudgery. Train your memory in every possible way. If you are naturally despondent, learn to tell good jokes; if you be inclined to gossip, study charitable quotations. I knew a woman who was cured of gossip by the following quotation. She had learned it, and she said every time she

felt inclined to criticize another the thought in these verses came to her, and she simply could not speak of another unkindly. I am going to give it here, as it may help my readers. You know men say we gossip more than they do, and I believe we do, but the quotation is—

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

Great thoughts from great minds will cure most mind maladies. Study them. It is worth trying.

DEFEATED RIVALRY.

The spirit of rivalry in dress has and always will exist among women. On this matter men show better sense. Girls at school waste strength and mind trying to wear a more beruffled gown than a classmate. In the office the stenographer wears vainly a back hair form that rivals another by two feet more or less. In society, one woman becomes a nervous wreck and involves her husband in bankruptcy that her diamonds, gowns, and furs may excel those of another similar devotee to luxury. Man saps every ounce of his strength to get money for her to shine with that she may have servants and ride in her motor-car. Women could stop all this if they would reform and not out-dress, out-lie, and out-spend one another. Let them turn their hearts into life and its genuine values.

A story is told of Napoleon Bonaparte's sister, Pauline, a beautiful woman who planned to crush Josephine. She detested Bonaparte's wife, and married Prince Borghese that she might have diamonds that would eclipse all the gems which Josephine possessed, because the famous Borghese jewels were the finest collection of diamonds in the world.

When Pauline was invited to visit Josephine at the palace of Saint Cloud she thought it would be the triumph of her life, and spent many days planning a toilette that should crush Josephine. Whatever she wore must be a background for the famous diamonds, so she decided on green velvet. Finally, when the day came she was like a moving jewel casket.

Now, Josephine had been told of the green velvet, and she therefore had her drawing room re-decorated in the most uncompromising blue, and it killed the green velvet completely. To make her conquest still more complete, Josephine did not wear a single gem of any kind. Her dress was an Indian muslin. Josephine's exquisite simplicity and dignity of bearing made the Princess Pauline, with her dazzling diamonds and her green velvet displayed against the blue, seem vulgar. She praised Pauline's diamonds generously and kissed her on parting. Bonaparte's victories on his battlefields were no more remarkable than was Josephine's victory over the battle in the drawing room.

Henri Bourassa.—Nothing is easier than to misrepresent another country.

Jack London.—Every ordinary man is apt to think that he is one of the exceptions.

A WOMAN CAN EARN \$5000⁰⁰ A YEAR

DIRECTING THE BUILDING OF A MODISH GOWN.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPT.
WHERE THE WORK OF
20,000 STUDENTS IS
DIRECTED.

A GRADUATE DRESSMAKER
ENTIRE TIME IS TAKEN
UP EMPLOYING ASSIST-
ANTS AND DESIGNING.

AN AMERICAN
COLLEGE GRADUATE
MAKING HER CHILDREN'S
DRESSES

YOUNG LADY GRADUATE
MAKING HER OWN DRESSES.
SHE SAVES ENOUGH ON
ONE SUIT TO BUY ANOTHER.



YOURS
FOR THE
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The Book tells how

THIS BOOK
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WRITE
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TO DAY

LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME BY MAIL

We Will Teach You to Your Own Satisfaction

MANY women nowadays are earning \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer in Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25.00 to \$50.00 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. These lessons will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties. This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines, prominent educators, teachers of Domestic Science and Art, Home Economics, etc.

Make Your Own Clothes

SAVE MONEY by drafting your own patterns, by doing your own sewing, and enable yourself to dress far better at one third the usual cost.

Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

What Are These Lessons Worth?

OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take \$50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones)—all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmaker's bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for \$100."

Study to Teach Dressmaking

There are hundreds of good towns where dress-making schools are badly needed. This is your opportunity. Qualify to conduct a school of your own. We want several Graduate Dressmakers now to open and manage branch schools. Write for full particulars.

The Author of this Course

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystallizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all of the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not, however, of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "Human Life" published at Boston, Mass.

A Practical Demonstration

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:—

Brownsville, Vt.

I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me. When I started taking your lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well.

Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking, and have been very successful, having made a silk shirt-waist suit, two skirts, two jackets, and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed to-day, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much.

After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student.

Miss Emma J. Pierson.

THIS HANDSOME BOOK SENT FREE

Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great value to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it.

This book illustrated above will be sent to you Free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these copyrighted books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESSMAKING, and while they last, will send you a copy FREE. Write for it to-day. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

American College of Dressmaking
1528 Commerce Bank Building
Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

This Coupon Will Bring Your Book Free or a Postal Will Do.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING
1528 Commerce Bank Building, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.

Please send me free book, and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

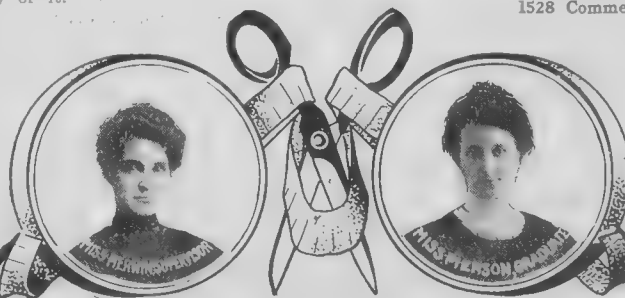
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Street and No.

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County State

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE LAMENTINGS OF AN EASTERN JEREMIAH.

One of the most strenuous of the Eastern lecturers of the people of Western Canada is Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, Montreal. He is a Professor of Political Economy and wields a busy pen in the service of high protectionism. Of late he has been figuring somewhat conspicuously in the papers in the East. He acted as chairman of the public meeting in Montreal which Hon. Clifford Sifton addressed on the reciprocity question. In the current number of the National Review, published in London, England, there is an article by Professor Leacock dealing with Western Canada. His soul is fitted with the gloomiest forebodings when he considers this portion of the Dominion. He is greatly displeased with us prairie-dwellers; and the more he reflects upon Western development and Western ideas, the more Jeremiah-like does his language become. He all but rends his garments and casts ashes upon his head, so to speak, in his woe that the people of the West are, to his way of thinking, so perverse a generation. What he regards as our base ingratitude to the interests of the East grieves him sorely. He sees dark Western clouds lowering disastrously over the future of Canada. "We have to fear," he writes, "that there will grow up amongst us two peoples, the Eastern and the Western"—the former, in Professor Leacock's view, comprising all that is soundest and best in true Canadianism, and "possessing a historic setting;" while we Westerners, lacking "a historic setting," and having "only the imaginary frontier of the geographer" to divide us from the United States, are, according to this advocate, scarcely worthy of being considered Canadians. What grieves him most is that we are progressing so rapidly and developing such strength, and that we lack certain "restraining influences." In other words, his dear friends, the interests, have not got us in as complete subjection as is desirable in order that the future development of Canada as a whole should follow the lines that seem best to them and to him. They think, and he thinks, that the West has been allowed to grow too strong, and that Western growth should be checked forthwith, so that we may be taught our place. "The prairies of the West blossomed and withered under the suns of unnumbered ages before the coming of the harvester," writes Professor Leacock in The National Review. "Let them stand a little longer." There are Easterners in the United States, too, who think that the Western half of that country has been allowed to go ahead too fast, and that it should have been shackled by "restraining influences," to prevent the growth of dissatisfaction with the rule of the Eastern interests. As a matter of fact, it is in the Western half of this country, as of the United States, that the soundest and truest citizenship is developing. In Western Canada, as in the Western States, there is a higher public spirit, more independent, clear-sighted thinking about the problems of the age, and more freedom from the shibboleths of blind partisanship. The future of Canada is with the West.

THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

A High River, Alta., reader of the Western Home Monthly writes to express appreciation of what was said on this page of last month's number about the migrating birds and their point of view of the works of man in this continent. He sends this thought: "There can be no more impressive sight than a straining line of wild geese moving in the clear with steady strokes, their rigid necks pointing to their northern summer home, their outlines slowly diminishing until, as a row of floating dots, they vanish in the uncertain distance. As they scan the continent in their northward sweep, the feeble efforts that dot it here and there with cities must seem to them helpless presumption." When will some Western poet arise and enrich our literature with a poem of the wild geese, those powerful fliers journeying far aloft and rejoicing in their strength, guiding their course by instinct inherited from their ancestors who journeyed as they do and looked down upon the herds of buffalo roaming over the plains, ages before the keels of the ships of Columbus furrowed the Atlantic!

A ROAR AGAINST THE WEST, FROM CAPE BRETON.

An interesting revelation of the state of mind produced by years of enjoyment of special Government favors at the expense of the people of the whole country is furnished by the Sydney Daily Post, the leading paper published in the home of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. That corporation, which has received in bounties from the Dominion treasury some sixteen million dollars in hard cash, extracted from the pockets of the people of the whole Dominion, and which also enjoys tariff protection on its output, is regarded by the Sydney Daily Post as a delicate infant industry, which

should continue to suck Government pap. In black type and large capital letters it empties the vials of its wrath upon the head of Dr. Kendall, a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature—whose politics the Philosopher is not aware of, and does not care a straw about—and also upon the heads of the farmers of Western Canada. Dr. Kendall, the Sydney Daily Post says, is the man who killed the steel bounties. When their fate hung in the balance, "Dr. Kendall leaped on to the hostile scale platform, and even his political weight was sufficient to turn the trick." All because he moved a resolution calling on the Nova Scotia Government to induce the Dominion Iron and Steel Company to sell at one price to all purchasers, and in the event of not succeeding in inducing the Company to do so, to ask the Dominion Government not to renew the bounties. A simple and most equitable request, surely; but it has stung the Sydney Daily Post to two columns of capitalized black type eloquence. He has "united his piping tones with the strident shouts of the free traders of the West," says the Post. Also, he has "capitulated to the boisterous, selfish, unpatriotic demands of the West." Truly this is a fine sort of nation-building, when the newspaper organ of a corporation for which the people of Western Canada have yielded up millions of dollars berates them as traitors. And to make the matter worse, the millions of dollars received in bounties by that corporation have not been legitimately devoted to the building up of a great Canadian industry, but have been mainly used in stock market manipulation and the juggleries of high finance.

HOW TO ELUDE A TORNADO.

For the benefit of the dwellers in the tornado belt of the United States, Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, has considerably issued instructions how to dodge a tornado. He says: "If you see a black cloud in the southwest that appears to be touching the earth, and hear a tremendous noise, you will know that it is a tornado." Then he adds: "Your business is to run a short distance to the northwest or southeast," as the tornado's path "is seldom more than a hundred yards wide." That seems simple, and almost makes you wonder why anyone is ever caught in a tornado. Of course, if the daughter of the house is practising on the piano, or the son is tuning up his motorcycle, the tremendous noise that Professor Moore speaks of may not be noticed until the whirling monster is too close to be escaped from. But a tornado is too serious a matter to be joked about, as those who know anything about them from actual experience are well aware.

FAILING TO SIZE UP CANADIANS RIGHTLY.

That widely-known Canadian, Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., formerly of Winnipeg and now of Ottawa, says in a recently published letter that "the majority of Canadians are heartily sick of being regarded as 'Colonials, with wigs somewhere overseas.'" In this picturesque phrase Mr. Ewart expresses an idea which finds lodging in such minds as that of a representative of a London publication who was in Winnipeg a couple of weeks ago, and after a more or less illuminating conversation in the office of a leading citizen, asked: "And now about the loyalty of Canadians?" Any man who comes to this country and asks such a question is guilty of a gross impertinence. But we must remember that the people in Great Britain are not all so ignorant of Canada and the Canadians. It is strange, however, how some English writers persist in looking at us through long-distance glasses which distort us to their view. Mr. Harold Begbie, for example, has just been declaring in the London Chronicle that "Canadians are not loyal to England first." Canadians are loyal to Canada first; it is that loyalty which is the basis of their loyalty to the Empire. Mr. Begbie goes on to set forth the necessity of "devising ways whereby we may fight for British idealism in the Dominion against the commercial realism of the United States." One of the ways he suggests is that members of the families of peers should come out to this country and devote their lives to leading us onwards and upwards to higher things. "The younger son of a family of title," writes Mr. Begbie, "who now yawns on a barrack square, or wastes the day with bridge in a London club, should rejoice and find a new manhood in a task so precious to his country. It revives the spirit of adventure, it brings back the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Nothing is wanting to set up in Canada a British nobility and a British democracy but leaders inspired with the faith of their fathers." Is it not amazing that a man like Mr. Begbie, who is a singularly gifted writer and who visited this country a couple of years ago—a mere flying visit, it is true—should be so lacking in the power to size up the conditions and tendencies in this country accurately, even on a flying visit?

FOOD FOR THE ORIENT.

About the middle of February, when the European demand became sluggish and the prospect of good prices for wheat and flour in the British markets looked doubtful, there sprang up an unprecedented activity in the Oriental purchasing of Canadian and American products, much greater so far as Canada is concerned than in the months preceding the Russo-Japanese war. That extraordinary activity continues. During the first five weeks of it the ordinary shipments across the Pacific from this continent were more than doubled; in fact, they were almost trebled. The consignments are chiefly flour, and they are for both Chinese and Japanese ports. Spaces are already pre-empted for flour on the liners to Japan and China until well into July. The official Chinese explanation is the shortage in the rice crops in Japan and the famine in China. There is also the trouble between China and Russia, which may develop military possibilities. And, of course, there are the sinister rumors, made the most of by sensational alarmists, concerning the relations between Japan and the United States. Without seeking for deep designs hidden under the ever-inscrutable enigma of the Orient, the fact is known that not only is there a shortage in the rice crop in Japan, but there has been a short crop of wheat in North China and Manchuria, and the prevalence of the plague is responsible for the shutting off of the supplies of the Shanghai mills. The famine in China is no Oriental pretence, but a dreadful reality which appeals to every feeling heart throughout the world and is the occasion for a demonstration of the practical charity which proves that all humanity is kin. That the product of the wheat fields of this country should cross the Pacific as well as the Atlantic presages the ever-increasing importance to which Canada is destined as a supplier of the world's bread.

MULTIPLYING DEADLY WEAPONS.

Revolvers which will deliver shots in a few seconds may be a source of protection in some instances, but in the hands of criminals they are a terrible peril to the public safety. It is to be said in their favor, however, that they are useful to the police on those rare occasions which justify their use. The same cannot be said of Sir Hiram Maxim's silencer, which protects its users from the discovery which the discharge of a weapon otherwise involves. Officers of the law are not helped, but hindered by such a device. They have no use for such a device; the more noise their weapons make, the better. What the silencer may mean, if its use should be allowed to become general with shotguns and rifles, should lead Parliament without delay to make the possession of such one of these things a criminal offence in Canada. The number of lives now sacrificed annually in the hunting season would undoubtedly be increased if the silencer came into general use. Its possibilities in the hands of the intentional law-breaker do not need to be dwelt upon. It should be outlawed.

MORGANATIC.

In connection with the arrangements for the Coronation it is announced that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive to the throne, nephew and heir-presumptive of Franz Josef, of Austria and King of Hungary, will not attend, on account of the fact his wife, owing to the marriage being morganatic, is not invited to accompany him. In the eyes of the English-speaking world the Archduke's wife holds equal widely rank with the wife of any other man, Prince or peasant. Not being of royal blood, but only the daughter of a Count, her marriage to the Archduke had to be a morganatic one, in accordance with the law in regard to such matters in Continental European monarchies—that is to say, the Archduke had to renounce in due form the right of his children to succeed to the thrones of Austria and Hungary. He and his wife are devoted to each other, and he persistently uses every endeavor to do away with the lower status which is imposed upon her by the fact of the marriage being morganatic. He has had her made Princess of Hohenburg; but he is unable as yet to make her position what it would be if she were of blood royal. By all accounts he is the ablest of the continental royalties, and a man of clean and upright life. The usual morganatic marriage would be the crime of bigamy in the English-speaking world, which knows only one form of marriage. There is no doubt that the readiness of the British people to welcome the wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is shared by the British royal family, but in the issuing of the invitations to the Coronation, diplomatic etiquette demands that the prevailing view in foreign courts must be deferred to. That being the case, the people of this part of the Empire, and it is safe to say, of the rest of the Empire, while regretting that the future Emperor of Austria-Hungary will not be present with his wife at the Coronation, respect him for his reason for deciding not to attend that historic ceremony alone.

Short Course.

Another short course in home economics will be put on at Manitoba Agricultural College, commencing April 17, and continuing for twelve weeks. A number of young women, mostly from country homes in Manitoba, have taken advantage of the two courses already offered, and have found the subjects studied of great practical value. The lessons in cookery, sewing and care of the sick in the home especially appeal to those who desire to make the best of their opportunities in life.

The expenses of this course are very small, since living accommodation is provided at the College at actual cost. Young women interested in home management should write to the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, for a full outline of what is being taught.

Alfalfa.

An interesting and important experiment, by way of encouraging the growing of alfalfa in our province, has been announced by the Hon. Minister of Agriculture. The experiment will be conducted under direction of Professor Bedford, of the Field Husbandry Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College and through the medium of the agricultural societies of the province. The society providing one acre of suitable land close to a town and undertaking the care of same will receive free of charge seed sufficient to sow the plot and also advice and direction from a member of the College staff who will visit and inspect the growing crop.

It is the wish of the department that the various societies will heartily co-operate in making this experiment the success it should prove to be.

It is expected that the experiments will be conducted at the following places:—Morris, Killarney, Hartney, Cypress River, Carman, Virden, Hamiota, Neepawa, Stonewall, Manitou, Melita.

Arrivals in Western Canada.

1896-7,	11,383	7,921	2,412—	21,716
1897-8,	11,173	11,608	9,119—	31,900
1898-9,	10,600	21,938	11,945	44,543
1899-1900,	5,141	10,211	5,543—	23,895
1901-2,	17,259	23,732	26,388—	67,379
1901-2,	17,259	23,732	26,388—	67,379
1902-3,	41,792	37,099	49,473—	128,364
1903-4,	50,374	34,785	45,171—	130,330
1904-5,	65,359	37,255	43,652—	146,266
1905-6,	86,796	44,349	57,919—	189,064
1906-7,	55,791	34,217	34,659	124,667
(9 months)				
1907-8,	120,182	83,975	58,312—	262,469
1908-9,	52,901	34,175	59,832—	146,908
1909-10,	59,790	45,206	103,798—	208,794

Totals—600,411 445,823 529,210 1,575,444

Talcum Powders.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found advertisement of the Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder, which is claimed to be a perfect powder for nursery and toilet. No powder can be perfect for use in the nursery or for the toilet or for hot weather discomforts unless, after it has done its work of cooling and drying, it can easily be brushed off, leaving the skin perfectly clear and the pores free. It is in these features that the Vinolia laboratories have scored one of their finest triumphs by the preparation of Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder. It is alike of good service for babies and grown-ups. Beyond its delightful absorbent quality, it has a mild antiseptic action, and, in addition to ingredients which gives it an indescribably refreshing quality, it carries an exquisite perfume. After the bath or after shaving it is extremely comforting. It is efficacious from the scientific point of view, owing to the fact that it is antiseptic as well as absorbent and cooling. Done up in improved boxes, Royal Vinolia presents an ornamental as well as useful furnishing for every household.

Isaacs won.

A western buyer is inordinately proud of the fact that one of his ancestors affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. At the time the salesman called, the buyer was signing a

Naturally: The New Scale Williams Piano

was selected to be used exclusively for the

Earl Grey Musical & Dramatic Competition

Because: The Eminent Judges found it to possess a pure and vibrant tone quality, sensitiveness, a true and perfectly blending scale, rapidity of repetition and ease of touch.

Required: To afford the contestants from all parts of Canada, whether for Piano Solos, Violin Accompaniment or Singing, the greatest scope for the full expression of their talents.

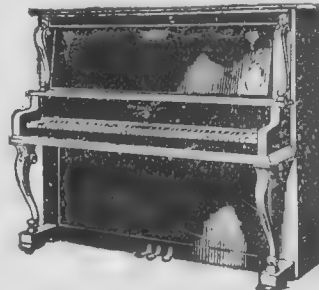


Cross Goulding & Skinner, Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

Winnipeg, April 20, 1911.

I have been authorized to request you to furnish a New Scale Williams Concert Grand Piano to be used exclusively for the Piano work in the Earl Grey Trophy Competition, which is to be held in the Walker Theatre the week commencing April 24th. The piano will be required for each evening's performance, and we would want it placed in the Theatre on Saturday, April 23rd. We would like to have one similar to the piano used for the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra and the Elgar Choir Concerts.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) **EARNEST BEAUFORT,**
Hon. Secretary of the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Competition



The New Scale Williams
is obtainable in many artistic upright designs; also in Baby Grands

And that wonderful instrument The New Scale Williams Player Piano which is arousing so much interest among music loving people

Write us for Catalogue and particulars of our Educational Plan of Payments

Cross Goulding & Skinner, Limited
323 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Man.

number of checks and affixed his signature with many a curve and flourish. The salesman's patience becoming exhausted in waiting for the buyer to recognize him, he finally observed:

"You have a fine signature, Mr. So-and-So."
"Yes," admitted the buyer, "I should have. One of my forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence."

"So?" said the caller, with rising inflection. And then he added:
"Well, you ain't got nothings on me. One of my forefathers signed the Ten Commandments."

Choose a Piano by
Perfection in Tone and Artistic Beauty in the Case Design.

BLUNDALL PIANOS

will be your choice.
They are built correctly and the first cost is the last cost.
Our unlimited guarantee insures entire piano satisfaction or money back.
Our one Factory-to-Home price and free delivery offer will appeal to you. Write at once for free booklet and complete information.
Blundall Piano Company
Toronto, Ont.

SEND THIS AD.
With \$2.00 For

Our New Invention—warm weather Lumbersoles! Unlined. For rough field work, wet or dirty work round farm. Made in oiled leather. Waterproof. Comfort shape. Light weight wood sole protected by galvanized sheet rail on sole and heel. Will outwear 3 pairs ordinary work shoes. Cost less than one.
PRICE \$200
Delivered Free
Men, women, youths wear them. Cool, dry, strong. All good features of regular



a big \$2 worth before. Dealers everywhere are stocking our lines. Tell your dealer about Lumbersoles.
Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co.
134 Princess Block, Winnipeg, Man.

EDSON

The last Prairie Divisional Point on the Main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, is the gateway and distributing point for the far-famed Peace River Country into which over ten thousand people are expected to go this year. This is one of the last opportunities to get in on the ground floor of a future Western metropolis and purchasers of our lots, which adjoin the Main Street, will double their money many times over in a few years. Prices of lots only

\$30.00

each on easy terms. It costs you one cent to obtain illustrated booklet giving full particulars. Mail us a postcard to-day.

The Edson Point Company
608 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

OPEN EYES.

Keep your eyes open. That bit of blue sky, to be seen through yonder open window, if reproduced on a piece of canvass by a skillful artist would be worth \$10,000. John Ruskin would have found strange beauties in the grains of sand which you are pressing beneath your feet. Emerson would have been turning your simple life into a system of philosophy had he lived in your neighborhood. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe."

SAWING THE AIR.

A man can be eloquent without clutching his hair, rolling his eyes, swinging his arms, sawing the air, stamping his feet, swaying his body, or wearing his throat hoarse. A quiet man may be eloquent. Wendell Phillips was of this sort. "To use one extreme illustration from out of the pulpit, Wendell Phillips, the calmest, most dignified, most self-possessed and most eloquent reform orator of New England. You saw him stand and heard him speak to three thousand people with seemingly no more excitement than though he was holding a quiet conversation with some one man, but you sit within three feet of him as it was our privilege on two occasions and you discover that there was the intensest intensity, his whole body a charged battery, not only of red-hot thoughts but of burning passion, and that his whole nature from the top of his head to the end of his toes was trembling with emotion and this pent-up intensity sent his thoughts and words like arrows into the heads and hearts of his hearers. No man ever held or moved an audience without intensity. There must be the burning heart as well as the thinking brain."

A GOLD MINE.

It is the work of an inventor to solve a difficulty. If no difficulty existed the inventor would be out of a job. To a genuine inventor "the difficulty" is the gold in the rock. His business is to get it out. Here is the story of a simple invention which proved a gold mine to the man who gave it a commercial value. "An historian of inventions tells us that to the wails of a long-suffering infant we owe the boon of the safety-pin. Here is the story: A little boy, named Harrison, an English blacksmith's son, had to look after his baby brother. The baby often cried, and its tears were usually traced to pin punctures. The boy nurse tried a long time to bend pins into such form that they could be used with safety to his brother's flesh. In this he failed; but his father, the blacksmith, perceiving the utility of the idea the lad had been at work on, took it up on his own account and eventually turned out the safety-pin that is in use to-day all over the world. Whether the safety-pin would have still remained in oblivion but for the tormenting of one little English baby no one knows, of course. Here's a valuable tip, however: The next time you hear a baby cry just investigate and then think of what you can invent. The safety-pin had millions in it—and has still."

MEN WHO THINK.

All men work, most men work hard. But the men who win work along the proper lines. Of ten things which ought to be done there are three things which must be done. The wise man picks out the things which must be done. Herein lies his success. A successful business man remarks: "One thing has helped me in my business. I make it a point to keep before me the ten most important things I have to do. I have a little pad on my desk, upon which are noted the most important things; there might be seven or ten or twelve, but the most important are daily before me."

BRAIN FOOD.

I am a preacher and I love my profession—it compels me to read, think and observe. I read, on an average, four hours a day. If I can't read in the morning, then I read between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. (For every hour of sleep I lose at night I make it up in the day time). Sleep for the body and reading for the brain. Oh what a privilege it is to read! No English author ever wrote history with such regal splendor as Lord Macaulay. In one of his letters he betrays the secret of his enchanting style: "During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides twice; Pindar twice; Theocritus twice; Herodotus and Thucydides, almost all of Xenophon's works; almost all of Plato; Aristotle's 'Politics,' and a good deal of his 'Organon,' beside dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of Plutarch's 'Lives'; about half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence once; Lucretius twice; Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius; Lucan, Livy, Velleius Paterculus; Sallust, Caesar, and lastly Cicero."

THE SUPREME QUALITY.

The supreme quality is patience. Patience with men. Patience with the ignorant. Patience with the thoughtless. Patience with the stupid. Patience with the foolish. And—sometime—patience with yourself. In the company of William Pitt, a conversation once took place as to the quality most necessary in a Prime Minister. While one said "eloquence," another "knowledge," and another "toil," Pitt said the main requisite was "patience."

YOUR COMPETITOR.

Say a good word concerning your business competitor. It will do you no harm. Nay, it will help you. Why not rejoice in his success! Success is a beautiful thing. Would you not like to have it yourself? Then deny it not to your neighbors—not even in your thoughts. A great soul is better than a big business. Col. A. K. MacClure the American editor, says concerning Abraham Lincoln: "Another very marked feature of Mr. Lincoln's character was his patient and generous forbearance with all who were unfriendly to him. I never heard Mr. Lincoln utter a single sentence of resentment against anyone, and I have never met any person who claimed to have heard him speak vindictively against even his bitterest foes. The beautiful sentence of his inaugural—'With malice toward none, with charity for all,' was a perfect reflex of the heart of Abraham Lincoln."

WALK MAN WALK!

Walk to the train and save your car fare. Walk to church, it will do you as much good as the sermon. Walk with your friend instead of conversing in the parlor—it will save the carpet. When you feel blue—take a walk. When your brain won't work—take a walk. When your blood does not circulate, take a walk. Follow the advice of Rousseau: "Walking has something which animates and stirs my ideas. . . . I need a bodily motion to set my soul in motion. The view of the country, the succession of pleasant prospects, the open air, the good appetite, gain by walking. . . . All this frees my spirit, gives audacity to my thought, throws me, as it were, into the immensity of things. . . . I act as master of all Nature."

THE RADIUM OF CHARACTER.

If you would enjoy a good standing in the world—stand well with yourself. Keep on the right side of your conscience. Let the record of your life be clear, clean and straight. Look every man in the face and have the facts of your life right. Carl Schurz pays a splendid compliment to Charles Sumner, the American statesman: "His life was so spotless, his integrity so intact, his character so high, that the most daring glances of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes."

BEAUTY.

Beauty without knowledge is like a flower without perfume. Beauty without sympathy is like a modern fire-place without a fire. Beauty without common sense is like bric-a-brac to a hungry man. Beauty without character is like a lifeless female form in yonder store window—all style and no life; Andrew Carnegie has been giving some good advice again: "Pick for your wife the girl who takes care of her mother—the girl who is useful in the household, and does not make the most show in the ballroom," he counselled the young men of his technical schools recently.

GET AT THE FACTS.

Science is "that which is known and capable of proof," and that which is known and capable of proof is—a fact. The scientist in business always deals with the facts. He gets down to the facts. Here is a strong illustration of science in business. I quote from the Christian Advocate, New York: "Harriman was forty-five years old when the Union Pacific Railroad went into receiver's hands. He went through the panic of that year (1893) as comfortably as he had before. When in 1897 he went into the syndicate that reorganized the Union Pacific, he had been so much related to the Vanderbilt combination that the public gave him little or no 'credit for being potentially the dominant personality in the management of property.' Early in 1898 Harriman made a trip over all the lines that had any connection with or opposition to the Union Pacific. On the 1,800 miles of main stem he found only 400 miles that had ever been graded. The rest of the road consisted of rails and ties laid on dirt. The station buildings were in the last stages of decay, and the cars and other rolling stock battered; there were

curves and grades, and more curves and more grades. The men were spiritless and citizens along the line were disheartened. On that trip Harriman lost patience with an old engine's taking on water too slowly. "What makes this delay?" "Engine taking water, sir." "Why not make the feed pipe bigger?" "Can't be done, sir; the engine wouldn't take any larger feed pipe," the division superintendent faltered. "Then we'll get some bigger engines," he snapped out. On returning he announced to the directors that the road was going to be rebuilt, and grades reduced from eighty to forty feet to the mile; but he told them that such work would save ten per cent. on its cost a year in the expenses of operation alone. "They thought at first that he was half out of his mind, but it was done, against the directors and even the engineers."

LEND A HAND.

For every good work, have a kindly deed of encouragement. Don't criticize unless you can suggest an improvement which you are prepared, to some extent, to support and sustain. Don't "run down" to use Robert Louis Stevenson's phrase. Don't wait for perfect methods, perfect measures, perfect institutions or perfect organizations. Lend a hand. Jacob Riis has told how he became acquainted with Mr. Roosevelt. The latter had read Riis' book, "How the Other Half Lives." Immediately he called at the author's office and left his card, with this sentence written on it: "I have read your book, and I have come to help."

ARE YOU STILL INSURABLE?

I regard the book agent and the insurance agent as among the great benefactors of the race. The first stand for the spread of knowledge—the second for the stability of the race. I have entered the home, shrouded in the gloom of death, a score of times, when I have thanked God, in my heart, for the successful work of a life insurance agent. The New York Outlook speaks out on this subject: "Statistics show that one person in every nine who applies for life insurance is rejected. It is likewise true that persons of insurable age that might have been able to pass a medical examination at one time, for various reasons became unable to do so at another and later time. When a man is being actively canvassed for insurance by several agents, he is very apt to forget that the time may come when he cannot get insurance, no matter how carefully he may seek to obtain such protection. It has been well said that time once lost can never be regained, and yet young men the world over go on losing time. Opportunity is also said to knock at least once at every man's door; but if no response is made the summons may not be repeated. It is much the same with life insurance. Because a man is young and strong and because he is a good risk to-day, it is by no means true that similar conditions will prevail tomorrow."

THAT BOY.

A boy at fourteen is a bundle of emotions. He has within himself religion enough for a saint, dreams enough for a prophet, schemes enough for a commercial shark, and mischief enough for an infant devil. All these things are real to him. His soul is swept by a thousand emotions. He does not understand himself and nobody else understands him. But boyhood is breaking forth into manhood. May his religion mature, his dreams come true, his schemes materialize along proper lines and his mischief become transformed into a winning personality, and a consecrated individuality. "When Bismarck was a boy, he was distressed that the German people were separated into more than thirty kingdoms. It was the dream and ambition of his life that they should be united into one great fellowship. The ideal was realized when the smoke of the Franco-Prussian war cleared away and the venerable King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of a united Germany in the palace of Versailles."

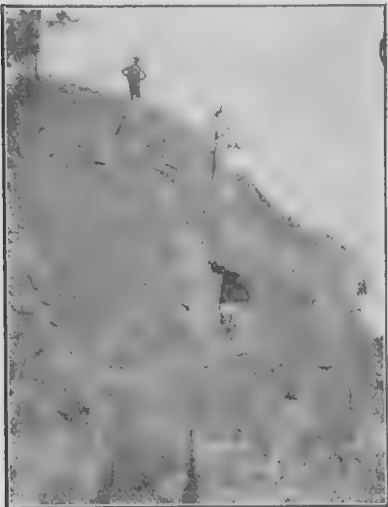
INEXCUSABLE LANGUAGE.

Certain people in New York are moving to check those makers of what are called stage plays in which emotional or other force is sought to be obtained by the free use of such words as damn and hell. The protest has not come before it was needed. The words are good enough English in one sense, and may be used in a way to give strength to a sentence. In the ordinary play, as in the ordinary man's mouth, however, they are simply vulgar and evidences of vulgarity or carelessness on the part of the man who uses them, and so are out of place.—Montreal Witness.

Pleasure Resorts.

Ten years ago there was not much to what is now known as Winnipeg Beach, the C. P. R. pleasure resort on Lake Winnipeg, a short distance north of the Manitoba capital. There was then no such place as Winnipeg Beach, Ponemah or Whytewold Beach.

By the way, the latter was originally called Whitewold, after a major or colonel White, we do not remember which, and the plan proper still bears the same name, but with the advent of the C. P. R. the station was named Whytewold—



Rocky promontory East side of Lake Winnipeg. "wold" meaning "wood," and "Whyte" after the second vice-president of the road.

Anderson's, at Boundary Creek, immediately north of Winnipeg Beach, was a stopping place, at which the traveller could generally count upon getting a "fish dinner" at any meal of the day, or, if he preferred, "fish eggs."

Whytewold Beach was the first of the resorts to be placed on the market, and, notwithstanding the attractions presented, there were few to purchase lots. Those who did secured them at less than



Waterfall Beven's River, East of Lake Winnipeg.

\$100 per lot. Vacant properties inside the Beach limits cannot now be had for ten times that amount, and many of the holdings have on them structures that run up into the thousands. There are homes there that would do credit to places many years older and in more ad-



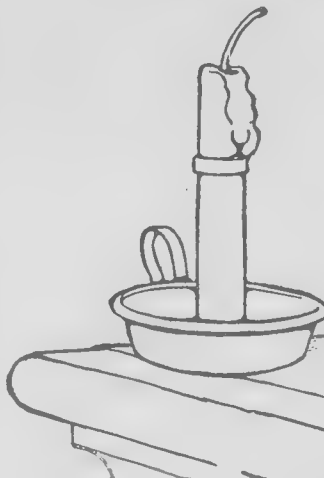
Indian Doctor's Camp, Lake Winnipeg.

vanced parts of America. Whytewold Beach is now one of the most pleasant, restful summer resorts in Canada. We were going to say "pleasure resort"; but, while there is genuine pleasure to all who are favored with "time," it is not a pleasure resort as is usually known by such term. While everybody enjoys him or her self at Whytewold, there is the absence of that "pleasure" which too many of the resorts have. It is what may be termed a "family" pleasure resort, where the children of the home can roam almost at will without fear of the harmful results that very often follow in the wake of such places. There is no hotel or regular stopping place at Whytewold; the "habitants" are residents for the summer, and if there be a visitor he or she is generally an invited guest of one of the resident families. The inhabitants live the summer through as one happy family, aiding one another in all that goes to make outdoor life pleasant. Trains to and from Winnipeg Beach make regular stops, and a free-gratis-for-nothing ride to the C. P. R. resort and back is often indulged in by Whytewolders. Happily situated along the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, with good sandy beach, those having property at Whytewold are happily situated. There are good bathing privileges in front of the lots, and drinking water is available at nearly every home. The past two years a decided improvement has come to the southern half of the Beach in that good springs of water have been found. Through a little drilling these now bubble up at many places along the road frontages of the lots, and some of the owners have piped the water through the property and thereby have running water in the bungalows. There is a large pavilion about the centre of the place, in which preaching service and Sunday school is held every Sabbath. This building is nicely furnished throughout, and overlooks a fine bay, giving a beautiful view of the Lake. In it is a piano, and this is available at all times for the use of singing, playing and dancing. Concerts and other entertainments frequently occur during the season. The "star" performance is, however, held about the close of each summer, in the form of a day's outing, at which everybody is expected to wear green and white, the Whytewold colors. The morning of this day is devoted to land sports and the afternoon to water carnival. The day's fun is chiefly for the youngsters, each of the older ones vying with each other in making the day specially interesting to the little folk. The day is generally closed with monster bonfires and pyrotechnic displays.

Ponemah Beach lies just north of Whytewold, and is quite as much in favor with some as the latter. North of Ponemah comes Winnipeg Beach. This is the public or general pleasure resort of the C. P. R., with its large summer hotel, pleasant picnic grounds and pleasure attractions, all going to make it a fine resort. Bathing is one of the pleasures, and would be indulged in to a much greater extent if looked after more attentively by those having charge of the place. To our way of thinking, the resort is one of particularly special interest to Manitobans, and the C. P. R. should make sure that it is always conducted in the best form and that the attractions are kept up to the highest standard. It should not be allowed to run down in any particular, even though at first there should not be the patronage that might be expected.

In the pleasure resorts on the shores of Lake Winnipeg the province of Manitoba has much to be proud of. There are spots of like nature all over the Western province that could be taken advantage of. They may not be right at the door of certain places, but, through the aid of the railway lines, can be brought into close touch with the great centres of population. These places should be secured as early as possible for public resorts, before getting into the hands of those who would commercialize everything.

I'm the "Thin Model" Alarm Clock



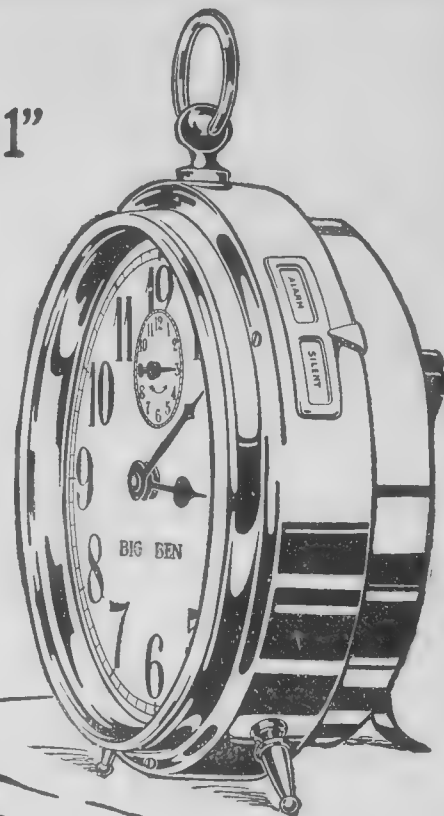
Look for me in your dealer's window. Then go in and hear me ring "The National Call to Breakfast." You'll recognize me at once by my "tailor-made" appearance; my beautiful "thin model" watch style case and my big, open smiling face.

My bell isn't alarming. It's cheerful. I wake you pleasantly—like sunlight does in summer—even on the darkest, coldest mornings.

I ring at intervals for 15 minutes or steadily, as you choose.

And I wake you on time for I'm watch-accurate as a timekeeper.

I've got a regular watch escapement—the mechanism upon which a watch most depends for its time-keeping qualities. You'll notice that I tick fast, evenly and lightly like a watch instead of slowly and heavily like common alarm clocks.



I must run like a watch for six days and nights in my factory under careful inspection before they will let me go to the dealer.

I was designed by a Swiss, and I'm made in a factory that's been running for the past thirty years. I'm the result of all that experience and all those facilities.

An inner casing of steel gives me great strength and makes me dust-proof.

I can be had from any dealer. Ask yours to introduce me to you today. My price is \$3.00. It could easily be \$4.00 and you'd willingly pay it, for once you see me you'll know I'm worth it.

If you want to be "first in the field" get me—Big Ben—to wake you in the morning.

BIG BEN

Care of WESTERN CLOCK CO., La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

If your dealer doesn't sell me I'll come express prepaid on receipt of \$3.00

Live Agents Wanted

in every locality to sell the newest household article on the market. Profit 100%. Goods sell on sight to every housewife as it is indispensable. Best opportunity. Write now for particulars. The Canadian Mail Order Co., Dept. Z Box 20 Quebec, Canada.



Fish Bite like hungry wolves and keep you busy pulling them out whenever you use our Wonderful Fish-Luring Bait. 25c. a box. Write for free booklet and our special offer of one box to help introduce it. Walton Supply Co., Dept. St. Louis, Mo.

Handsome Clock



FREE! THIS beautiful bronze Clock will be given, absolutely FREE, to any reader of The Western Home Monthly who sells only \$4.00 worth of our Lovely Postcards at 8 for 10 cents.

You can easily sell all of them in a few hours as they are the latest designs in Canadian and Western Views, Cowboy, Floral and Birthday Cards; all are beautifully colored and many are richly embossed on gold.

Special Offer

We will give you a handsome Fountain Pen, absolutely free, if you return our money in 15 days. We pay postage on both premiums.

Order to-day. Be first in your locality.

Toronto Premium Co.

Dept. 301. Toronto, Can.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Young hearts, thro' all the golden years,
Proclaim the magic of his wand.
And aged eyes are wet with tears.
With music from his loving hand.
He is not dead—he cannot die
A king of men he still returns:
And rules as erst with spirit high
The Land of Robert Burns!
John Macfarlane.

There's a gude and a bad in every-
thing; the airt is to find it out.

Better the blessing o' to-day than
the wail o' yesterday.

The wind, however loud it blows, is
always calm at last.

I curse my sins: they do not leave me;
I turn to God, and find them gone!

"A Man's a Man for a' That."—At
the New York St. Andrew's Society
banquet Mr. Carnegie said that six lines
from Burns had done more for popular
government than all the editorials that
had ever been written. "The young
men of Scotland," he said, "were not
enlisting in the army and navy as they
used to—they were going to Canada or
coming to the United States, where they
usually made their mark!"

O, bonnie are the howes, and sunny
are the knowes, that fed the kye and
yowes where my life's morn dawned!
And brightly glance the rills that spring
among the hills, and ca' the merry mills

in my ain dear land!—Thomas Smib-
bert.

The Whaup.—A Border farmer saw a
whaup (curlew) rising into the air and
screaming, with something hanging on
to its neck, which the farmer made
out to be a weasel. The man followed,
but was eventually distanced. At last
the weasel prevailed, for the whaup
came gradually to the ground, a prey to
its persistent enemy.

A Railway Tickets Bill, if Parliament
ever gets time to discuss it proposes,
says a Scotch paper, to make railway
tickets like postage stamps, good until
they are used. The public would wel-
come something of this kind. The
fear of a ticket "running out" is a night-
mare people ought to be relieved of.

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever.
Where the sky is fair and free
O, joyous, joyous sea!
—Horatius Bonar, Kelso.

A bonny bride is sune buskit,
And a short horse is sune wispit.

She's better than she's bonny.

He sould hae a lang-shaftit spune that
sups kail wi' the deil!

The water will never warr the widdie.

That is, "The water will never get the
better of the rope." The English equi-
valent is: "Who is born to be hanged
will never be drowned."

Dear stream, thou emblem of my days,
Thou child of moss and mountain,
My heart to thee would be of praise,
A never-failing fountain!
So flow for aye, beloved stream!
Dear Nith, delightful river
By castles grey and meadows green,
Flow on in peace forever!
Francis Bennock.

The Icelanders, who are half "Scotch"
in their language—or vice versa—have
the expression "Mountains half in the
sea" for far-away eminences. And
they say of one who died young, "He
never kaimed gray hair." A miracle
they call "a power work."

Experts give it as their opinion that
the use of oatmeal is not as general as
in former days in Scotland.

Scottish History.—At a recent meet-
ing of the Edinburgh School Board an
animated discussion arose about Scot-
tish history, and the somewhat neglect
into which its study had fallen. One
member stated that in a list of examina-
tion papers a large percentage con-
founded Montrose with Claverhouse, and
an Edinburgh scholar ascribed to Jeanie
Deans the exploits of Jenny Geddes! The
question of what books on Scot-
tish history are to be used will be taken
up in the summer.

Paisley Abbey.—Much has been done
to remodel and repair this fine old edi-
fice. But much still remains to be done
in this credible endeavor. It was stated
at the Sunday services this spring that
\$58,000 would still be needed for the
necessary repairs, and that there were

no insuperable architectural or other
difficulties in the way. Funds only
were needed.

"Tir nam Beann," The Land of the
Bens.—At the annual dinner of the Gae-
lic Society, Inverness, Dr. Watson,
Principal of the Royal High School,
Edinburgh, said there could not have
been, at any time, more than 500,000
Gaelic-speaking people in the Highlands.
And that it would be a great pity that
Highland parents should not realize that
while it would be a misfortune not to
know English, it would at the same
time be a misfortune to them not to
know Gaelic. Anyone who knows about
the teaching of languages would realize
that the bi-lingual child had a much
better chance of learning other lan-
guages than the child who spoke only
one language. The habit of expressing
the same thing in two different lan-
guages was a mental training, and faci-
litated the acquisition of another lan-
guage in a way that a child who spoke
English only could not expect to attain.

Actions are only condensed thought.—
Emerson.

Hoist your flag, and abide by it!—
General Gordon.

Wha has enough can soundly sleep;
'Tis the owercome fashies folk to keep!

Honest.—A singular case has occurred
in Greenock. Someone was "shopping"
and tendered a five-pound note, which
the shopwoman took to be a one-pound
note (the buyer evidently supposing the
same), and the change made accord-
ingly. At night, in balancing up, the
shopwoman discovered the error. She
took the money to the police. At the
end of six months the matter came be-
fore the police court. The court de-
cided that the money should be re-
turned to the keeper of the shop.

Metaphesics.—"Weel, Geordie, ye see
it's just like this—when the pairty that
listens disna ken what the pairty that
is speakin' means, and when the pairty
that speaks disna ken what he means
hissel, that's metaphesics!"

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herdit sheep;
I've herdit sheep, or gather't slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, wae's my heart! thae days are
gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes!
—John Mayne.

Lambs, and sometimes puppies, have
their tails docked; and a Fifeshire lass,
stepping out after dark, and seeing the
brilliant comet of 1858, ran in again
in breathless haste, and called on her
fellow-servants to "come out and see a
new star that has na got its tail cuttit
a' yet!"

Gaelic.—Someone has made an esti-
mate of Gaelic-speaking peoples, and
says there are a quarter of a million
in Scotland, three-quarters of a million
in Ireland, several thousands in the Isle
of Man, and many thousands in the
various British Colonies.

I winna cross the braid, braid sea,
For gowden crown or gilded palace;
Tho' slaves around should bend the knee,
Nae slave ere trod the Land o' Wal-
lace!
I canna leave auld Scotland's shore,
Where love and freedom dwell the-
gether.
Where friendship keeks frae ilka door,
Amang the braes o' blooming heather.
—George W. Donald.

"For better's ae day i' thae faulds
o' Thine, nor a thousan'! Fainer I'd
jouk at the yett o' God's hous, nor be
howf'd in ha's i' wrang doen!"—Hately
Waddell, Psalm 84, 10.

"His Bannocks."—Griddle is "girdle"
in Scots, very convenient for baking

Drudgery! Drudgery! Drudgery!

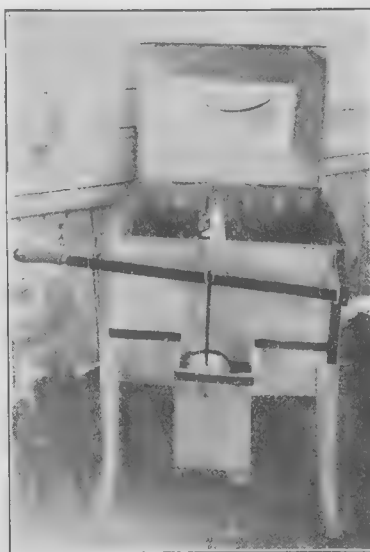
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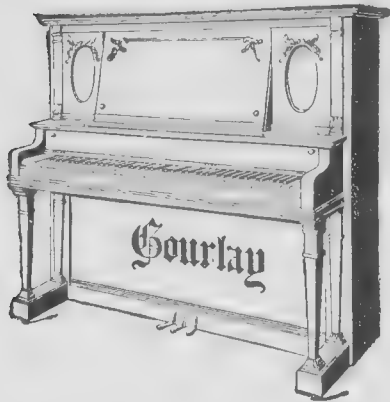
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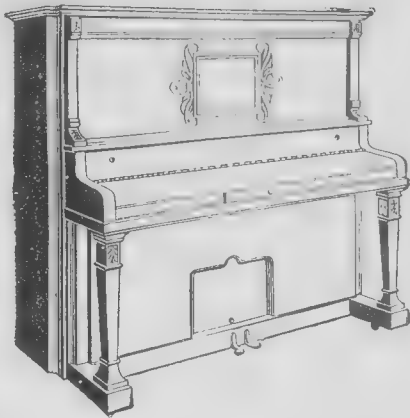


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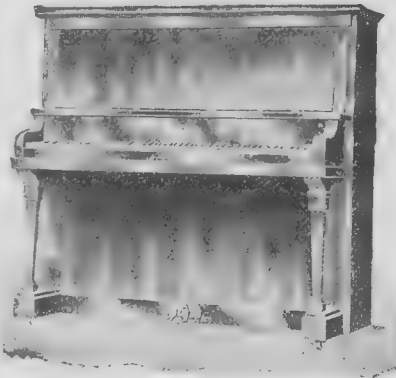
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scones and bannocks. On hearing a passage read in the Acts—"When he was come to us he took Paul's girdle"—a Forfarshire "bairn" exclaimed, "I know what he did that for—to bake his bannocks on!"

Burns.

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow!
—Fitz Greene Halleck.

"Mair whussle than 'oo,"
Quo' the souter when shearin' the soo.

Mony a ane speirs the gate he kens fu' weel.

Someone describes a mirth-provoking sally as "A jacosity that was just a kittle to hear!"

Wee Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' oot and in;
Oh but she's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou o' mischief—
And minds na what I say—
My vera heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!
—James Smith.

A stranger asked a Scotsman "If this was the road to Dunkeld?"
"Whaur did ye come frae?" inquired the typical Scot.
"It's nothing to you where I come from!" sharply returned the stranger.
"Weel, and it's just as little to me whaur ye'er gaun!" said the Scot, as he went on with his work.

A "statistical fiend," says a Scotch paper, has calculated that "for every four shillings spent in Britain on drink one halfpenny is spent on education!"

Very "Scotch!"—A Cockney novelist introduces a character sitting on the roadside singing and accompanying himself on the bagpipes!

Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, was the son of Dr. John Moore, a medical man of Glasgow, and one of Burns' most esteemed correspondents. He was born Nov. 13, 1761, in Glasgow, and

was third in descent from John Anderson, a famous provost of Glasgow, for several terms toward the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

A Pact of Concord and Peace.

By Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., Winnipeg

When statesmen of majestic mould
Take counsel for the people's weal.
And nations kin by land and blood,
A unity of purpose feel.

Why should the selfish interests rave,
And petty politicians fume
As if somehow progressive plan
Foretold in flame the country's doom?

Why should the magnate bar the mass
From coming freely to their own?
Why should the many suffer wrong
The favored few to still enthrone?

Let citizens of every race,
Whose vision knows not local lines,
Unite to bring the better day
When manhood's welfare shall outshine

The narrow aims of party slaves;
The schemes of the self seeking few;
When e'en the nations, lesser selves
Shall vanish in a grander view.

May men of understanding lead
The peoples, destined e'er to dwell,
In peace and concord, through the years,
And history's pages yet shall tell

The story of far-reaching step;
The record of benignant plan;
When president and premier met,
And labored for the good of man.

There's aye water whaur the stirkie drouns!

Let us go, lassie, go
To the braes o' Balquither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather,
Where the deer and the rae
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquither!
—Robert Tannahill.

Mrs. Steele, of the town of Forfar, has offered to build a church and a manse, and to endow the church, for the people of Forfar.

And it's hame, and it's hame, to the north countrie,
And it's hame, and it's hame, to the north countrie,
Where my bonnie Jean is waiting for me,
Wi' a heart kind and true, in my ain countrie!
—Lady Nairne.

Burd.

Allie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
And the robin sang nae mair;
For an angel cam' down at the fa' o' the nicht,
As she murmured her true love's name,
An' took her awa' frae a broken heart,
An' the ship that wad ne'er come hame!
—James Smith.

Nae fule like an auld fule.

Raise nae mair deils than ye are able to lay.

Mony cooks ne'er made gude kail.

Ye fand it whaur the Hielandman fand the tangs.

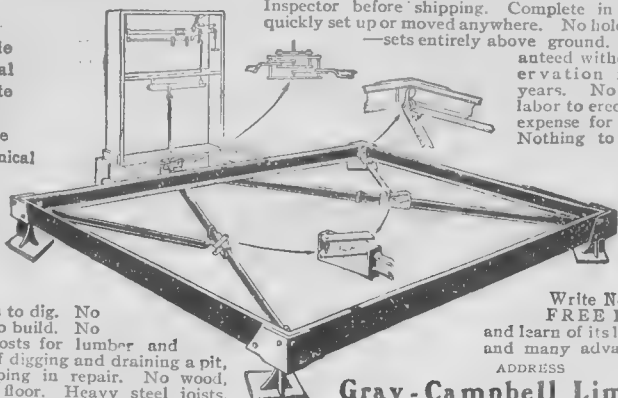
A Scots mist will weet an English-man to the skin!

Mony sma's mak' a muckle!

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In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgments of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

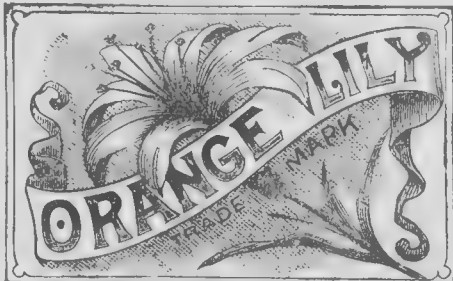
Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, MRS. E. H. F.

Receiving, as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific remedy and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

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Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Last February, at the suggestion of Dr. H. M. Speechly, the first meeting for women conducted and addressed by women was held in connection with the Old-Time Garden. Western Horticultural and Forestry Association. At that meeting I read a short paper on "Memories of an old-time garden" and as I have had several requests since for its publication, I am running it this month, so that any useful suggestions in it may be in time for the women who are making gardens.

I am sure its claim on the sympathies of my audience that afternoon was that it brought back happy memories of their childhood to them and it may do that for some of my readers also.

A child who grows up in a city and with no associations with a garden is to be sincerely pitied. My own earliest recollection is of a hilltop in Ontario, the highest of that great Province. A big farmhouse with its gable end to the road, and, lying in the rear of the house and to the south of it, a wide stretch of garden. It was traversed by a rose walk and I can shut my eyes now and smell again the perfume of those roses on a June morning. Interspersed with the genuine June roses were bushes of moss roses of rich, velvety red. The cabbage rose—which is really the mother of the American Beauty, now so much sought after—was considered very plebeian and was allowed to bloom in the seclusion of a back corner. There was a little tool-house at the end of the rose walk, which was always covered with scarlet runners and purple morning glories. There was a hedge of lilacs and sweet brier, and where the paths turned at right angles to the south were great clumps of French peonies, as fragrant as any June rose. Sweet Williams, iris, Star of Bethlehem, London pride, phlox, blue rocks, Prince's feathers, marigolds, Canterbury bells, and, at the very end, orange lilies. There was no set flower garden apart from the vegetables, but the flowers seemed to be everywhere, in borders and clusters. Along the south side of the house were fruit trees, one big cherry tree and one damson plum tree overhanging the roof of the kitchen, a safe retreat on either a July or late August day, when, according to the season, you ate either cherries or plums. The beds below the fruit trees were bordered with chives, with their tiny purple flowers, like miniature hyacinths, their faint flavor of onion being considered to lend the proper piquancy to mutton broth. In a north corner of the garden were the Jerusalem artichokes, that delicious vegetable which one so rarely sees here, excepting among the French families. This garden was divided from the main garden by a stately row of dahlias, which, flowering late, made a gorgeous belt of color until the heavy frosts came. A stretch of the garden was devoted to raspberry and currant bushes, red, black and white, and I can still see in my mind's eye the big flat boulder in the centre of this patch, and standing on it, what was known to our childhood as the porringer, a big, old-fashioned, cut-glass dish on a high stand. It was a mark of merit to be allowed to carry this to the garden, line it with green leaves, and fill it, first with red raspberries up to the brim, then to erect a mound of black ones, and cap the whole with a final pyramid of white raspberries. This, with the accompaniment of cream, was considered a dish fit to set before the choicest company.

Looking back, I am sure that that raspberry and currant patch must have yielded enormous quantities of fruit. I know the bushes were very carefully tended and kept in perfect shape. Next to the raspberry bushes was a huge strawberry patch which yielded scores of quarts of berries, the picking of which never possessed the same charm

for us as did that of the raspberries. Another huge boulder marked the boundaries of the strawberry patch, and beyond that were spaces devoted to early potatoes, peas, cabbage, carrots, beets, parsnips, celery, and tomatoes; and beyond all this again were the gardens allotted to us as children.

There was only one rule about those gardens. There must be no weeds, but we might grow anything else that we chose; and some very funny Children's combinations were the result. I remember, one summer my whole garden consisted of a cucumber vine, a citron vine, and one row of onions, always a favorite dish. My brothers made great fun of my garden, but, possibly because I was jealous over my two plants, my citrons were the largest and my cucumbers the most numerous of any vines in the garden that year.

This is not intended as a paper of instruction, but merely, as its title indicates, some of the pleasant memories of a child in connection with the garden. Left an orphan at two years old, I spent the greater part of my life until I was ten years old in that garden, trotting after my grandfather and eternally asking questions. Thus I learned a number of little things about a garden: to weed deftly without injuring the plants that were to remain; to thin out the beets and the like in such a way that the rows would remain symmetrical; to prune a tomato plant so that the growing fruit would receive the maximum of sunshine without injury to the plant from the removal of too many branches and leaves; to plant certain vegetables, such as lettuce, onions and radishes, in the proper order of succession, so that the supply of these would never fail, and, at the same time, the bed in which they had been grown should be utilized for other things as the season advanced. The bed for this purpose was a long and somewhat narrow one. It stretched across almost the entire length of the garden. It was carefully prepared, very neatly ruled off, and you began at one end and planted five rows each of lettuce, onions and radishes. Ten days later you repeated the process further along the bed, and so on to the end. By the time the first rows had been used there were beans to be transplanted or possibly some early celery.

The whole scheme of the garden was to have a succession of vegetables throughout the season and to be able to use them without rendering the garden unsightly. One of the laws of the Medes and Persians with respect to the garden was that no weeds that had been pulled up, potato vines, or waste of any kind could be left upon a garden bed. Everything of this nature was removed to what was known as the compost. The compost was a little natural hollow in the grass field, closely adjoining the garden. Its unsightliness was shaded from the garden by a rough arbor of poles, covered with hop vines. Garden rubbish, lawn mowings, and everything of like nature were to be put on this heap, lightly sprinkled with soil and wood ashes, and left there to decay in the hot sun. There was no odor from this heap, but the following spring it served as an excellent fertilizer for the garden beds.

I remember a scheme for growing cucumbers which my grandfather followed from year to year with wonderful success. You dug a hole in the

Cold ground, about two feet deep. Frames, and two feet across. In the bottom of this hole you put, first a little compost and then fresh horse manure, covering all with about six inches of soil, making the whole level with the surrounding ground. Then you took a stone jar, say an ordinary butter crock with straight, smooth sides. You

15

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set this in the middle of what had been your hole, and built the soil up all round it to within an inch of the top, packing it close and tight; then, with great caution, you drew forth the crock and left a deep, smooth, straight hole. At the bottom of this hole you planted your cucumber, citron, pumpkin, or squash seeds, covering them with about two inches of soil, thrown in lightly and gently pressed into place. Then the top of each hole was covered with a pane of glass—broken glass from windows and such like being saved for this purpose. Very shortly the heat from the horse manure produced moisture on the glass, and, in fact, each one of these hills was really a miniature forcing frame. By the time the plants had reached the top of the hill all danger from frost was over, the glass would be removed, and the vines, coming up quick and strong, would spread over the hill in all directions. By following this method cucumbers were abundant quite early in July, and the yield was tremendous.

Early potatoes were quite a feature, and ash-top kidneys (a variety which, I believe, is now out of date) were always planted for early use. It

The Joy would have been considered of Giving. an absolute disgrace not to have had potatoes of our own growing on the 1st of July, and one of my most vivid recollections is that of being hurried into a clean pinafore and started out, basket in hand, to some friend or neighbor, saying all the way as I went: "Grandfather's compliments, and will you be pleased to accept of a few of his early kidney potatoes?" Many a neighbor, careless about a garden, enjoyed almost as many early vegetables as if he had taken pains to grow them himself. I think the discipline was excellent. We, as children, were made to feel that the garden was not for ourselves, but for all who needed it. I am sure that it is no exaggeration to say that that garden produced ten times as much as it would have been possible for our own family to consume; and yet nothing went to waste. Early peas, beans, cabbage—in fact, vegetables of all kinds—were shared with less fortunate neighbors, grandfather's theory being that if a man was too shiftless to make a garden for himself, his wife and children should not be deprived of vegetables on that account.

Grafting was a favorite pastime with grandfather, and, as a very small child, I recollect being led to assist in the ceremony of grafting a June A Black Rose. rose on to a black currant bush. How eagerly we watched for the growth of that graft, and when, in the course of time, the roses, large, soft and pink, striped with black like black velvet, were growing there, we felt that we had assisted at a ceremony that was world-shaking in its importance.

I suppose that there must have been times when my brothers and myself rebelled at the weeding, and thought it hard and dirty, but, if Only Pleasant so, I have no memories Memories. of this. My recollections are always of the joys of that garden. From the time in early spring when the plants which remained in the ground all winter began to send out their tiny shoots of green, to the dull, cold fall days when the strawberries were covered with a mult of straw, the roses and the currant bushes tied round with straw ropes to prevent their being broken down with the weight of the snow, that garden was an endless delight. The races that we ran, carrying vegetables into the cellar for winter; the pride we took in the symmetrical pyramids of beets, carrots, and parsnips, piled with layers of dry sand between them to keep them from shrinking; the cabbages pulled up by the roots and hung from the beams in the cellar; the long, slatted trays of big, red onions; the rows of dark green colored squash and gorgeous yellow pumpkins which it was our duty to turn every second or third day to keep from decaying on one side; the potatoes that must be kept in separate bins according to their varieties, because some were good to bake, others were most suitable to

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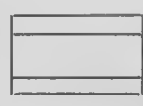
To the Incoming Settlers

IT may be of interest to know that we can supply your every need. For years we have been perfecting our Mail Order system. We have been studying the needs of Western Canada, and from year to year we have been adding some lines and dropping others, until we are in a position to meet the requirements both of those who have but recently arrived, and those who are thoroughly established here.

Those who have dealt with us know that our goods are always reliable, that our prices are always right, that the service we give, always prompt and satisfactory. They also know that if any goods we send out should not be satisfactory, we will cheerfully exchange them for other goods or the cash, and will besides pay all transportation charges. This places the city and mail order customers in exactly the same position, so far as exchanging goods is concerned, but the mail order customer also has the benefit of expert judgment, because all orders by mail are carefully filled by experienced and expert employees.

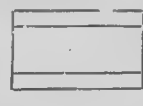
We issue a catalogue that contains a complete list of the goods we sell. It contains full descriptions, and accurate illustrations, and also gives our prices, and we send it free of charge to all who write for it. Even if you do not want immediately to buy, the catalogue will be found valuable as a price reference because the prices quoted are the prices for which dependable goods can be sold, when they are bought right, and sold at a reasonable profit.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOGUE TO-DAY



THE T. EATON CO.
WINNIPEG

LIMITED
CANADA



fry or scallop raw, and yet others were the choicest for boiling purposes! Were that cellar still in existence I think I could go in the dark and put my hand on the place where each variety of vegetables was stored.

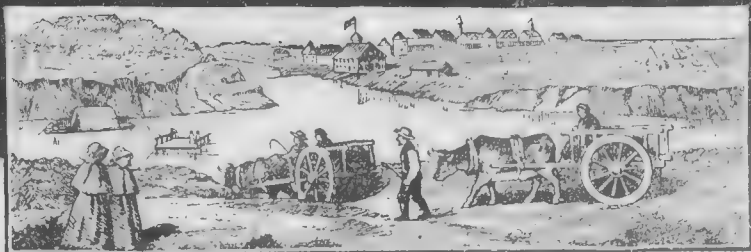
That garden gave me my first impetus towards all things agricultural. It taught me the beauty of order and method, the blessedness of being able to give, and, in short, it has been, throughout my entire

The Blessings of a Garden.

life, one of the most beneficent memories I have had. There was a seat under the old apple tree, and there, in the intervals of gardening, grandfather sat and smoked his pipe and answered endless questions, telling me wonderful stories of the early years of the nineteenth century in England; for his first recollection was of the mourning in England when the body of Nelson was brought back from Trafalgar. He was a man who had travelled much, observed keenly, and retained, up to the age of 80, a boy's keen interest in everything new.

He had the gift of making things grow, and a new variety of fruit, vegetable, or flower possessed for him a thrilling interest which he succeeded, in some measure at least, in imparting to my brothers and myself.

BRAZILIAN LUCKY BUG
 Said to bring good luck to the owner. Imported from Brazil. The most beautiful wonder nature ever created. Color of emerald. Sparkles like the most costly gem. Time increases its value. Get a Brazilian Lucky Bug and complete history for **10c**



Fort Garry, 1868, when Sanford's goods arrived

Advertisement No 1—Read All In This Series

Sanford Clothing (Sovereign Brand) Was First Canadian Made Goods in Western Canada

In Begg's History of the North-West is told the story of the first shipment of Canadian-made goods into Western Canada. It was sent by the late Senator Sanford, maker of Sovereign Brand Clothing, in 1868. Sovereign Brand Clothing, first in, in 1868, is still first in the esteem and confidence of the people in 1911. It has successfully stood the test of forty-three years. That is the kind of Clothing for you to buy.

Read this Interesting Chapter from the History of the North-west.

"In 1867, the first regular attempt was made to establish a trade between the Dominion of Canada and the North-West, the goods used in Indian trading and in the settlement having been imported altogether up to that time from Britain and the United States.

"In the summer of 1867, Mr. W. E. Sanford (afterwards Senator Sanford) being in St. Paul on a visit, met Mr. Begg, the writer of this book, and induced him to undertake at Red River, the opening up of a trade with Canada. Mr. Sanford on his return home induced several prominent houses in Hamilton and Toronto to take part in the scheme, and Mr. Begg proceeded to Fort Garry with a company of traders who had been in St. Paul disposing of their furs and purchasing supplies.

"At first the merchants in the settlement would have nothing to do with Mr. Begg and his Canadian goods, believing, as they said, that there was

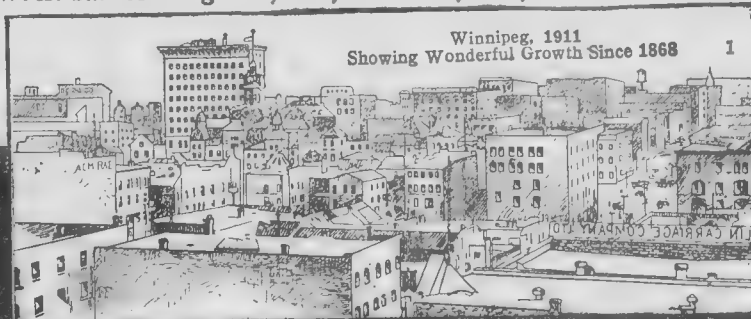
nothing to compare with the British and American manufacturers. But time and perseverance overcame these obstacles, and a set of excellent samples of Canadian-made articles served to convince the sceptics that Canada, after all, could furnish supplies equal in quality and much cheaper in price than those they had been in the habit of buying.

"The result was that in January, 1868, Mr. Begg returned to Canada with orders amounting nearly to \$90,000 which he had received from the free traders of the North-West. Senator Sanford was the moving spirit in this new enterprise, and to him more than anyone else belongs the honor of having first established trade relations between the Dominion of Canada and the North-West Territories.

"The outcome of this first effort was that from that day Canadian goods each year found their way in large quantities into the settlement. Canadian merchants, other than those in Hamilton and Toronto, became interested and bid for the trade, until gradually the British and American-made articles were forced out of the way, and Canada held the trade almost alone.

"But to the city of Hamilton, Ont., belongs the credit of having taken the initiative, and to the pluck and energy of her merchants is due the fact that the Dominion trade thus early secured a foothold in the North-West."

W. E. Sanford Mfg. Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

Winnipeg, 1911
Showing Wonderful Growth Since 1868 1

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Are We Feeding our Children Wisely.

By Annie B. Juniper, Professor of Household Science, Manitoba Agricultural College.

A remark of Goldwin Smith in his reminiscences, recently published, impressed me. He relates how as a young boy he was sent to an expensive boarding school, where, he says, "the fare was such as any English boy, still more an American boy at the present day, would regard with disgust. For breakfast we had three squares of bread and butter and a cup of tea. For dinner we had one helping of meat and one of pudding. The supper was the same as breakfast." And yet in five years he was never in bed for any sickness, nor did he remember any schoolmate being. May it not be that some of the present ills of childhood are due to mad mixtures of different foods eaten to satisfy a pampered and distorted appetite rather than to satisfy the pangs of hunger? There is much truth in that trite phrase, "What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve." Why put highly seasoned pickles on a table with hot meat and vegetables? If man, woman, or child sees them, it is likely they will desire them. And such creatures of habit are we that, once given stimulants, such as highly spiced and acid concoctions, we desire them continuously, regardless of the fact that they are unnecessary as food, and often injurious. Is it sensible to destroy the flavour of a good hot dinner by such? Why give tea or coffee to children? These, too, are stimulants. The body, if normal, requires no stimulants; certainly a child needs nothing but pure water as a beverage, or milk. Milk, it should be remembered, is a food and becomes a solid immediately it reaches the stomach.

We cannot reform the appetite of adults, but we can start the children on the right road.

Beside satisfying the cravings of hunger, there are four purposes for which we need food.

First, we require food for the growth of the tissues to make strong muscle, bone, teeth, nails and hair. Naturally, children require more of this class of foods than adults, for they make new tissues, whilst adults only repair the waste tissue day by day, which children also have to do. Foods which supply material for growth are: Whole wheat flour, eggs, milk, beans, peas and meat. Some other foods have smaller proportions of this material.

Secondly, we need food for fuel. Every action, small or great, internal or external, is made possible only by fuel, just as every movement of an engine is. This fuel, by means of which heat and energy are produced, we take as food. Foods rich in fuel value are cream, butter, olive oil and all foods containing much fat, the fat of meat and suet. These are the best but most expensive fuel foods. Cheaper fuel providers are sugar and all foods which contain starch, such as rice, cornstarch, and starchy vegetables and cereals. A child is usually more active than an adult, and therefore needs a good supply of fuel to make up for heat lost. Thirdly, food containing certain salts or mineral matter or ash, by which ever name you agree to call them, is absolutely essential to life. These salts, called organic, because found in living matter, are necessary for the very struc-

ture of the bones, teeth, hair, nails, nerves and brain. If the supply of them is entirely cut off, although all other parts of a diet are supplied in abundance, death results within a month.

Foods containing calcium or lime, which is necessary for the bones, are: Milk, eggs, cereals, especially rice, radishes, asparagus, spinach.

Foods containing iron, necessary for the blood, are: Oatmeal, lentils, rice, potatoes, spinach, beans, apples, strawberries.

Foods containing potassium or potash salts, necessary for the blood cells and to make strong muscle, are cereals, potatoes, peas, green vegetables, and fruits.

Foods containing phosphorus, necessary for all growth required by the cells, bones, and nervous centres, are: Egg yolk, germ of wheat, fish roe. These are the chief organic salts.

Fourthly, a certain amount of food is required to form a bulk in the digestive tract to give an impetus to the movements of the intestines, so that waste matters may be cleared out of the system each day to keep the blood clean. Healthy blood nips disease in the bud.

Foods which provide necessary bulk are those containing cellulose, such as vegetables, fruits and cereals. Water is also essential. It necessarily follows that if children are to grow into physically strong adults they must in childhood be fed on those foods mentioned above, as should also expectant and nursing mothers, and these foods should be served in their simplest forms and combinations, cooked in such a way as to be easily digested.

The major part of a growing child's solid food should be wholesome bread, with plenty of fresh butter, milk, eggs, fresh vegetables, and fresh fruit.

The matter of wholesome bread is one very little understood. There has been of late a great furore in England on this subject, and I shall quote from one or two recent newspaper articles later. Unfortunately, an idea has been prevalent, and this has grown steadily stronger of late years, that good bread must necessarily be white. The most nourishing bread which is therefore the best, is not white, but a good cream colour. More than once all the women of a district have condemned a trained person asked to judge their exhibits of bread at local shows, for giving the prize to a light, porous, cream-colored loaf in preference to a very white loaf. This was not ignorance on the part of the judge, but on their part. The people of England are now demanding what is known as standard bread; papers, monthlies, friends' letters, all mention this subject. Standard bread contains 80 per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and semolina.

Most of the flour we buy has been so finely milled, so many times bolted or sifted, that much of the valuable tissue-forming material has been removed before it reaches us. And this because the housewife demands a white flour. Every woman is familiar with the white appearance and light weight of laundry starch, which, remember, is made from wheat, rice, or potatoes.

Are you aware that most of the flour on the market contains little beside the

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endosperm, which is chiefly starch? This has a fuel value, but is not a food to make strong muscle, bone and teeth. Granted such flour will make light cakes, biscuits and bread, but what is lightness as weighed against nutriment? Millers have told me that the modern milling by fine grinding and sifting is necessary to remove dirt from the flour. This is extraordinary. Once the husk is removed from the grain and the outer coat of grain, is there any reason why the interior of a wheat grain should be full of dust and dirt any more than an orange or apple once the skin is removed? It seems more believable that the over-much sifting probably removes some of the nutriment. Eminent physicians and chemists say that indigestion is relieved by a change from ordinary white bread to the standard bread. One has shown that the wheat grain contains a ferment which is a natural stimulant to the digestive functions, and recent research shows that the ferment in the germ (which is now discarded from white flour) is capable of digesting meaty substances as well as starch and fat.

Two quotations from English papers

MY CANADA.

By Joseph W. Kentner, Emo, Ont.

Let me but sing of thee!
Thou art my country,
Land of the maple tree,
My Canada.
Let me but speak thy name,
Let me but tell thy fame,
Let me thy joys proclaim,
My Canada.

Love from my heart of love
Nor trials can remove
Nor Centuries falsely prove,
My Canada.
All do I give to thee;
Thou art my country,
Land of the maple tree,
My Canada.

Queen of the world art thou;
Freedom doth wreath thy brow;
Nations the knee shall bow
To Canada.
England shall boast of thee;
England shall cling to thee;
Blest in her unity
With Canada.

God guard thy happy land
With His all-loving hand;
God bless from strand to strand
My Canada.
And let thy watch-word be,
For God's true love of thee,
"God and Right, eternally,
And Canada!"

will illustrate what has been already proved in connection with this crusade to procure a more nutritious flour:—

"To demonstrate the better bone and tissue developing qualities of wholemeal flour, particularly in households where children are catered for, Dr. F. G. Hopkins, F.R.S., made the following experiment. Rats were used in these tests because, being omnivorous, they will thrive on practically any food human beings will eat. Two groups of young rats for a whole month were fed, the one group exclusively on wholemeal bread, and the other exclusively on a bread made from ordinary fine white flour. The brown bread rats gained upwards of 70 per cent. in weight during the month, and the white bread rats gained less than 30 per cent." Bear in mind that standard bread is not wholemeal, though where the latter can be digested it is preferable. Furthermore, Dr. Hopkins stated: "From my experiments on young rapidly developing animals, I am convinced that if one group of children could be fed for a fortnight on a dietary two-thirds of which was made up of your 80 per cent. standard bread, and a second similar group was

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BRANDON and CALGARY LOCATED RIGHT in the HEART of the AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT, THEIR UNEQUALLED RAILROAD FACILITIES, OUR NEW WAREHOUSE, the BEST EQUIPPED in CANADA is the BEST ASSURANCE of getting YOUR ORDERS in the QUICKEST POSSIBLE TIME.

Genuine Dwarf Essex Rape

CONSIDERING that RAPE will FURNISH from 10 to 12 TONS GREEN FEED PER ACRE for CATTLE, SHEEP and HOGS, it is the CHEAPEST PASTURAGE or FORAGE CROP than can be GROWN

Lb. 16c: 4 lbs. 60c, postpaid; 10 lbs. and more, 10c per lb., purchaser pays freight. 25 lbs. and more, 9c lb., purchaser pays freight. Cotton bags 25c each. Sow 4 to 6 lbs., per acre broadcast, 2 to 3 lbs. in drills.

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The YEARLY INCREASED ACREAGE of FODDER CORN is the BEST EVIDENCE of the SUCCESS with which it can be GROWN in WESTERN CANADA where we FORMERLY SOLD a FEW HUNDRED POUNDS we now sell a NUMBER of CAR LOADS. NORTHWESTERN DENT OCCUPIES the PREMIER POSITION. OWING to its REMARKABLE LARGE YIELD.

PRICE PER BUSHEL	Brandon	Calgary
NORTHWESTERN DENT	\$2.50	\$2.80
LONGFELLOW (Yellow)	2.25	2.60
NORTH DAKOTA (White)	2.25	2.60
COMPTON'S EARLY (Yellow)	2.25	2.60
EARLY 8-ROWED CANADA	2.25	2.60

Deduct 5c per bushel on orders of 5 bushels or more



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THIS YEAR the DEMAND FOR and the INCREASE in GROWING this MOST WONDERFUL CROP is AMAZING.

There is PROBABLY no KNOWN PLANT that can be so PROFITABLY GROWN on which the WESTERN FARMER should CONCENTRATE THEIR EFFORTS than ALFALFA. It will GROW in ALMOST ANY CLIMATE.

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25lbs. 50lbs. 25lbs. 50lbs.		
ALFALFA LUCERNE—Montana Grown	\$7.10	\$13.75
ALFALFA TURKSTAN—Fine Stock	7.00	13.65
	7.50	14.50

Write for our Free Booklet on Alfalfa

QUICK SERVICE IS WHAT COUNTS AT THIS TIME OF THE SEASON

McKenzie's New Crop Grasses and Clovers and Millets

We WONDER why AGRICULTURISTS who FARM to SECURE the GREATEST POSSIBLE PROFIT for their TIME, ENERGY and INVESTMENT CONTINUE YEAR after YEAR to CROP WILD HAY, when CULTIVATED GRASSES and CLOVERS will give such IMMENSE RETURNS for the TRIFLING AMOUNT INVESTED. PRICE PER 100 LBS. Brandon Calgary

TIMOTHY.....Gold Standard.....	\$14.75	\$15.75
TIMOTHY.....Gilt Edge.....	13.75	14.75
WESTERN RYE.....Gold Standard.....	16.00	17.00
WESTERN RYE.....Gilt Edge.....	15.00	16.00

PRICE PER 100 LBS.	Brandon	Calgary
BROME.....Gold Standard.....	\$14.00	\$15.00
BROME.....Gilt Edge.....	13.00	14.00
CLOVER.....Common Red.....	23.00	24.00
CLOVER.....Alsike.....	22.25	23.50
MILLET.....Hungarian.....	5.75	6.50
MILLET.....German.....	5.75	6.50
MILLET.....Common.....	5.75	6.50
MILLET.....Hog.....	5.75	6.50
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For full descriptions a postcard will bring our Large Seed Catalog

Brandon, Man. **A. E. MCKENZIE CO., LTD.** Calgary, Alta.

WESTERN CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE

kept on the same food proportion of the superfine white bread, the first group would show unmistakable and most conclusive signs of the better tissue-building qualities of the standard bread." He continues: "The superior value of 80 per cent. flour, in my opinion, lies in the fact that in such flour there are retained certain at present unrecognized food substances, perhaps in very minute quantities, whose presence allows our systems to make full use of the tissue-building elements of the grain. In fine white flour these elements are almost entirely lost or destroyed."

Surely legislation is needed for bread as much as for milk, and a standard should be fixed for the nutritive value of flour.

Canadian mothers, think on these things, and then, as wise women, act together.

Robert Service.—The love of one's country which means a hatred of all foreigners is a relic of the past.

W. J. Bryan.—Every day there are done deeds of silent heroism with no beat of drum to herald them, nor flag flying in the breeze.

Dougald, Man., Jan. 27, 1911.
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs:—I am highly pleased with your magazine and would not like to be without it—indeed I don't intend to. Every member of my family looks keenly for its arrival each month.

Mrs. C. Jeffrey.

Still Progressing

We have recently made some important improvements in our process of Chemical Dry Cleaning. It is now more than ever the perfection of cleaning and produces astonishing results on every description of ladies' and gentlemen's garments, draperies, upholstered furniture, etc.

Special Cleaners of Lace Curtains

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PLEASE NOTE—No Canvas-sers Employed

Sir Edward Grey.—It is the most civilized nations that spend the most on armaments. Unless the mischief is brought home to men's feelings as well as to their minds, the growth of armaments must in the long run break civilization down. Some think it will end in war. I think more likely it will end in international revolution.

Buy This POTATO DIGGER

Extra strong, very durable, light draft, easy on horses, positively best potato digger on market. Fully guaranteed—still priced low. Get free book on Diggers, Pickers and Sorters. Hoover Mfg. Co., Box 67, Avery, Ohio.

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We will send you Post Paid this 22 x 22 inch Center Piece, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs :

ROSES, POINSETTIA, YELLOW DAISY, MAPLE LEAF or WILD ROSES

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins Belding's Fast Color Royal Floss to trim and commence embroidery on the center piece. The Lace is Ecu Filet matching center piece in color.

THIS OFFER IS MADE

to convince every woman that Belding's Silks are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "Suggestions for Shading," giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps, or coin, and state design wanted. Address

BELDING, PAUL & CO., Dept. L., MONTREAL, P.Q.

Embroidered Lingerie.

Every woman will be interested in the designs and suggestions for hand embroidered lingerie, which we illustrate on these pages, as these garments are such favorites, and they are simply and easily made up after being embroidered. The dainty scalloped edge which finishes these may be edged with lace if preferred, although the simple embroidered scallop is quite attractive enough without any other finish. The day is passed when masses of lace and shop embroideries trimmed the elaborate lingerie, which lost much of its charm after the first visit to the laundry, and the French people were the first to introduce the simple garments of fine soft material, with their simple decoration of hand embroidery, and the women of good taste soon recognized their advantage over the other variety. One point we wish to emphasize is that a simple, graceful design, well embroidered on fine material, is preferable to a more elaborate one badly executed. The French embroidery so often spoken of in these columns that it may seem monotonous is used on these garments, and the materials may be of soft linen cambric or fine silky nainsook, either of which embroider beautifully. Fine lustered cotton is the proper material for embroidering these, and the designs are first smoothly and evenly padded, and then worked across in satin stitch. The button hole edges must be carefully run and closely and evenly worked, that they may not fray.

The earlier in the season one plans these dainty garments the better, as they are charming summer work, and one may have such a garment on hand, and by utilizing odd moments the embroidery will be finished without expending too much time, and when made up at home the expense is very trifling compared with the prices asked for hand embroidered and sewn garments in the shops which specialize these.

The slipover corset cover is a favorite model, and now comes in two pieces back and front, this having proven a better shape than the old idea on which the back was the same width as the front, and consequently did not fit so smoothly and well.

The combinations Nos. 5,596 and 5,581 is a well-fitting garment which may be



No. 5,200, stamped on Linen Cambric, 75c., on French Nainsook 45c.

made into either a corset cover and short petticoat or a corset cover and drawers from the same model. The cutting out diagram is stamped on the material, and the alterations to either garment are easily made. The combinations are now indispensable in these days of straight lines, all unnecessary fullness and ridges

must be done away with if one wishes to obtain the fashionable figure.



No. 5,596, stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.25, on French Nainsook \$1.50.



No. 5,457, Kimona Nightdress, stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.50, on Nainsook \$1.25.

The slipover or kimona nightdress No. 5,457 is a dainty garment as it is cut in one piece, and after being embroidered only requires to be seamed under the arms with hand hemming to produce a dainty garment. The second nightdress No. 5,590 has a full sleeve which is soft and pretty, long eyelets may be worked at waistline from the under-arm seams, through which soft ribbons may be passed and tied, which will give an empire effect. The thread used to embroider these dainty garments should be a smooth lustered cotton, Nos. "E" and



No. 5,590, Slipover Nightdress, stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.50, on French Nainsook \$1.25.

"F" being suitable for fine material. Price for this cotton per doz. 30c., padding cotton per ball 5c.

If any of the garments illustrated on this page cannot be obtained from your dealer, address Belding Paul & Co., Limited, Department "L," Montreal, for further information.

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and Caterers everywhere also by Chefs in the large hotels and on Dining Cars, Steamships, Steamboats, etc.

It is wise to use food products that are produced in clean factories.

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No. 2

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Cast Iron Combustion Chamber

Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

OF VOILE AND NET.

Thin material, such as voile and net, continue to be among the smartest of all things. Illustrated is a young girl's dress that is made of embroidered voile combined with allover lace, and a woman's gown of black net over white.

The girl's dress is exceedingly dainty and simple, yet smart in the extreme. The upper portion of the waist is cut in one with the sleeves and the lower portion is slightly full. There is a guimpe lining, and in this instance the yoke and under sleeves are of plain net. The skirt is five gored, and can be either tucked or gathered at the upper edge.

$\frac{5}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide for the yoke and under-sleeves of the guimpe. For the skirt will be needed $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide if material has up and down, but if it has not $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide will be sufficient.

Both the waist pattern 6900 and the skirt pattern 6871 are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years, and is equally adapted to small women.

The black and white gown is made



6900—Waist, with Yoke and Sleeves in One, for Misses and Small Women.
6871—Five Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

6930—Tucked Blouse, with Body and Sleeves in One.
6696—Five Gored Skirt, with Circular Flounce.

The model will be found a charming one for all the seasonable thin materials. Cotton fabrics never were so lovely; foulards are beautiful, and a variety of other fabrics can be suggested. For the yoke with sleeves any contrasting material is appropriate, or the entire waist could be made of the material with the upper portion braided or embroidered.

For the sixteen year size the blouse will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 18 or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27 inches wide for the yoke with sleeves; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27 or 36 or $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide for the full portions; and

with unlined blouse and skirt that is full above the flounce. It is worn over a separate slip of white, consequently it could be made doubly useful by providing a second slip of black or color, when there would practically be two gowns in one. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves, and is finished with the little chemisette that is attached to the neck edge. The skirt is five gored laid in plaits at the upper edge and gathered at the lower, where it is joined to the circular flounce.

All thin materials are appropriate for this model. It is just as well adapted

Mrs. Coates Coleman's Ideal Flesh Food

IS composed of the most nourishing and fattening oils, compounded in such a way as to render it a fine grained, cleansing, whitening cream, which has a wonderful effect in restoring a withered and wrinkled skin. It agrees with the most delicate skin and is healing and soothing to the rough and chapped appearance of the skin, which is often due to slight tendency to eczema. Positively guaranteed not to induce hair growth on the face.

Send for booklet, free.

MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man.

Phone Main 996

A Little Time and a Two Cent Stamp

WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO SAVE

\$25.00 to \$45.00

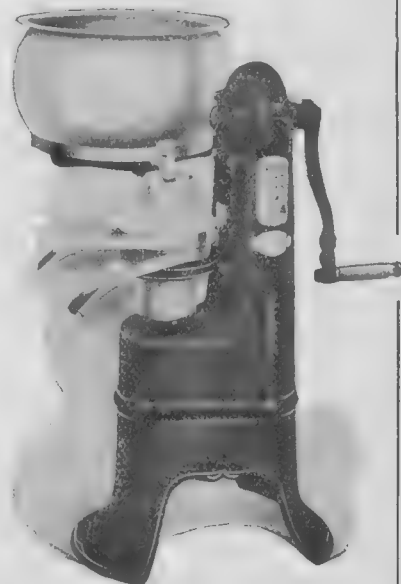
Profits that Belong to You

ON THE FIRST COST OF A
SEPARATOR, AND THE . .

Iowa Dairy Separator

will increase your profits, because it is the world-beater in skimming.

The most sanitary and easily cleaned separator on the market.



LOWER IN PRICE

than any other standard high-grade Cream Separator sold.

MADE IN ALL SIZES

Simple, dust-proof gearing. Low down supply tank. Bowl is simplicity itself, and a child can operate and clean it perfectly.

Sold to you on the condition that it will satisfy in every way, and 30 days' trial to prove it.

Built in the Largest Cream Separator Factory in the World which insures the best material and workmanship as well as the experience necessary to produce only the best.

Catalog sent free with freight prepaid prices. Send for it to-day.

C. S. JUDSON CO., Winnipeg, Man.

THE HOME OF THE "CHORE BOY" ENGINES

to foulards, crepe de chine and similar silks as it is to net and other transparent materials.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 or 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of allover lace and 1 yard of banding; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 4 yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide; and for the flounce $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 or 27 inches wide. To trim the skirt will require 2 yards of banding.

The blouse pattern 6730, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or the skirt pattern 6696, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Corset Cover with Straight Upper Edge, 6941.

(Designed for Lace or Embroidery.)

The corset cover made with straight upper edge is such a simple and easy one to make that it is sure to be welcome. This model can be made from embroidery, from lace, or from plain material trimmed. There are only back and under-arm seams to be sewed up, and there is a peplum joined to the



6941 Corset Cover with Straight Upper Edge, Designed for Lace or Embroidery, 34 to 44 bust.

lower edge that does away with bulk over the hips. This one is made of embroidered flouncing and the arm-hole edges are scalloped, but these last can be finished with narrow edging, as shown in the back view.

The corset cover is made in two pieces, there being a seam at the centre back and one under each arm. It is gathered at the lower edge, where it can be joined to the peplum and the seam covered with beading or finished with heading without the peplum, as preferred.

For a woman of medium size will be required $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of embroidery 15 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of plain material 36 inches wide for peplum, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material 36 or 1 yard 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6941, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

House or Work Apron, 6952.

The apron that is becoming and attractive, at the same time that it is protective, is the perfect one. Here is a model that, added to all its other advantages, is easy to make and easy to slip on and off. It is supplied with big pockets that add to its convenience.

The apron is made with front and

side portions. The front is extended to form straps and the side portions are lapped at the back. There is a belt which is attached to one side of the apron and buttoned into place at the other. The straps are crossed and buttoned to the belt. The pockets are arranged over the side fronts and stitched to position.

For the medium size the apron will



6952 House or Work Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6952, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Canada Our Home

God bless the land we live in,
This Canada of ours,
The grandest heritage of earth,
The place we claim for home and birth,
The land we love;
And may there be from coast to coast
A mighty throng who'll proudly boast,
Canada, our Home.

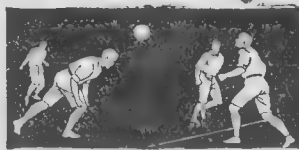
God bless her sons and daughters too,
And all in her domain.
And grant that they may loyal be
To home and country and to Thee,
Their Lord and King,
And let their voices loud proclaim
Her wealth of forest, lake and plain,
Canada, our Home.

Help them, O Lord, to know and do
Thy will in every way,
And thus to other nations prove
Thy many gifts of peace and love,
And so to honor Thee,
And let mankind throughout the world
This banner see, inscribed, unfurled,
Canada, our Home.

Then shall our country grow to be
A nation, strong and good,
And stand for freedom, law and right,
And all that's pleasing in Thy sight,
Our glorious privilege;
Then be it good or be it ill,
We'll cling to thee and love thee still,
Canada, our Home.

Magnus George.

TAILOR MADE Athletic Uniforms



We do not make up a big stock of uniforms and from these fill orders as near as possible to the size required but every suit we make exactly to the



measurements sent us by the purchasers and we absolutely guarantee satisfaction. We can supply uniforms for Baseball, Football, Lacrosse, and in fact any outdoor game and will be pleased to quote prices on request. A post card will bring sample book of material for Baseball Uniforms and measurement blanks.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Limited

Athletic Outfitters

Dept. W, Winnipeg

Four Distinct Advantages to be Gained by using

Great West Wire Fence



The Lock.

1. The Wire is the heaviest used in making Wire Fences.
2. Heat will not cause it to sag.
3. Cold will not cause it to break.
4. The Lock is the best ever invented.

We manufacture over 30 different styles of fence suitable for farm stock, hog, chicken or garden. Write for our illustrated catalogue and the name of your nearest dealer.

GREAT WEST WIRE FENCE CO., LTD., Winnipeg, Man.

An Anchor of Security

A Policy of Life Insurance is an anchor of security. It means safety of principal—certainty of return. It is the safest of all investments. It is the only way a man or woman can create an estate with a stroke of the pen. Life Insurance means peace of mind.

These are generalities—with which everyone agrees. But to agree is not always to act.

Apply these suggested benefits to your own requirements—and sum up the personal advantages offered in Life Insurance.

Obtain rates and information to enable you to make leisurely and careful study of these advantages. The Great-West Life Assurance Company will be pleased to provide such information. State date of birth.

You may be assured that the Company's Policies are well worth investigating. For four successive years the Great-West Life has been first of all the Companies for Canadian Business—proof of wide approval.

Write while the matter is in mind.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - - WINNIPEG



BICYCLES

Tires and Repair Parts
at Cut Prices.

Send for our Free Catalogue.

T. W. BOYD & SON,
27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

Boys and Girls.

The Call of the West.

Wind of the west, blowing jubilant out
of the limitless spaces,
What is its word to us lingering here
where the dayspring is done?
A cry of endeavor and daring, a rush
of free life in our faces.
Spotless and swift from the hills and
the virginal wilderness places,
And a world unawakened, luxuriant,
full of the sun.

Hark to the voice of the West, from the
peaks where the thunder-stroke
shivers,
From the lands of the gold afternoon
in their infinite slope to the sea,
From the ranges titanic untrodden, split
where the glacier delivers
its flood to the valleys made fat with
the deep-bosomed rushing of rivers,
And a continent royal and rapturous,
fervent and free.

This is the word of the West: Face me
and fill to thy pleasure,
Thy heart from my ancient romance
or thy hands from my gorges of
gold.
The gleam of the sunset is naught but
the glow mirrored up from my trea-
sure.
Pallid reflection on high from the riches
too mighty to measure
That wait for the coming of conque-
rers, ripened of old.

Grimly my warriors shall prove thee;
armed must thou come as a master.

Mine is no call to the weakling; stern
is my trail to the goal.
The powers of the desert shall track
thee with famine and war and dis-
aster,
Mountain and chasm shall snare thee,
but higher the guerdon and vaster
He shall win who endures to the utter-
most, single of soul.

Here the dreams and desires of thy
youth, the hopes on thy dawning
attendant
Fade in despair of achievement now
that thy noontide is done:
But follow me free to my sources, there
in my heavens resplendent
Thou shalt find them anew and alive,
aspiration and vision ascendant
Over my mountains of victory, strong
with the sun.

The Theory at Least.

Mr. Younghusband was devoted to the
girl, but he would not have married on
his salary of ten dollars a week if he
had not been thoroughly convinced that
two could live cheaper than one. It
was a matter of economy to marry, he
said. So he married. The Philadelphia
Press tells how the theory worked out.
Mr. Younghusband's wife was charm-
ing, even intellectual, but at the end of
the first three months they were heavily
in debt, and there was more "biling"
than cooing. All their talk was of re-
trenchment and economy, but in prac-

tice they went from bad to worse.
One evening Mr. Younghusband came
home with a parcel under his arm, and
his step was buoyant, and there was
light in his eyes. His wife was cer-
tain that he had got the increase in
salary for which they had been hoping.
"What is it George?" she asked, ex-
pectantly.
"I've found out how to live on ten
dollars a week."
"Have you, really?"
"Yes. It's all in this book," said he,
opening the parcel. "Practical House-
hold Economy." We'll spend the even-
ing reading it."
"How much did you pay for it?"
"Seven dollars—one dollar down and
fifty cents a week. I know it's steep,
but if it shows us how to live, why, it'll
be cheap."
"Where did you get it?"
"Book agent—came to the office to-
day—all the boys bought one. You
don't seem specially enthusiastic. Don't
you think it is a bargain?"
"George," said Mrs. Younghusband,
sadly, "we were not made for economy.
That book agent was here and sold me
one, too!"

Immune to Pie.

A tried and toughened old person
whose vital tenacity has defied the laws
of hygiene for the greater part of a
long life can scarcely be expected to
comprehend their importance in general,
and still less to appreciate some of their
manifestations in particular. Miss Jane
Addams, of Hull House, who is one of
the "saints with a sense of humor,"
delights in telling the experience of the
Hull House workers with a poor and
aged woman to whom they found it
necessary to supply nourishing food.
It was food of the best, as appetizing
as nutritious—or so it seemed to them—
provided at their order from a hygienic
kitchen which they frequently and ap-
preciatively patronized themselves. It
included, naturally, however, a generous
proportion of "health foods"; and
"health foods" are an innovation to
which elderly palates cannot always ac-
custom themselves.
Miss Addams asked the old lady one
day how she liked her meals. She was
a grateful and polite old lady, and wor-
ded her answer as delicately as she knew
how; but she was truthful.
"Well, I suppose it's good," she said,
hesitatingly "but—I'd rather eat the
things I'd rather."
After that, by Miss Addams's order,
she was allowed to live on pie and
baker's bread and fried things, accord-
ing to her taste. She had done so for
so long that her hygienic but sympathiz-
ing friends resigned themselves to the
belief that she had become immune to
the effects of such food.

The Fragile Giraffe.

A giraffe is an ungainly creature even
at home, and when he is wrested from
his native soil and put up in the narrow
confines of captivity, his extraordinary
length of limb and neck are very much
in the way. "There is one order I
never like to fill," says an animal col-
lector in the New York Sun, "and that
is for a live giraffe."
Lions, tigers, and pythons are easy to
capture, compared with the giraffe. That
long-legged long-necked beast can see,
smell and hear a hunter miles away.
Pitfalls are worse than useless, for a
giraffe would be certain to break its
legs or neck if it tumbled into one. A
trap strong enough to hold the power-
ful creature would crush its delicate
legs like pipe-stems.
There is but one way to capture a
giraffe alive, and that way is hard and
tedious. Giraffes must be surrounded
by drivers, and chased until they bring
up, weary and helpless, in a bamboo
enclosure. It means a drive of many
miles, lasting many days, for if they
were driven into the pen in their first
rush of terror they would dash in head-
long and kill themselves.
When the giraffe is penned the work
is only begun. The next great diffi-
culty to overcome is the five hundred

Cure Your Rheumatism.

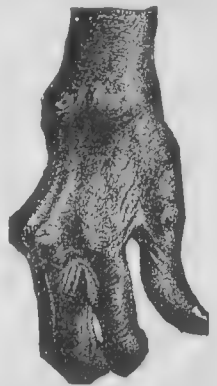
50,000 boxes given
away to all who
apply.

John A. Smith and his Remark-
able Rheumatism Remedy
Cured Himself First and
now Proposes to Cure
the World.

A Box of this Great Remedy
Mailed Free to any Suffer-
ing Reader who will send
Name and Address.

Cured Many Cases of 30 and
40 Years Standing.

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John
A. Smith of Milwaukee wants everyone to try his
remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense.
For that reason he proposes to distribute 50,000
free boxes among all persons sending him their
address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and



Deformity of the Hands in General Chronic
Articular Rheumatism.

torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies
known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take
morphine and after considerable doctoring he
gave up in despair. He began studying into the
causes of rheumatism and after much experi-
menting, finally found a combination of drugs which
completely cured him. The result was so beneficial
to his entire system that he called his new found
remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends,
relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism
were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer
his remedy to the world. But he found the task
a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a
hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be
made to believe that there was such a thing as a
cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from
Seguin, Texas U.S.A., wrote him saying if Mr. Smith
would send him a sample he would try it, but as he
had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune
with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't
buy anything more, until he knew it was worth
something. The sample was sent, he purchased
more and the result was astonishing. He was com-
pletely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and
ever since that time he has been sending out free
sample boxes to all who apply.
At the U. C. College, Toronto, it cured Mrs. J.
Whitely, who had suffered excruciatingly. Fred K.
McDonald writes from Sunny Brae, N. S., that
"Gloria Tonic" has cured him of a case of rheuma-
tism of many years' standing. From Ambrose M.
Melanson, Meteghan River, Digby County, N. S.,
comes a letter that he has been cured of a severe
case.

Even the first sample box cured Mrs. B. Brett,
at 12 Powell St., Guelph, Ont. Two boxes left
Mrs. Geo. Wright, of Coaticook, Que., well and
happy.

Mrs. T. Deline, West Plain, Ont., writes that
she could scarcely dress herself because of rheuma-
tism, but that "Gloria Tonic" has completely
cured her. Mr. George Lees, of Dundas, Ont., says
that he tried many different remedies, but found
no relief until he tried "Gloria Tonic," while Clar-
ance A. Scott writes from Tootleton, N. B., that he
feels that he owes his life to this great remedy.

A case of 13 years' suffering is reported by
James McFarlan, of L'Amable, Ont., but "Gloria
Tonic" cured it quickly. Even prominent phy-
sicians have to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a
positive success, among them Doctor Quintero of
the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recom-
mended by the United States Consul. In hundreds
of other instances the result has been the same.
It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs
and Electricity, among them persons of upwards
eighty years of age.

Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his illustrated
book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to
any reader of the Western Home Monthly for he is
anxious that everybody should profit by his good
fortune. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,

871 Laing Bldg.,

Windsor, Ont.

Men Here's An Offer

WEAR MY ELECTRIC BELT FREE UNTIL YOU ARE CURED

You can talk with the men and women who have been cured by my treatment, and that's
worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way
of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments. But when I tell
you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, and you can
go and ask him about me and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof,
and you know that I do all I claim.

And I want you to give me credit for what I prove. There's nothing surer than the
word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that
I can cure you.

HERE IS PROOF OF MY ARGUMENTS:

Dear Sir,—I thought I would write to let you know that my back is much better
since wearing your Belt. My back used to feel as if it would burst open. I used
to be in agony sometimes. I never had anything wrong with my back until I met
with my accident. I fell into a concrete dry tank and thought it was all over with
me. Your Belt is the only thing that did me any good. You can make what use
of this you wish.

W. CROW, Virden, Man.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT CURES

VARICOCELE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLES, LAME BACK, SCIATICA, STOM-
ACH TROUBLES, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY AND EVERY INDICATION
THAT YOU ARE BREAKING DOWN PHYSICALLY.

I don't think there is any case of weakness, failure of vitality or of any trouble resulting
from the imperfect action of any organ of the body that I can't cure. Of course, I do not
cure all cases, but I have such confidence in my treatment that I will pay \$1,000 for a case
that comes in my line of treatment which I can't cure with my recently perfected appliance.
I am now curing troubles which I would not touch before.

I take the chances, not you, so come and see me, and if I say I can cure you, I will prove it
to your satisfaction before you pay me a cent. If you will secure me. That's fair. If you
can't call, write to me and send this coupon.

FREE BOOK.—Every man who admires
the perfection of physical strength should
read my beautifully illustrated book. It
tells how strength is lost, and how I re-
store it with my Electric Belt. I will send
this book, closely sealed, free, upon receipt
of this coupon. If you are not the man
you should be, write today.

CALL TO-DAY.—If you can, call and
see me and I will show you how you can
be cured, and give you a free test of my
Belt.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Wed-
nesday and Saturday to 9 p. m.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin

237 Yonge St. Toronto, Can.

Please send me your book free.

Name

Address

miles or more of wilderness to the nearest seaport. Men have tried to transport the great brutes by driving them, but the risk of accident is too great. The best method is to pen the giraffe in a bamboo cage, open at the top so that the head and shoulders can stick out. Then the cage is lashed to great bamboo poles from twenty to thirty feet long and as many natives as are necessary lift the ends to their shoulders, and give the great animal a free ride to the ocean.

The problem of safe transportation does not end with the journey to the seaport. The shipping of the giraffe and the voyage are fraught with peril. The giraffe's legs break very easily; if he slips, the fragile pipe-stems double under him and snap. In transferring the animal from shore to ship his long, helpless neck may get tangled in the tackle or strike a spar, mast, or shroud, and that may mean good-bye to the giraffe.

The leg is not the only possession of a giraffe which is liable to fracture. He is one of the animals who will sometimes break his heart in captivity. The poor beasts have been known to cry with home-sickness.

Catching a giraffe, therefore, is not an easy occupation, but the reward is great. If a collector succeeds in bringing home a good specimen alive he can get almost any price in reason, for it is the most costly wild animal of the menagerie.

Solomon in Russia.

As a striking illustration of the long delays and tedious processes of the law in Russia the Minneapolis Tribune relates the history of a case in which seventeen years were required for a decision. Now that the decision has been arrived at, every one is in a quandary as to how to carry out the order of the court.

In 1886 a son was born in the family of a nobleman living near Kishenev. According to custom, a nurse was hired

to have sole charge of the child, and signed a contract to give her entire service for five years.

Two years later she broke the contract by marrying a young workman on the estate, and her employer brought suit to compel her to keep her agreement. The lower court decided in her favor, and the employer appealed the case.

From court to court it has gone since then till at last it reached the most august tribunal in the land, the Holy Synod. After considerable delay and much discussion, it has been decided that the nurse must return to work and care for the boy till the contract term is up—three years from the decision of the court.

As the boy has grown to man's estate and is now serving his time in the Russian army as an officer, and as the nurse is a matron with several children of her own, there is much perplexity among them all, which is heightened by the knowledge that disobedience of the court order will be punished by imprisonment.

The Struggling Foreigner.

Boys and girls who are born in this country and imbibe a knowledge of its institutions and its geography with their every-day conversation have difficulty in passing examinations on them in school. It is little wonder, then, that the immigrants described in the New York Tribune have trouble with their examinations when they apply for naturalization papers.

"How is the president elected?" one of them was asked recently.

The applicant squirmed as if his memory was about to collapse. Then a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes, and he said:

"By a big-a machority."

A native of Denmark, big-boned and flaxen-haired, was asked, how many states there are in the Union.

"New York, New Chicago, New Bos-

ton, New Jersey, and a lot more," he replied.

On further questioning it was found that he had gathered that the name of the state was that of the town with "New" prefixed.

Creating a Vacancy.

When the republic had been set up in France in 1848, wrote the Baroness Bonde, the first attempts of the enfranchised people to use their new powers resulted in the election of the most miscellaneous assembly that had ever tried to govern a country.

A member nominated from Rouen went to Paris and selected his seat. He had hardly taken it when his next neighbor turned and stared at him. The Rouen man, embarrassed, turned up his coat collar, but too late.

"Sir," said his lynx-eyed colleague, "I believe I had the honor of sending you to the galleys for murder in 18 when I was judge. You had strangled the servant of the cure who had brought you up, and robbed the worthy man. Oblige me by resigning immediately."

The next day the Moniteur announced that there was a vacancy for Rouen, but did not tell why.

Wrapping Himself in Silence.

The late Herbert Spencer is said to have been lacking in humor. It was either profound humor or an equally profound absence of it which accounts for his conduct on one occasion, if the story which follows is true.

On one of his visits to his friend, Grant Allen, the novelist and philosopher, Spencer came provided with two curious objects behind his ears. The purpose of them was soon evident, for when the conversation did not interest him he pulled the things over his ears, and so insulated himself against idle words.

The Art of Entertaining.

By Marion Dallas, Ottawa.

The isolation of many farm-houses and settlers' homes, necessitates the finding of pleasure inside the threshold or in the immediate vicinity. Since the world began, all ages and climes, every race and tribe alike have sought for pleasure. Monotonous indeed would this life become were it not for looking forward, and occasionally anticipating some source of amusement. Amusement can be found in the home (where the lamp burns brightly and the grate throws out its ruddy glow), with the family circle, or when a few friends drop in, and these amusements may be used to quicken the perceptions, develop conversational powers, and drive away dull care.

During the long winter there are many little informal gatherings, church socials, young folks' parties, the annual entertainment of the choir by the minister and his wife, and for the older folks the pleasant dinner party. If you have ever attended an evening where the boys sat awkward and shy on one side of the room and the girls on the other, not knowing how to mingle any more than water and oil, you will appreciate the little suggestions (mostly gathered from my treasured scrap-book) which the writer trusts will help the troubled hostess and host to entertain, so that when the hour of departure arrives it will be the signal for surprise mingled with regret. There are many little diversions in the way of introductions. The old favorite is the familiar quotation cut in two, one half being presented to the lady and the other half to the gentleman; in the completion of quotations informal introductions follow. One hostess provides little favors for each guest, and these signify the name of some book, or if her guests are musical, popular songs are suggested. These can be very simple and prepared with little trouble. A bow of orange ribbon suggests the book. A paper lilac sunbonnet, Crockett's sweet little story;

SOUTH FORT GEORGE

THE NATURAL CENTRE OF THE ENORMOUS RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Point Where the Untold Wealth of this Marvellous Province Comes to a Focus

SITUATED at the confluence of the Nechaco and Fraser Rivers, where the National Transcontinental Railway crosses the Fraser. All Rivers, Lakes, Wagon Roads and Railways in Central B.C. converge on South Fort George. The heart of a fairy land, full of marvellous realities. The treasure house of a vast but undeveloped Empire of inexhaustible lumber, mineral, ranching and agricultural wealth.

A TOWNSITE MADE-TO-ORDER

Good townsites in British Columbia are rare. Even small towns and villages have more hills than level roads. Where a small tract of level land is found there are usually some other natural disadvantages to render it impossible as a site for a growing, busy, well-built, modern commercial city. British Columbia is unlike the Prairie Provinces, where every man can have a townsite on his own farm. A site well situated and which permits of a well built city is a rarity in British Columbia.

South Fort George is therefore unique. In this mountainous country, Providence has so arranged it that right where it is needed most a beautiful natural site has been reserved by Nature which is not only ideally situated, but which contains a sufficiently large area of comparatively level land to permit of a large commercial metropolis being built within its boundaries.

Picture a wide expanse of fertile level land situated in the bend of a mighty river which, with its tributaries, is navigable for more than a thousand miles. These rivers form a network of

navigable waterways which radiate out from Fort George in all directions, penetrating into every corner of this, the richest land that God ever made, the Eldorado of North America, a land bursting with the wealth of timber, mineral and agrarian resources, and of every description of raw material for manufacturing purposes, and with water powers able to do the work of more than twenty million of horses. Fort George is already the throbbing heart of this rich country's commerce, and these great waterways are the wide full-flowing arteries by which that strong heart sends the rich, healthy blood of trade and industry into every region of the province.

On the top of all these natural advantages, in which Nature has shown her consummate skill, comes one of the greatest achievements of man, one of the world's great highways, the National Transcontinental Railway. This great railroad going east and west puts the Pacific Ocean and the Orient on one doorstep of Fort George, and on the other the Prairie Provinces and the markets of Eastern Canada, United States and Europe. From this road other railroads branch north to Alaska and south to Victoria, Vancouver, Ashcroft and other important points.

South Fort George As It Is To-day

South Fort George is scarcely one year old—being only an Indian reservation in January, 1910. TO-DAY IT HAS

About 1,000 inhabitants; and by the end of the year it will have 2,000, and the day is coming when it will have 30,000.
A live Board of Trade.
Three Chartered Banks, and several others have purchased sites.
Post Office, Schools, Newspapers, Hotels, Three General Stores.
Two Steamship Lines—The Fort George Lumber and Navigation Co., and the British Columbia Express Co.
Docks and Warehouses.
Telephone System, and Lighting and Waterworks Systems are being installed.
Ferry across Fraser River to Fort George Market Gardens.
British Capital.—A number of large capitalists, including Lord Dunsmore, have visited South Fort George and invested heavily.
Winnipeg Capital.—Among the well known Winnipeg men who have visited here are N. T. McMillan, A. J. Adamson, J. D. McArthur, Dr. McLellan, Hugo Ross, and others.
AND COMING ARE more Docks, more Business Houses, more Industries, and Railroads, with their Terminal and Divisional Equipment, including shops, offices, warehouses, freight sheds, together with an enlarged population of high wage-earners.

Should You Buy in South Fort George?

YES—BUY!

Are You a Lumberman? Farmer? Fruit Grower? Stock and Dairyman? Miner? Sportsman? Capitalist? Manufacturer?

South Fort George has a great, undeveloped, inexhaustible virgin field for you to cultivate. It is overflowing with opportunities, it has every advantage; it has every requirement.

It has a glorious future before it. Nature and man have conspired together to make it in all respects the most important Distributing Centre in British Columbia.

Don't Wait to See. It will then be too late. The wise investor is the man who can foresee and whose Reason is his proof.

Write to-day for full particulars to . . .

THE WALCH LAND COMPANY,

**NORTHERN CROWN BANK BUILDING
WINNIPEG, MAN.**

a photo of a minister, Ralph Connor's "Sky Pilot"; a spool of silk twist, Oliver Twist, and so on.

"Mystery of One Cent."

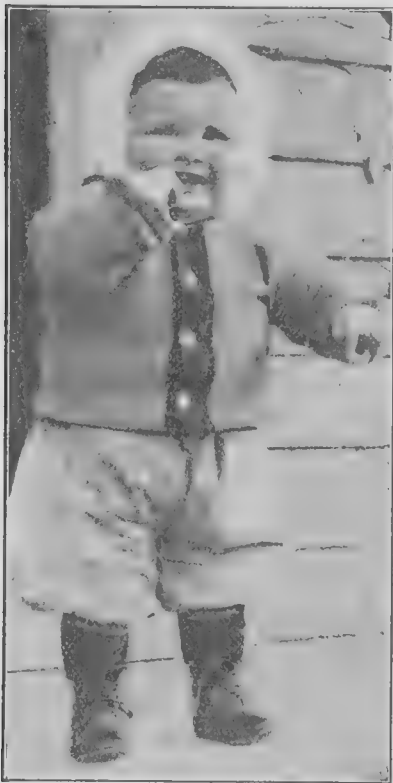
The time-worn cent can be used to supply amusement apart from the usual way. Distribute a little booklet with the word "head" on one side and "tail" on the other. Under the word "head" write the following:

1. The top of a hill?
2. Natural bridge?
3. Flowers?
4. A place of worship?
5. A gallant?
6. An animal?
7. A kind of liquor?
8. Greatest point in skating?

Solutions: 1. brow; 2. the nose; 3. two lips; 4. temple; 5. bow (beau); 6. the hare; 7. gin (chin); 8. curves. Under the heading tail:

1. Messenger?
2. A fruit?
3. Part of a pipe?
4. A beverage?
5. Part of a book?
6. Union of youth and age?
7. Greatest case of gluttony in eating Easter eggs?

Solutions: 1. one cent; 2. date; 3. stem; 4. tea; 5. leaf; 6, 18-87; 7, 18-87.



in happy mood.

About half an hour should be long enough to discover all the hidden secrets on the face of a cent.

Nuts to Crack.

A tiny booklet with the words "nuts to crack" on the cover and pencil attached was provided for each guest at a small evening party recently. The following questions were found written in the booklet:—

1. What nut is a beverage?
2. What nut would be of use in the dark?
3. What nut is a vegetable?
4. What nut grows on the feet?
4. What nut grows on the feet?
5. What nut is part of the house?
6. What nut is a country?
7. What nut suggests a fog?
8. What nut is a girl's name?
9. What nut is an animal?
10. What nut begins a mother goose rhyme?
11. What nut combines two abbreviations of boys' names?

When "time up" was called the correct answers were read. Here is the key:

1. cocoanut; 2. candle nut; 3. peanut;
4. acorn; 5. walnut; 6. Brazil nut; 7. hazelnut; 8. nutmeg; 9. pignut; 10, hickory nut; 11, phil-bert.

Word Contests.

Find Your Ant.

Distribute lists with the following questions written on and numbered. Have the young people fill in the answers after explaining that every word must end with the three letters "ant." Allow about half an hour.

1. What ant leaves his home?—Tenant.
2. What ant is joyful?—Jubilant.
3. What ant is learned?—Savant.
4. What ant is informed?—Conversant.
5. What ant is trustworthy?—Confidant.
6. What ant is proud?—Arrogant.
7. What ant sees things?—Observant.
8. What ant is angry?—Indignant.
9. What ant tells things?—Informant.
10. What ant is successful?—Triumphant.
11. What ant is an officer?—Commandant.
12. What ant is a beggar?—Mendicant.
13. What ant points out things?—Significant.
14. What ant is prayerful? Suppliant.
15. What ant lives in a house? Occupant.

A Variety of Misses.

1. What miss causes amusement and quarrels?—Mischief.
2. What miss is distrustful of human nature?—Misanthrope.
3. What miss is a blunderer?—Mistake.
4. What miss causes her mother sorrow?—Misfortune.
5. What miss is an uncertain correspondent?—Misdirect.
6. What miss never looks well in her clothes?—Misfit.
7. What miss never succeeds?—Misfortune.
8. What miss is untruthful?—Misrepresentation.
9. What miss is ill-bred?—Misbehavior.
10. What miss gives unreliable information?—Miscall.

This contest would be suitable just before serving refreshments or immediately after, for sometimes there is an awkward silence when the host and hostess are busy for a few minutes. Have papers numbered and the word "conundrums" written on same. Give one conundrum to each guest and let the guessing be general. These would give an idea for a conundrum menu:

1. Survivor of the flood?—Ham.
2. Grit and a pronoun? Sandwich.
3. Impertinence?—Sass.
4. For the over sweet?—Pickles.
5. Spring's offering?—Water.
6. Tabby's party? Catsup.
7. The staff of life with its usual accompaniment?—Bread and butter.
8. The Sahara?—Dessert.
9. What I do when suddenly hurt?—Ice Cream.
10. Something to ring? Lady fingers.
11. Days of the year? Dates.
12. Something to crack? Nuts.

A great deal of fun can be derived from "blind man's holiday." In a room adjoining the parlor an array of articles are placed. One by one the guests are lead in blindfolded, while someone holds, at easy sniffing distance, different objects, and another records the guess as to what the articles are. Among some of the things will be found carbolic acid, ammonia, perfume, ink, rubber eraser, cigar, pine pillow. Then the guests are seated and blindfolded once more, and two people enter and pass around all the common household commodities, such as spices of all kinds, harmless drugs, etc.; these the guests are supposed to taste and write down what they suppose they; the lack of the sense of taste provokes much merriment.

Another interesting and instructive game is the "portrait gallery." Each guest is given a sheet of paper with the name of a book (all Canadian books would add interest) and a number written upon it, the same being placed on both sides of the sheet. The player is to turn over the sheet and draw some object to represent the title of the book written on the other side, after which, all having completed their drawings, the sheets are collected and pinned up around the room. Their guessing as to the title is most amusing. A contest of Canadian politicians afforded considerable pleasure. The hostess had written out the names of twelve well-known

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It Depends Upon the Kind

The average life of the common "peddler's" type of cream separator is one year; many of them barely hold out for three months; others for six; but this gives the "peddler" plenty of time to get his money before the buyer discovers his mistake.

SHARPLES TUBULAR Cream Separators



are guaranteed forever, and thousands of them, sold ten years ago, are giving perfect service to-day. Tubulars are built right, by a manufacturer who knows how, who has had thirty years' experience. That's why they last.

Be on the safe side. Get a Tubular in the first place. Then you will have The World's Best separator, perfect satisfaction, and no expensive mistakes to regret.



THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Overfatness Condemned

Fat, or even fattish, women readers who want to be in the mode this year must understand that the demand is for lines, not curves, and govern themselves accordingly.

That means OFF with the fat. It has become a duty. Many are trying exercise or dieting, but it is certain they will find these methods too slow and unreliable. The cheapest and safest way to get in form for the Directoire mode is by means of Marmola Prescription Tablets. Any druggist (of the Marmola Co., 141 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.) will give you a large-sized case of these elegant little fat reducers, containing a good, generous supply for seventy-five cents, and even this quantity should be enough to make a decided impression on your excess fat. Many have lost as much as a pound a day.

These Marmola Prescription Tablets may be used with impunity and likewise perfect confidence for, being made strictly in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription, they are, of course, quite harmless. They are rather beneficial than otherwise, in fact, never disturbing the stomach or causing a wrinkling of the flesh.

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Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stocking at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.



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by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, beautifully illustrated from life, showing figures before and after using the Corsine System. Letters sacredly confidential. Enclose two stamps and address.

Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.

politicians and jumbled all the letters. For example, take John A. MacDonald—A.C.D.L.J.A.O.N.H.M.D.A.O.N. A space was left opposite for the result of the guess. Names of Canadian authors could be used in the same way.

For an afternoon tea this "comedy on Dickens" is rather entertaining. Fill in the blanks with the names of Dickens' books.

A young woman by the name of — is the heroine of this little comedy. She was born in —, and was pretty and as lively as —. For the purpose of educating his daughter her father — left his native city and moved into a larger city of educational renown, where he rented —. He had arranged that his daughter would become the wife of —, and he expected that she would furnish him with plenty of

However, she refused to obey him, and was determined to marry —, so her father, instead of having his — realized, had for a while

He entered into partnership with —, and published —. This venture was not successful, and they were compelled to open —. This proved more satisfactory, and the names of Little Nell and the Marchioness soon became —. Meanwhile — and her husband had gone on the stage and were travelling in —. Their repertoire was extensive and included — and —. In this company was a young man called —. He was very popular and known by all the members of the company as —. Owing to jealousy these three severed their connection and formed a new company, which presented — and —. Everywhere they met with large audiences, and the financial returns soon warranted their giving up — and spending their last days in quietness and surrounded by comfort. Key: Little Dorrit, The Haunted House, The Cricket on the Hearth, Martin Chuzzlewit, Bleak House, Nicholas Nickleby, American Notes, David Copperfield, Great Expectations, Hard Times, Dombey and Son,

attain distinction in the British navy.

In the battle of the Nile, Captain Hallowell had command of the ship Swiftsure, which ran down the luckless l'Orient. When the command was given for the French vessel to be blown up, Captain Hallowell knew nothing of the thirteen-year-old son of the French admiral who had been sternly told by his father: "Do not leave the vessel till I give you permission."

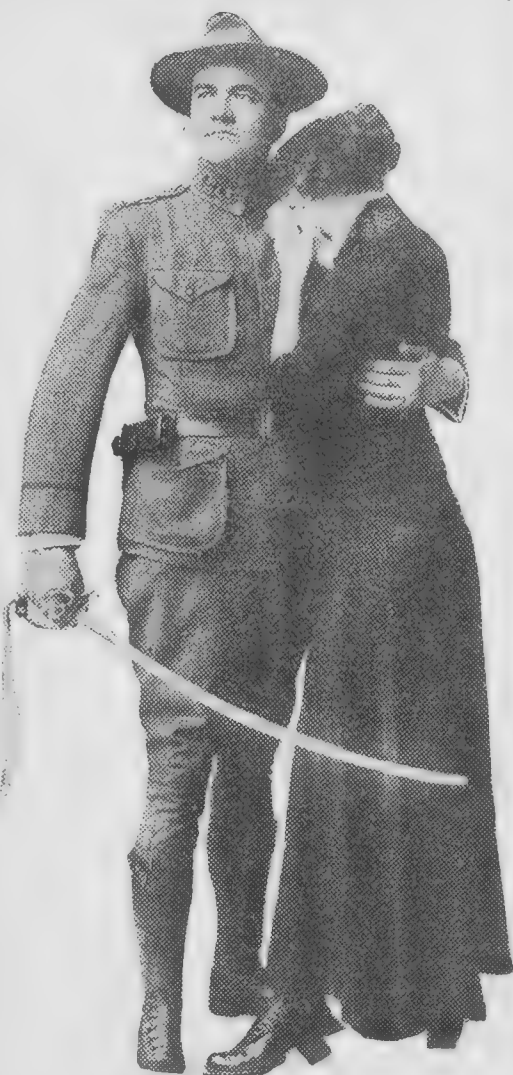
Later he heard the sad story of the boy's heroic obedience; that he called out three times in agony to his father, but stood resolutely by the mainmast, while his father, "Cold in death below, his voice no longer heard."

So much moved was the captain that he had a coffin made in the boy's honor out of the floating fragments of l'Orient, and sent it to his friend and patron, Lord Nelson, with the story of the boy's bravery and expressing deep regret for the young hero's untimely end.

Nelson had the coffin placed in the cabin in remembrance of the boy, and Captain Hallowell himself told the tale to the then widely known poet, Felicia Hemans. Her sympathies were immediately excited, and she immortalized the boy in her verses, and she named him wisely, "Casabianca—White Soul."

For New Manhood Send Me the Free Coupon

There is today no excuse for any man remaining weak. The vital, manly man is admired by all men as well as all women; there is an influence about him no one can resist; he knows no fear; he knows no weakness; he knows no result of debility. It is the same VITALITY which carries our young soldiers to war without thought of death. Vitality, reader, is what you MUST have if you would enjoy a life of health, strength and manly vigor. I can give you this same life and vitality; if I can do for you what I am doing for thousands of others I can put the vigor of youth into your blood and nerves; I can make you feel young again and keep you feeling young; I can drive away all debility, weakness and despondency. You will laugh at trouble, you will tackle obstacles with the vim to win, just as all other hearty, vital men may do. I don't ask you to use drugs, I ask no change in your present mode of living; just cease all dissipation and then use my HEALTH BELT. All else will come. My Health Belt with suspensory attachment is the greatest nature cure and VITALITY supply that the world has ever known or probably ever will know. Nothing is taken for granted; you feel better immediately, at once, from the first time used. Worn all night while you sleep, it pours a great stream of Vitality and energy into your weakened system; it is a wonder working giant of power; made as I now make it I am getting results of which no man ever dreamed. Just think, over ten thousand men applied to me during the month of February; I am now sending reat shipments of my Health Belt to every part of the civilized world. There is a reason; I am curing; I am giving men back their lost strength. It makes you feel ambitious, full of vim; you awaken mornings sparkling with bright, clear-eyed, clear-brained health; the weakness has all disappeared from your back; you are "just feeling fine." Special attachments to my Health Belt cure rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach trouble.

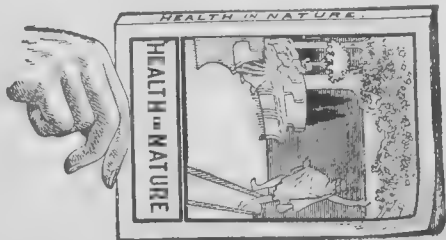


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Pickwick Papers, Old Curiosity Shop, Household Words, Little Dorrit, Sketches of Boz, The Chimes and a Christmas Carol, Oliver Twist, Our Mutual Friend, Master Humphrey's Clock, Pictures of Italy, The Battle of Life.

In all the contests the interest is intensified if some little award is made. Pictures unmounted of the artists' books, candies and music make very suitable favors and often serve as souvenirs of a happy evening.

Casabianca—White Soul

Every boy and girl knows the story of the boy, who

Stood on the burning deck:

Whence all but he had fled:

The flame that lit the battle's wreck Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, As born to rule the storm.

A creature of heroic blood.

A proud, though childlike form!

But do you know that is a true story?

The hero was a French boy, son of the admiral of the French ship l'Orient, which blew up with the boy standing unflinching at the mainmast.

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, who gave the order for the destruction of l'Orient, was born in Jamaica Plain, Mass., in a house that was built in 1726. His father was royalist, and sent his son to England for his education, where he became one of the seven American-born men to

The Small Boy's Lament

O! I have many ills and woes—
I lose my marbles, stub my toes.
And when from right I step aside,
The strenuous shingle is applied.
But one thing worse than all, I dread,
It is the man who pats my head.

My ma she eyes the cookie jar,
And then eyes me—I gaze afar;
I have to split the kindling wood,
I'm sick of hearing "Now, be good!"
But I would spend a day in bed
To foil the man who pats my head.

Dad says, "Now, don't you go to swim;
Where is the saw and hammer, Jim?"
I go to sleep and snore in church,
And memory leaves me in the lurch;
But Oh! the bitter tears I've shed,
Because they pat me on the head.
—Frances.

A Letter of Appreciation.

Sylvan Lake, Alta., March 27. 1911.
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please change my address from Red Deer, Alta., to Sylvan Lake. I wish to add that your paper is one of the best and purest that it has ever been my good fortune to read. You can rely upon me as at all times an enthusiastic advocate of the W.H.M.

W. C. Petro.

\$15.95
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It is a solid, fair and square proposition to furnish a brand new, well made and well finished cream separator complete, subject to a long trial and fully guaranteed, for \$15.95. It skims one quart of milk per minute, warm or cold, makes heavy or light cream and does it just as well as any higher priced machine. Designed for small dairies, hotels, restaurants and private families. Different from this picture, which illustrates our large capacity machines. Any boy or girl can run it. The crank is only 5 inches long. Just think of that! The bowl is a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned, and embodies all our latest improvements. Gears run in anti-friction bearings and are thoroughly protected. Before you decide on a cream separator of any capacity whatever, obtain our \$15.95 proposition. Our own (the manufacturer's) twenty-year guarantee protects you on every American Separator. We ship immediately. Whether your dairy is large or small, write us and obtain our handsome free catalog. Address,

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Corset Cover, if you do not find it worth at least 50c. mail it right back and we will promptly refund your money, also postage.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYED IN 3 MINUTES

I Will Send Free to any Lady the Secret That Cured Me. My Friend Also Delighted.

After curing myself of a humiliating growth of hair on my face and arms which had distressed me since childhood I recommended the same means to another friend, who, like myself had tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations we had ever heard of, only to make it worse.

This simple soluble liquid remedy enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and forever ended my embarrassment. It succeeded where all else had failed, after I had spent much money on various advertised preparations, and even had suffered the torture of the electric needle without being rid of my blemish.

Among them was the lady whose picture is printed here with mine.



It was just as successful with my friend. Her picture is printed above. I will send you my own picture when you write me.

The means we used is simple, safe, sure, and can be used privately at home, without fear of pain or blemish, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary. It is absolutely harmless. Your own doctor would endorse it.

I will tell you in detail full particulars, quite without charge, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results that we did. All I ask is a two cent stamp for reply. Address, Caroline Osgood, 995 D. C., Custom House St., Providence, R.I.

Woman and the Home.

Since Baby Came.

The birds all sing a brighter, merrier lay;
The weary, darksome shades have fled away;
And night has blossomed into perfect day,
Since baby came.

Mother's Vacant Chair.

I go a little farther on in the old house and I find mother's chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was! It was different from father's chair—it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair! In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake—it kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a queenly power yet.

T. De Witt Talmage.

Bed-Time.

"When a praying mother's bedtime comes her heart will question many, many things. Has this day been full of joy? Have I helped each heart to open wider? Have I inspired each one to better things? Have I for one moment dared to be weary? Can I love those I call mine better to-morrow than I loved them to-day? Is there any joy anywhere that is still undiscovered to me and my house?—then I must find it in the sweet to-morrow."

Andrea Hoffer Proudfoot.

The Perfect Home.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of a home: her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. She has always been, and always will be, my ideal of a wife, mother, home-maker.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

The Secret of the Neat Girl.

By BESS. Written Specially for the W.H.M.

All of us number amongst our acquaintances the neat girl, who is always neat and tidy, and who manages to look well, even though she is neither handsomely nor expensively dressed. We may know her circumstances and know that her dress allowance is exceedingly limited, yet she always manages to look

neatly and even fashionably dressed, much more so, indeed, than girls we know that have double the amount she has to spend. What is the neat girl's secret, for secret there must be to accomplish this seeming miracle? It is simply this: She knows how to take care of her clothes! It sounds simple enough, doesn't it, girls, and yet how many of you do it?

The Neat Girl

has a place for everything and everything in its place. Just glance at her dresser drawers and wardrobe! In her drawers are her gloves in their box, her veils rolled up neatly round a roller (or even a rolled up piece of paper), her handkerchiefs repose in their sachet. Her underwear lies in neat piles, her shirt waists in their drawer, the very best waists in their pasteboard boxes to save crushing. In the wardrobe her skirts are neatly hung by both tags, sewn on the waistband for that purpose or by skirt hangers, her coats on their stretchers hang there likewise, each and everything has its place and is in it.

The Untidy Girl's Belongings.

have a totally different aspect. Her dress is, it may be, richer than the neat girl's, but it is put on any way, all to one side, perhaps. A hook at the waistband is amissing, and the skirt droops therefrom, showing a gap between waistband, skirt, and waist. The skirt braid is frayed, perhaps even a bit of it is hanging down. Her veil is crumpled, a seam in her glove ripped, a button missing from her shoe. Her fashionable hat shows scores of hatpin holes, whereas the tidy girl keeps her pins to the one mark. The rich silk waist looks ridiculous instead of pretty. The collar supports are in badly, the middle of the back is drawn 1½ in. to one side, and the whole waist sags everywhere, not drawn into the figure at all owing to the waist tape being missing.

Is this an Exaggerated Picture?

Some of you may say yes. It may be to find all of these blemishes in one person, but don't you often see some of them in one girl friend, and some of them in another, but never, ah! never! in our tidy girl! Yet they think if the dress is rich and good these little things don't show! Don't they, though? The boys may not know wherein lies the fault, but they do know that one girl looks "all right" and the other one "all wrong," and it is the "all right" girl they want for a helpmate every time!

Gives her Clothes Care.

The tidy girl gives her clothes every care, and that is how they look and wear well to the last. She has been out calling, perhaps, she comes in and reassumes her house dress. Her suit is taken off and brushed before being hung tidily in its place in the wardrobe; any stain or spot that it may have got during the afternoon is carefully removed (by benzine or other acid), any loose hook, piece of braid, etc., put right before the dress is put away. Her street shoes are removed for house ones, cleaned, and put on their trees, her hat put away, her gloves placed in their box, and so on. It only requires but a short time to do it then. "Things are never easier done than at the time," our grandmothers used to tell us, and it is true. The untidy girl throws coat and skirt on a chair or table, if she changes at all, and forgets about them till she wants them again. In the meantime, all other things she has worn or is clearing away are thrown on the top of the suit, and when next she wants it and resurrects it, she cries out in dismay at its old, crumpled look! After a few doses of this kind of treatment her suit looks shabby and old. She may say: "I had not time to attend to my outdoor things just then. I had to get down to some callers!" Perhaps so had the neat girl to wait till she got attending to hers. She disrobed and got into her house dress and left her suit skirt hanging neatly over the back of a chair. At the earliest possible moment she retur-

A THEATRE AT HOME

**COLUMBIA
VICTOR
EDISON**



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ALL MAKES

Seven
days'
free
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ned, attended to her suit, hat, and gloves, rolled up her veil, drawing it into shape over her wooden pin or roll of paper, and put all away.

This is her Secret,

then, a place for everything and everything in its place when she wants it, no hurried scrimmage nor crumpling over of clothes when she wants to change, as this wears them out worse than a week of wear. Even

At Work We See the Difference.

The boys are welcome to see her any time at work, no rush away when anyone comes "to make myself tidy." She is careful always to wear a washing blouse, clean, well ironed, with neat collar and tie, all hooks in place, and evenly and tidily put on. A large apron protects her dress when at work. Her untidy sister has an idea, perhaps, that if one looks all right when one is dressed any old thing will do for working in. Here is her mistake. With most of us half of our waking day (or almost) is passed in working, and just as many people see us then as in our leisure "rig," so is it not as important to "look nice" when working as when lazying? The untidy girl lies to the last minute in the morning, then has to come downstairs with her hair half combed and badly arranged, perhaps even, horror of horrors, her curl-pins still in. It takes too long to put waist on exactly, so the gathers which should be in the centre of the back are under one arm, and a yawning void shows between waist and skirt! Sometimes, however, carelessness and laziness are not altogether to blame in making such a gulf between two girls with equal chances of being well dressed.

False Economy in Dress

has also to be reckoned with. The neat girl approves of buying fairly good stuff and having it well made. This may cost her the price of two of the cheaper dresses worn by her friend, but it will outwear both the cheaper ones and will look well to the last, which cheap ones will not. She will buy a quiet dress, one that will not become

conspicuous when worn the second season, as it has often to be, and, being quiet in tone, it will not fade. She will have linings and all accessories likewise fairly good, so that the dress will keep its shape.

Now, is not the neat girl's secret within reach of all? You may make it your own if you will, and, girls, believe me, the result is worth an effort!

The Service of Things.

"When I go housekeeping," said a daughter who was expecting soon to set up a home of her own, "I mean to have a house no larger than we need, and to have in it only the things that we need, and such as are not too good to be used and enjoyed. Mother is just a slave to this great house with all its fine finishing and beautiful furnishing; she wears her days out taking care of it, and lies awake nights planning for it.

A man came to the door the other day and asked to see the mistress of the house. I felt like telling him that there wasn't any; that its devoted servant was polishing grill-work in the library. Mother hasn't time for anything but the house. I want a chance to live."

It was one of youth's sweeping denunciations, but it was the protest of love, also, and the one who heard it could but feel that it was just in the family history. Once there had been a smaller house, with immaculate housekeeping, to be sure, yet with time for some outside interests. But ambition had compassed the mansion, and was constantly adding to its furnishings and adornings—adding so rapidly that money for the extra help to take care of them did not keep in pace with their accumulation. They were too precious to be neglected or trusted to incompetent hands, and the wife and mother had simply given herself to them. She was their "devoted servant," and nothing

A Butterfly.

I see a fluttering butterfly
Swift from flower to flower fly;

Takes here a kiss and there a sip
From out her light companionship.

Dazzling one, flatt'ring another
And blinking at still another;

Flitting and sipping and smiling,
While her nervous longings wiling

Sweetly in her bright, fantastic eyes,
Playing as instant-fleeting spies;

From shade to brightest light and back,
Or nimbly dancing on the thunder's crack.

O! sweetly she flirts from all to all,
And then forsakes them one and all.

—E. C. Rollingstone.

A Mother's Conclusions.

Much of the dreadfulness of boys from six to sixteen is due to the fact that in so very few homes a boy can be natural without disturbing everything and everyone. But who ever thinks of providing a place for the boys in which to keep their treasures undisturbed, where they can make all the noise they like? If a man needs a den to relax in—and everyone seems to grant that he does—how much more does a growing boy! Is it not dreadful to think of a live boy in an elaborately furnished room, and all the other members of the family nagging him to keep still?

If mothers would give anything like the amount of study and pains to their boys and the conditions which will bring the best results, that those do who succeed with house plants, we might have growing boys instead of what we most often see, boys hard and indifferent to everyone. I know a woman who thought best never to show sympathy when her little boy got hurt, and if he cried would exclaim, "You must be a man, not a little cry baby." He soon stopped looking for sympathy, poor little fellow, and he does not know the feeling toward any other living creature, and I doubt if he ever can. He was a loving, tender child, but it was just killed in him. In tastes and other ways boys do differ from girls, but within I believe they are much alike and need about the same love and consideration, and, as far as I have observed, one sex is about as apt to "make havoc" as the other, if such is their bent.

We must not only be ready to talk to and advise children, but also to listen while they talk. Give the same attention as to your most welcome guest. Often some little incident of the day related starts a conversation quite broad and impersonal, and I am amazed at the grasp and reasoning of the mind of my son, not yet six, on the whys and wherefores and right and wrong of things. Have I not reason to hope that the talks we have now, truly "heart to heart," will help him to consider and decide for the right in after years? The acts and conversation of grown persons seem oftentimes coarse and defective when judged through the eyes and ears of a child. I have to be constantly making excuses to my boy for what he sees and hears. I am trying to develop in him the power to consider the character of the people, and right and wrong. Both girls and boys need this equipment.

Give Boys and Girls Training.

The happiest and most contented family I have seen in a long while was the one I visited in Iowa a short time ago. The farm was rather a small one, but the home was well-kept, and every one

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth the while,
That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile,
That bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men,
Who drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when you see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style,
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you;
It pays the highest interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you squeeze out a soggy tear,
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

—Chas. Kruse

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about the place thought that was the best place on earth. There were two boys and girls, all under eighteen years of age. Every one of them pitched in and helped with the work of the farm, dairy and garden and orchard. But with so many willing hands there was some time for doing outside work. The oldest boy had earned enough to buy a good team, and this now gave him greater earning capacity. Each one of the girls had a promising heifer coming in the fall. Each one had some personal interest, and there was no lagging nor shirking. Every one of these children knew that father and mother had first claim on their services, and the farm and home work must be attended to without fault. After this work was done, they were encouraged to do something on their own hook, and they did it too. They loved the farm. They saw its opportunities and possibilities, and they were working like beavers at the work which each liked best.

How to Wash Summer Dresses.

In the washing of summer suits a few useful hints may be appreciated. Nearly all are made of white or colored linen, pique, cambric or muslin, and the art of preserving the new appearance of these materials is a matter of the very greatest importance. Many washerwomen spoil everything with soda, and nothing is more common than to see the delicate tints of lawns and lincens turned into dark blotches and muddy streaks by the

Live well and wisely, and for grace petition:
Indulge devotion to its full fruition;
Subdue your passions—that is the best condition.

Your mind untrammelled, and your heart in Faith,
While at your business give your pray-ers breath:
This is to rest at home, and calmly wait for death.

The Gipsy's Singing.

The wind is blowing warm and soft,
The autumn sky is blue aloft,
While near the earth white clouds are winging;
And lo! I hear the gipsies singing!

The church bells ring, the choir will sing,
The narrow lane across the ling
Is black with good folk churchward stringing;
But I—I hear the gipsies singing!

The forest edge beyond the lea,
Waving with green hands, beckons me;
The joyous boughs afar are flinging
The song I hear the gipsies singing.

Their tinkling train is on its way,
My fancy follows, held in sway;
But bells again are churchward ringing,
And I—I've lost the gipsies' singing.

Alice Spicer.



Camp Life.

ignorance of a laundress. It is worth while for ladies to have their summer gown washed according to directions, which they should be prepared to give their laundresses themselves. In the first, the water should be tepid, and the soap should not be allowed to touch the fabric. It should be washed and rinsed quickly, turned upon the wrong side, and hung up in the shade to dry. It should then be starched, but never in boiling starch, and after again drying, should be nicely damped and ironed on the wrong side as quickly as is possible. A handful of salt is very useful to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns or turpentine, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pailful of water, if mixed with the water in which blue prints are soaked will preserve their color.

This Happiness of this World.

To have a cheerful, bright, and airy dwelling-place,
With garden, lawns, and climbing flowers sweet.
Fresh fruits, good wine, few children; there to meet
A quiet, faithful wife, whose love shines through her face.
To have no debt, no lawyer's feud; no love but one.
And not too much to do with one's relations.
Be just, and be content. Nought but vexations
Arise from toadying the great, when all is done.

A Lesson From Father.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"
"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

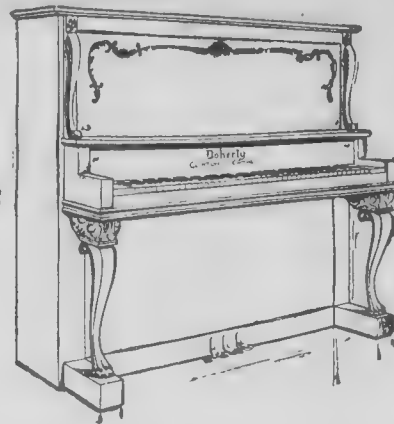
Why, w-what's up? Not sick, is he?"
(An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son, your son—has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Halfway up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little, Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

God is not far from every one of us, but opens the eyes of him who desires to look into the wonders of His creation to find there healing from his artificialities, his errors of imagination, his selfishness. Modern science sees the universe as a magnificent whole, animated in the infinitesimal atom and throughout the immensity of space by the wondrous forces in obedience to fixed laws; a picture passing human comprehension, yet the contemplation of which, to him who has grasped in some degree its eternal principles, brings strength and joy in living.—F. Bettex.



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About the Farm.

The Rooster's Soliloquy.

The rain may fall or the sun may shine
Or the bitter north winds blow;
Whatever betide I will not pine,
For while I live I'll crow.

I love the fragrant pasture land
Where rippling waters flow,
Where good things stand on every hand,
And while I live I'll crow.

I'm happy in the barnyard
When falls the feathery snow,
No weather can my bliss retard,
And while I live I'll crow.

For very many joys are mine,
E'en though the chill winds blow;
Whate'er betide I'll not repine,
But while I live I'll crow.

—Katharine A. Clarke.

Natural Methods with Poultry

What are natural methods? We learn from the hen while enjoying liberty. At the close of a day's run in the field we examine her crop and we find that it is filled to repletion, but it is filled with a variety of substances. While she

5. It is also to be noted that—in your own verberna bed of carefully raked and fine earth to which she has found access—she has simply revelled, boring out large holes, while energetically dusting herself. Mark well that she does not roll in sand, but in fine and dry earth. Her instinct tells her that sand has no affinity for her skin, but it is in the fine dust that smothers the lice which harbor among her feathers.

6. That between times she has picked up numerous pieces of lime, doubtless for egg shell making. A hint to us that, when in limited quarters, a supply of broken oyster shells or other forms of lime, will be grateful to her.

7. Despite a day of great activity she has found time to lay an egg, probably during early morning or the forenoon.

What we Learn from the Foregoing.

As we observe, so should we learn. From the foregoing nature study we are led to the following conclusions, viz.:

1. Variety of diet is the spice of poultry life as it is of our own.
2. A varied ration is not likely to be overeaten. The hen did not gorge herself on one sort of food.
3. Where whole grains are fed, as a major part of the daily bill of fare, variety is particularly necessary.



The evening hour.

has been a very busy body during the day, she has been guided by a marvelous instinct to fill her crop with all that is necessary to make the yolk and white of the egg, the egg shell, and withal to keep herself in perfect health. Is not the foregoing a veritable book full of instruction to the close observer? Why it should be positively fascinating!

Studying the Hen—Lessons of a Day.

But we learn much more that is equally interesting, by studying the actions of the hen in her daily search for food. We find, as it were, her very motif. We keenly observe and carefully note:

1. That she has not filled up her crop with one particular kind of seed or grain, although she has had an opportunity to do so. This shows us that she prefers variety, even in her whole grain rations.
2. That she has found earth worms and insect life of different kinds in quantity. The lesson to us is that under artificial conditions she requires cut green bones, wholesome beef and scrap or other form of meat.
3. That she has picked up sharp-edged gravel, flinty stones, mayhap pieces of broken crockery and glass. This should lead us to conclude that grit is necessary.
4. That she has eaten grass and clover galore. If your neighbor has an unprotected lettuce or cabbage patch—irrespective of his feelings—she has played havoc with them. From this we infer that she finds an abundance of green food necessary to her well being.

4. The lazy man should not be entrusted with the feeding of poultry. The hen did not get weary searching for her varied ration. The lazy man is likely to get tired in imitating her example. This more frequently occurs than is imagined.

Apart from what the hen has taught us as to the great value of variety in the composition of rations—in our quest for eggs and poultry, long experience has led the writer to the following conclusions:—

1. The cheapest ration is not always the best egg producer.
2. The cheapest ration is one that will bring the most eggs when they are of the highest value. The waste of the table, kitchen and barn will help the farmer means to vary his poultry ration.
3. That where there has been variety in rations there has been neither egg eating nor feather picking. This experience should be extremely valuable to beginners.
4. That the long continued feeding of an unvaried ration is apt to lead to disease.
5. When feed is high in price, there is usually a corresponding increase in the value of the output.
6. When varied rations were fed to fowls, even two and three years of age, there followed satisfactory egg laying, good fertility, with strong germs and robust chickens in spring.

Final Determination.

Our whole study, for this time, resolves itself into this determination. If

we feed rations of varied composition, in sufficient quantity and at regular times—in conjunction with proper housing, care, and a due regard for the season—we will surely find poultry keeping both pleasurable and profitable and that is the goal we all desire to reach.

One Cockerel with Twenty-five Hens and Eggs Prove Fertile.

The question is sometimes asked "How many hens should we have with one cockerel to get the best results?" The number generally advised is from ten to fifteen. I keep twenty-five hens; I always let them run all together and I get good hatches, therefore, I do not think that twenty-five is too many. The cockerel I am keeping is a pure bred Blue Andalusian which I purchased from a breeder in Guelph, Ont. The following is the result of my hatches from twenty-five hens with one cockerel this year: 1 set eight hens: Hen No. 1 set on 13 eggs and hatched 13 chickens; hen No. 2 set on 13 eggs and hatched 12 chickens; hen No. 3 set on 13 eggs and hatched 11 chickens; hen No. 4 set on 15 eggs and hatched 13 chickens; hen No. 5 on 15 eggs and hatched 14 chickens; hen No. 6 set on 13 eggs and hatched 12 chickens; hen No. 7 set on 13 eggs and hatched 12 chickens; hen No. 8 set on 13 eggs and hatched 13 chickens. Now, if there is anyone who keeps smaller

Saving money by not Reading.

There are all sorts of ways of saving money, but the most expensive way is that practiced by many people who read as little as they possibly can on their own business. We have plenty of creamery patrons who have this mistaken idea about saving money. But it is worse when the butter-maker at a creamery thinks he is saving money by not keeping informed on his business.

The fact is that wherever the cow touches the life of any man he needs special information, and he turns out to be a foolish man if he does not keep his mind bright and well informed.

J. G. Moore, formerly Assistant Dairy and Food Commissioner for Wisconsin, is now in the employ of the Fox River Butter Co. buying butter. His business takes him to the creameries all over the state and of course he runs up against a number of buttermakers who think they are serving the farmers about them better by keeping them as ignorant as they can. Such men can be found in all walks of life. Mr. Moore describes as follows, in the Creamery Journal, a recent visit to a creamery run by that sort of man:

When I called I asked to be shown the butter; and after looking at a few tubs and talking about the quality, I wiped off my trier and started for the door. He said: "Hold on. What price are you going to make me on this butter?" I said I was sorry, but the butter



A Hungry Group.

flocks with one cockerel and gets better hatches than these I would like to hear from him. These hens were all set where they laid, among the other hens, with a lath gate in front of the nests to keep the other hens from getting in the nests with them—Harry Allison, York Co., N.B.

Dry Feeding and Self-Feeders.

If by any system of feeding, poultry can be supplied automatically with dry feed in place of wet mash and at the same time maintain their general condition and egg yield, it is obvious that the work of caring for them will be greatly lessened, and such systems of feeding have been tried at different times with more or less success.

H. W. Jackson, a poultry raiser interested in this problem, found that a lot of nineteen hens fed corn, "run-of-mill," meat scraps and oyster shells from a self-feeder for a year averaged 109 eggs at a cost of 11.8 cents per dozen as compared with 96 eggs per hen at a cost of 10.2 cents per dozen from a similar lot fed in the usual way. Difficulty was experienced in getting the hens to take sufficient exercise. In another test, covering four months, with a ration having a narrow nutritive ratio, the average number of eggs laid by the hens fed from self-feeders was 51 and by those fed in the usual way 42, the cost per dozen being 7 and 7.5 cents, respectively.

Canadian Cheese.

There are 1,200,000 cows in Ontario, which represents an investment of about \$40,000,000, not including the value of the stables, milk houses and other equipment. It is estimated that 16,484 gallons of milk are used per day in the eighteen counties of the province, with a combined population of 687,814. At an average of 13 cents per gallon, this means \$1,630,-



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Every Hamilton wagon has box sides of poplar. The bottom is re-inforced over the front and rear bolsters. Every Hamilton wagon box has four binder rods on each side and the bottom is re-inforced by six cross sills. Other features of construction are bent oak rims, oak or birch hubs, heavily tired wheels, oak bolsters, oak sandboards, and full clipped gears.

Why not see the I H C local agent at once about the wagon you want. If you prefer, write for a folder, or any other information you want to the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house.

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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a center where the best ways of doing things on the farm, and data relating to its development are collected and distributed free to everyone interested in agriculture. Every available source of information will be used in answering questions on all farm subjects. Questions sent to the I H C Service Bureau will receive prompt attention.

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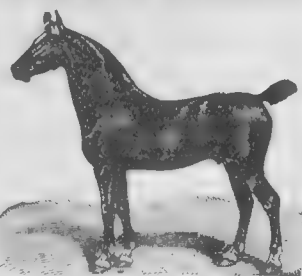
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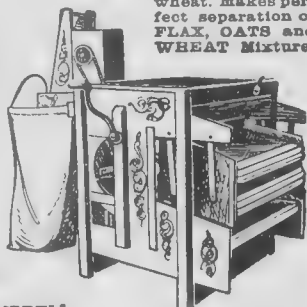
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216 for the dairy farmers supplying these cities each year. As 26 cents a gallon is a moderate estimate of the amount paid by the consumer, the supplying of these cities represents another \$1,630,000 annually to the vendor and the middleman. At the same ratio for the entire province, supplying milk for human consumption would mean an annual revenue of \$6,120,320 to the producer. But as the consumption in rural districts very greatly exceeds the average in the city, the sum must be placed far in excess of that amount. Altogether, it seems well within the mark to say that dairy products of all kinds are worth to Ontario each year \$45,000,000, giving employment to thousands, affording a large market for foodstuffs, and in turn, giving back fertility to the soil and paying interest on an investment of over fifty million dollars, exclusive of the land.

In Ontario, therefore, dairying is one of the most important industries. Is it any wonder that it is fostered by governments and special efforts are made to maintain quality? The cheese and butter-making end is well looked after. The milk supply end needs more attention and it will likely get it before very long.

Her Weight in Milk in 12 Days.

Missouri Chief Josephine, the state's record dairy cow, owned by the College of Agriculture of the University of Missouri, produced fifty-five quarts of milk a day says the college paper. At this

would supply forty persons the year round with milk and butter.

If Josephine produced only 2,500 pounds of milk a year, there would be in this quantity 750 pounds of proteid, 830 pounds of fat, 1,275 pounds of sugar and 175 pounds of ash. In a 1,250-pound steer analysis shows that there is 175 pounds of proteid, 333 pounds of fat, 43 pounds of ash. This shows that in a year Josephine would produce as much proteid as is contained in the carcasses of five 1,250-pound steers, more fat than two such carcasses contain, more ash than three such carcasses contain, and in addition to this she produces 1,275 pounds of sugar.

Breed our own Horses.

Most of the horses shipped into Pennsylvania come from west of the Missouri River. Some are produced in Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, but the majority probably are bred farther west and are brought to Missouri, Iowa and Illinois as two or three-year-olds, are kept there a year or two, broken, fattened, sent to the East St. Louis or Chicago market and then come farther east as Illinois or Indiana horses. There is no reason why they should be called Illinois or Indiana horses rather than Montana or Wyoming horses further than prejudice against the cayuse or broncho. In fact the probabilities are that the horses coming from west of the Missouri River are actually better



Successful Incubator Hatching.

rate she is expected soon to make the world's record for milk production.

Josephine is seven years old, and began giving milk as a two-year old. She at once attracted attention and from that time to the present she has held the state record for giving the greatest quantity of milk. She has been shown in three states, winning prizes in each, and her photograph has appeared in more than forty agricultural papers, widely distributed over the United States.

Josephine is a pure-bred Holstein. Her ancestors, save her sire, which has won twenty-five prizes at state fairs, have never commanded any special attention. She has won first place in milk production through sheer individuality. As a typical dairy cow she is almost perfect. Perhaps no other cow in Missouri has such a great capacity for food and water, the chief essentials of a good dairy cow. Her average consumption of water is 275 pounds a day, though she is only of medium size, weighing 1,250 pounds.

Josephine gives on an average 104 pounds of milk daily, enough to supply more than 100 persons for one meal. Then, too, three and a half to four pounds of butter are made each day from her milk, so that she gives enough milk and butter fat to supply more than 100 persons with butter and milk for one meal. Every twelve days Josephine produces her own weight in milk, making her total milk production, at the present rate 38,320 pounds a year. This milk

than those coming from east of the Mississippi River. They have been graded up from the broncho stock by the use of stallions of the draft breeds. They have been subjected to more harsh treatment, the weaker ones have been dropped by the wayside and only the stronger survived. Furthermore the soil and climatic conditions have been such as to develop toughness of foot, hardness of bone and hardness of constitution.

We believe that Pennsylvania has the soil, climate and water for producing better horses than can be produced in the prairies of the West. We believe that naturally the Pennsylvania horses have better feet and legs and are more able to stand the pounding on the hard roads and the climbing of hills than are western horses. Further, it is well-known that a western horse shipped into Pennsylvania is of very little use for six months to a year after shipment. It is true that some shippers use a serum which it is claimed renders the horses immune from acclimatization fever, but the general opinion among farmers and others is that a considerable period of uselessness results in any case.

The western horses shipped into this state four, five or six years old sell anywhere from \$200 to \$250. Our contention is that our farmers can raise as good or better horses for less money. The horse on the farm ought to be able to pay for his keep after he is two years old. His dam will more than pay the way of herself and foal during the suck-

Any little girl can do the churning with

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It makes the smoothest, richest, most delicious butter you ever tasted.

The roller bearings—and hand and foot levers—make churning an easy task, even for a child.

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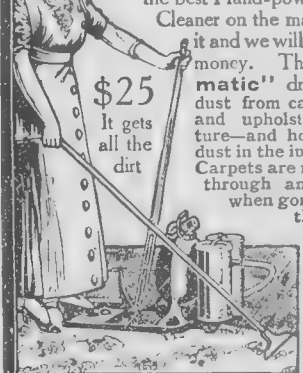
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when you clean with the "Automatic."

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Once the lameness and remove the bunch without scouring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid) is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

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ling period so that there should be charged against the horse only the service fee, cost of keeping until he is two years old, plus a certain amount for insurance and risk.

The Pennsylvania farmer can well do most of his farm work with brood mares. It will do them no injury if carefully handled and he will be able to get practically as much service from them as from geldings or from mares that are not used for breeding purposes. It costs little if any more to raise a colt than it does to raise a calf. As a two-year-old, one is worth twice as much as the other. One hundred dollars ought to be ample to bring the colt to two years of age and show a profit, after which time he should be self-sustaining. This applies to animals or colts used for farm or draft purposes rather than those that are used for pleasure.—Prof. Thos. I. Mairs, before Penn'a Normal Institute.

Effect of Motor Traffic on Macadam Roads.

In an address to the Oneida Historical Society at Utica, Clifford Richardson, member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, referred to the effect heavy motor traffic has on macadam roads:

There are several points in connection with the road problem which have received too little and demand the most careful attention.

It was the damage to French roads caused by heavy motor traffic, and the

\$100 a mile had been the previous cost for maintaining macadam roads, and, to keep them in perfectly good condition, at least \$300 a mile should now be provided.

Figures in the possession of the Massachusetts Highway Commission show that about 53 per cent. of the destruction of State highways is due to automobiles. It may be, and, indeed, it seems almost certain that a material will be found, if it has not already been found, which, when placed upon the surface or embodied in the top course of a macadam road, will offer a surfacing which will not be destroyed by the abrading motion of the automobile wheels.

The best type of ordinary macadam road that can be constructed to-day will be rapidly destroyed by motor traffic, and recourse must be had to a bituminous macadam for relief.

How is the Horse?

In view of the panic which overcame some people when automobiles got thick on the roads, here is part of a letter about the growing demand for horses, by a writer in a Chicago paper. This don't look as though the horse was sick. The writer says:

A doctor in an Illinois town told me recently (and I verified his statement so far as was necessary to convince me of its truth), that he purchased twelve years ago, a colt, paying \$60 for it. He

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¶ Something that will relieve her of the back-breaking, nerve-racking worries of ordinary household duties

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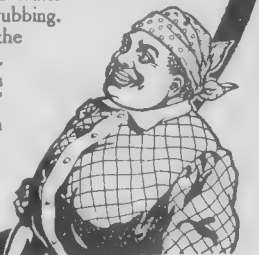
for instance. It sweetens a woman's disposition. It enables her to get cheaper help and keep them longer. It saves the clothes and thoroughly cleanses them, because it forces the water through the fabrics without rubbing.

¶ It prevents disease entering the home from public laundries.

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A day's shooting near Gladstone, Man. Photo by C. Jessop.

problem of how to meet it, which caused the road congress at Paris to be called.

The general opinion expressed at Paris by the ablest English and French engineers was that the road, to meet modern motor traffic, must be constructed with a more resistant surface, which is brought about by introducing into the wearing surface some bituminous cementing material.

Experiments made by the Office of Public Roads showed by instantaneous photography that the damage to the roads is produced by the rear or traction wheels of motor cars, and particularly at a speed above 25 miles an hour. The force with which they were propelled was sufficient to cause a marked slip upon the surface of the hard road-bed, such as is often seen in an exaggerated manner on a frozen surface.

A road near Lynn, in Massachusetts, of almost perfect macadam construction, exposed to wind, sun and high-speed automobiles, had to be resurfaced after a single year's service.

W. C. Carpenter, County Surveyor in Yorkshire, England, reported at the Paris Congress that the maintenance of roads in his district was \$482 per mile in 1890, and \$798 in 1908. Mr. Hooley, holding the same position in Nottinghamshire, states that the maintenance cost was formerly \$250 per mile; now it is \$750, and he advises a resurfacing with bituminous macadam.

Harold Parker, chairman of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, says

used the colt in the practice till a few weeks ago, and then he sold it for \$175.

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Dr. Kidd now has a private prescription for nearly every disease to which flesh is heir—prescriptions that are the result of years of study, years of experience—prescriptions that have cured where all else had failed—prescriptions that are making marvelous cures every day. His offer to send a special prescription to any sick or afflicted person is a most generous gift to suffering humanity from one of the world's greatest doctors.

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As soon as I receive the coupon below, besides sending the prescription and my big medical book, I will write you a long letter of advice telling you exactly how to take the treatment. I will refer you to pages in my book which will tell you all about your case. If you follow the advice in this letter it will be a great help to you in becoming absolutely well and strong. Other specialists receive hundreds of dollars for verbal advice; this is sent to you FREE, plainly written in plain words so it can be remembered and followed.

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.....Eczema	Heart Disease
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.....Neuralgia	Chronic Cough
.....Diarrhoea	Nervousness
.....Constipation	Prostatitis
.....Indigestion	Malaria
.....Headache	Pimples
.....Dizziness	Lung Trouble
.....Epilepsy	Asthma

This may seem incredible to you but if you knew of some of the other horse dickers that occur at the present time you wouldn't be surprised. In the same Illinois town, for instance, a team of stoneblind horses sold for close to \$150. Those blind horses ten or twelve years ago wouldn't have brought \$10 apiece.

I traveled lately from Chicago, as far East as I could stand him, with a horse buyer from a good town in New York state. He showed me a list of the horses he had bought in the Chicago market, with the prices annexed. He had purchased one carload for a town in West Virginia and another carload for his own town. The prices read like fairy tales. But I have been close enough to the horse market during the last six months to know they were the bitter truth. One span of black horses, weighing about 1,400 pounds each, he had bought for \$180, and they were not fancy horses either. One of them, on the contrary, was touched in the wind—"not heavy, y' know, but jist a little thick, y' under stand," as my informant put it.

Teams of draft horses that run in age from 8 to 12 years and in weight from 1,100 pounds to 1,800 pounds a horse sell for \$300 to \$700 a span. These look like fancy prices, and they are. In addition, not half the care is displayed in regard to blemishes that was shown formerly when prices ranged more than 50 per cent. lower.

This and much other evidence that easily might be secured ought to indicate conclusively that the horse has triumphed over handlebar and hook; that he is here for keeps, and that the demand for him will not soon, if ever, grow seriously less. But, of course, the breeders will go ahead and supply the demand and put the prices back where they belong as measured by the intrinsic value of the animal.

Horse Notes.

Shelled oats is the best grain for growing colts.

Without size and bone, blood is of little value.

Feed horses with a view to give vigor and strength rather than to putting on flesh.

It seldom adds to the beauty of a horse to rear its head out of the way he naturally holds it.

Colts should be trained to walk fast before there is an attempt made to improve them in any other gait.

On the farm, at least with most kinds of work, a horse can go barefoot without injury, and with certain benefit.

Never breed to a horse that will not work or is unmanageable, for insubordination is as easily transmitted as any other fault.

Alfalfa.

Alfalfa Grows on any Good Soil.

1st Premium—Alfalfa is a native of western Asia and was first cultivated by the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is an upright perennial plant, resembling somewhat the red clover, but having purple flowers, in a long cluster rather than in a compact bunch; the clusters are scattered over the entire plant instead of the upper branches as in red clover. It should be remembered that alfalfa, with other legumes, has upon its roots nodules produced by certain bacteria with whose aid the plants are enabled to obtain a supply of free nitrogen from the air. In addition to this, by the decay of these nodules the soil becomes richer in nitrogen. Now alfalfa can be grown without the bacteria, more especially if the soil is rich and there is an abundant supply of nitrogen; but if the soil lacks these elements then to grow alfalfa successfully it is necessary to inoculate the plants artificially. This is done by scattering upon the field soil from an infected field, or by placing the bacteria directly upon the seed before sowing. The latter process has been found the more practical.

As to the preparation of the soil: As soon in the spring as the soil is warm enough and in good condition, take a disc harrow and cut the ground two or three inches deep. Follow with a drag harrow and make surface fine, then

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follow with a turning plow and break six or seven inches deep. Follow with the disc then with a harrow, making a fine, mellow, firm seed bed, quite necessary for alfalfa. Then drill one bushel of oats per acre for a nurse crop. Then sow twenty pounds nice clean alfalfa seed per acre. It is best to sow seed both ways. By this method we secure a uniform stand, there being no bare spots. The oats should be cut for hay about the time they are coming into milk. By this time the alfalfa will be eight to twelve inches high. The oats and alfalfa together will make excellent hay. When eight or ten inches high it should be again cut and let the cuttings remain where they fall. Cut again, as before described, after which it will make a sufficient growth to go into winter.

The next summer the alfalfa can be mowed four times at least, and will produce five or six tons of hay per acre. It requires a little more time and labor to cure than the little red clover. The best hay is obtained if cut when about one-fourth is showing bloom. The hay should be tedded two or three times to keep the leaves from sunburning and to dry the stems well. When cut at the right time and well cured the stock prefer it to any feed that can be given them.

I feel confident that with care in preparing ground and with good seed a good stand of alfalfa can be secured on any of our well drained good clay soils, and when secured will last for many yields if not mistreated by pasturing and tramping of live stock. Alfalfa should never be pastured closely as this

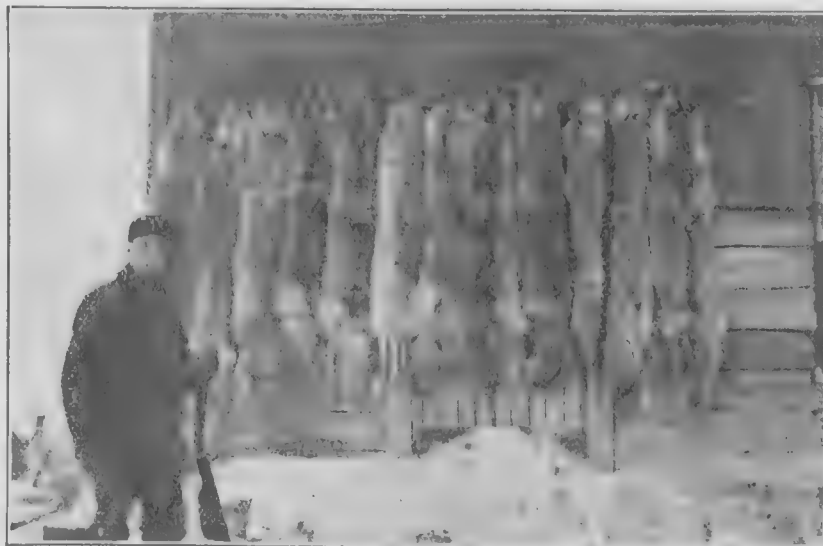
pany or encourage those interested.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has adopted the boards for ceilings for its cars and J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern, will have the materials used for car finishings.

Seed Potatoes.

With new varieties of the potato, costing frequently a dollar a pound, it is customary to cut the seed to single eyes, as a matter of saving; but with the general crop it has been questioned if cutting is the best plan. Of course this takes less seed. But comparing the cost of the seed with the product, it would seem that this is not the best way, the return from the cut seed being considerably below that from the whole potato. Some of the experiment stations, particularly Vermont and Maryland, have been investigating this subject for several seasons.

In the experiments made by the Maryland Station, extending over three years, there were five classes of seed used: 1. One large whole potato. 2. One whole potato the size of a hen's egg. 3. A cutting of the usual size containing two or three eyes. 4. A single eye on a good-sized piece of potato. 5. A single eye on a very small piece of potato. Soil, cultivation, etc., were equal in every respect, and at digging the difference in the product was very marked, showing that as a rule the greater the quantity of seed the greater was the product. But the cost of the tubers of the largest size



A good and profitable day's sport.

injuries the crown of the plants. Horses and sheep are more liable to do damage in this way than cattle and hogs. It is well known that alfalfa is even more nutritious than clover, although it is not as well balanced, being too rich in protein. For best results it should be combined with some other feeds rich in carbohydrates. Alfalfa should not be used as a seed crop, only the last year before plowing under, as a seed crop weakens the plant and reduces the stand.

Lumber made out of Straw.

It seems that at last the attempt to make lumber out of straw has resulted successfully. O. G. Gardner, of New York, has spent many years and over \$100,000 on this invention and has made a success of it. At a recent meeting of farmers in North Dakota he exhibited lumber made from straw that appeared to be made out of hardwood, and for finishing it takes a high polish. At this meeting Mr. Gardner told the farmers that he could pay them \$5 a ton for straw, and could manufacture lumber at a cost of from \$15 to \$20 a thousand feet, one ton of straw making 2,000 feet of the quarter-inch lumber, such as would be used in all but big buildings. A plant which would manufacture 75,000 feet a day would cost from \$250,000 to \$300,000. The lumber retails at \$60 a thousand in New York and at about \$50 here. A plant could be paid for in season from the profits. He suggested that the farmers organize such a com-

pared with the product was too great, sixty bushels of the seed being required for an acre. The conclusion was that, all things considered, the best seed is a whole potato the size of a hen's egg.

How to Store Vegetables.

Light and air should both be excluded from Irish potatoes which are being saved for seed. Cover them with carpet and boards.

After digging sweet potatoes, spread them out to dry. Then put them in boxes or barrels for ventilation. It is not necessary that they should be wrapped in paper or packed in chaff or road dust. Keep them where they will not freeze. They need warmth and air and must be kept dry.

To keep turnips and cabbages fresh, they should be buried in the ground. They never keep well in a cellar. Turnips or beets will not get tough or pithy if the tops are cut off close.

Here is a way one farmer keeps apples and cabbages: He puts them in a pen built of old rails covered first with straw, then with old boards and enough earth to keep out frost. An opening is left at one end and filled with straw. In this way cabbage or apples are reached with little trouble in bad weather.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.



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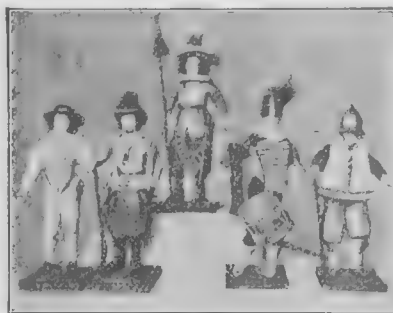


Muck as Manure.

Numerous inquiries have been received as to the value of peat and muck deposits for fertilizer purposes. When properly used, they are valuable. The material should first be air dried, then used in the stable to absorb the liquid manure for which purpose it is particularly adapted, and results in making the stables more sanitary. The liquid manure causes the peat to ferment and the result is the nitrogen is made more available as plant food. Many of our peat and muck deposits are very rich in nitrogen, containing upwards of one per cent. A mixture of peat, farm manure, say equal parts, and a little land plaster scattered in the stalls makes an excellent fertilizer. The land plaster "sweetens" the peat, neutralizing any acids, and the liquid manure causes fermentation and liberation of plant food in available forms. In European countries peat is put to excellent use as a fertilizer, and is a regular article of commerce. Many farmers where the manure is scant could materially supplement their supply by the use of peat. Often peat and marl or lime deposits are found close together and may be blended as used. Sandy soil and heavy clay soils are the ones most benefited by applications of peat and muck, as these supply humus, of which many of our soils stand sadly in need.—Harry Snyder, Prof. of Chemistry, Minn. Exp't Sta.

Fertilizing Vegetables.

Soil on which vegetables are grown should be made as rich as possible. An abundant supply of plant food is essential and must be furnished. The soil should be fed from time to time. Before

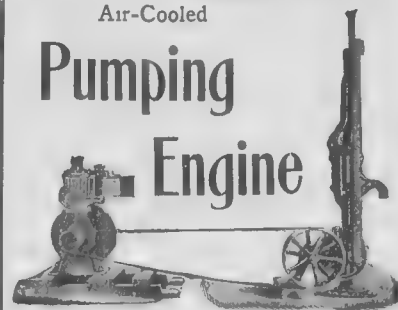


Officers and soldiers of the Seventeenth Century.

a crop is planted, the ground should be properly fertilized and if the crop is late in maturing, additional applications of fertilizer may be made. Plants take up their nutriment in liquid form. For this reason nitrate of soda, which is soluble in water, is often more effective than manure for vegetables. Commercial fertilizers contain very little water, therefore the soil must have sufficient moisture to make the fertilizer available, because the plants cannot use it without water. This is done by deep and thorough preparation of the soil, seeing the seed bed is fine all the way down to the bottom of the furrow. Coarse trash turned under makes the soil lumpy and coarse and breaks the capillary power of the soil to bring up moisture from below. Sometimes the land looks nice and fine on top when it is really thirsty. Vegetable matter is the greatest agent of all for holding water in the soil—that is decayed vegetable matter. As a fertilizer for vegetables, well rotted fine stable manure or compost is hard to beat, for the plant food it contains is not only available, but it holds sufficient plant life in itself to hold this plant food soluble. For vegetables, coarse green manure should never be used, as its action is too slow. Compost and fertilizer should be used together for vegetables. The compost, by holding moisture, helps make the commercial fertilizer available. Potatoes, turnips, cabbage and such vegetables require very large amounts of commercial fertilizer. Fertilizers should be thoroughly incorporated in the soil a week before planting.

The Oil of the People.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation.

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Children.

The Moo-Cow- Moo.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo,
So clost I could almost touch.
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a fraid-cat much.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a
rope,
En it's ravelled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap,
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swinging his tail about;
En he opens his mouth, and then I run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes
out.

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his
head,
En his eyes stick out o' their place;
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is
spread
All over the end of his face.

sand and puckering her face into a
frown.

"But even in a fairy story I never
heard of bread-crusts that walked and
talked. Now, did you?"

"Course not."

For a minute the twins said no more.
They were so young the neighbors called
them babies. That was a mistake.
Mother and Father spoke of them as
Joseph and Beatrice, Grandma referred
to them as Little Boy and Little Girl,
while Grandpa always said Sis and Bub.
"Tell you one thing," continued the
Boy Twin.

"What is it?" asked his sister.

"Well, it's this: if we can think up
a place to hide our crusts, they'll never
tell. That was just a story out of
Grandma's head!"

"To scare us!" added the Girl Twin.

"We'll think hard," continued the
Boy Twin.

"And eat our dinner crusts to-day,"
said his sister.

At the table at noon, Grandpa asked
why Sis and Bub were so quiet.

"We're thinking," explained the Boy
Twin.

"They're eating the crusts," Grandma

"Wonder what's the matter!" ex-
claimed Grandma, who was in her room
trying to get settled for her afternoon
nap.

That night at table the twins didn't

make any fuss about crusts. What was
more strange, there wasn't a crust left
in sight. Before Norah cleared the
table Grandma lifted both their plates
to see if anything was curled around

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If purchasers of this useful
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Youthful Interest in Poultry.

En his feet is nothing but finger-nails,
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut;
En he gives folks milk in water pails,
En he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles,
why,

The moo-cow-moo says it hurts;
But the hired man he sits down clost by,
En squirts, en squirts, en squirts.

The Crusts that Told.

"Do you much believe it?"

That was the question the Boy Twin
asked the Girl Twin the day Grandma
told them a wonderful story about some
dry breadcrusts that unfolded legs and
arms and made trouble for a little girl
who tried to hide them under the edge
of her plate.

"She meant us," replied the Girl Twin.
"It's 'cause we leave our bread-crusts,
and hide 'em around under things."

"They're hard," remarked the Boy
Twin, gazing out over the blue Pacific.

"Dreftful hard," admitted the Girl
Twin, digging her little shovel into the

remarked, and oh, how glad she was she
told them the story about the crusts
that walked and talked!

Just then little sister choked, and her
face was as red as big sister's scarlet
bow.

After dinner the Girl Twin said to the
Boy Twin, "I'm sorry I ate that longest
brown crust!"

"Why?"

"'Cause I know a hiding place. There's
some little shelves all around under the
table that'll hold free bushels of crusts!"

"Where?"

"I'll take you in and show you er-
actly, soon's Norah gets through work-
ing and goes somewhere. It's 'way un-
der where the tablecloth goes down. You
reach in when anybody isn't looking
and feel around and you'll find the
shelves all waiting, only you mustn't
try it if Grandma's looking, even over
the top of your head, 'cause you might
get choked."

"I wish it was supper time now,"
grinned the Boy Twin.

"So do I," was the answer, and for
one minute the twins danced straight up
and down, and laughed so loud the old
white rooster crowed and the hens
cackled.

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8

under the edges. It used to seem as if Mother Goose on the plates tried to help the children keep their bread-and-butter secrets.

"Not a crumb there," said Grandma. "I guess that story was just what they needed!"

Oh, Grandma! If you had only looked under the table, or if the table-legs could have talked the way the bread-crusts did in your twilight story!

Every two or three days after this the twins watched their chance to slip into the dining room when no one was looking.

"We'll have to keep moving 'em along, or the piles will get too big right in front of our chairs," suggested the Girl Twin. "I wonder if mother knows how to strew dry bread-crusts can get. Seems too bad some nice little mouse can't have 'em."

"If a mouse wanted to," the Boy Twin said, "it could have a nest right up in here, under where Norah puts the big platter; and it could get things for the mouse babies to eat just as easy—only if it fell into anybody's lap it wouldn't be nice for anybody but us. Wouldn't it be lots of fun to see Grandma jump?"

"Wouldn't it though!" laughed the Girl Twin. "Kind of silly story, wasn't it, about the crusts that talked?"

"Our crusts will never tell!" declared the Boy Twin.

"Course not!" exclaimed the Girl Twin. "I wish everybody that don't like crusts could get along as easy as we do nowadays. No sir, crusts don't tell!"

The Girl Twin and the Boy Twin were both mistaken. The very next day the crusts told. Fifteen, twenty, thirty, fifty, and ever so many more, crusts told at the same time. It happened as it did because the next day was the twins' birthday.

"We'll give them a surprise party," said Mother.

"Certainly. Twins should always have a surprise party on their birthday," added Grandma.

Norah made the cake, and it was twins—two round, frosted, candy-trimmed cakes, side by side, with candles on both—a most beautiful birthday cake!

After dinner the twins were sent with the pails and shovels to play on the beach.

"Now we will set the table," said Mother. "It must be long as we can make it, because all the children on our street are invited."

"Let me help," offered Grandma.

Norah had removed the tablecloth and the cloth beneath it. She took hold of one end of the table. Grandma and Mother the other, and they pulled.

"Seems to be stuck pretty tight," said Norah, as she gave a little jerk and kept on pulling.

Then, with a creaking noise as if it hated to give up its secrets, the table suddenly spread apart—and down tumbled the crusts! Long crusts, short crusts, big, round crusts, and slim, little crusts, brown crusts, white crusts, smooth crusts and ragged crusts, straight crusts and crooked crusts, all went crackling to the floor with little crispy noises that reminded one of bread pudding!

Grandma, Mother and Norah laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, because every crust said plainly as crusts ever said anything, "Beatrice did it, Joseph did it; they did, they did!"

This is what happened next. The children came to the party, and it was a beautiful party. And after it was all over, and time to go to bed, Grandma called the twins into the dining room.

The table was cleared, but heaped up in a big pan in the centre were the crusts. "They told!" said Grandma.

"Have we got to eat 'em?" demanded the Boy Twin, when he could do so—you see, for a minute he was too greatly surprised at what had happened to even so much as speak, and his face looked remarkably solemn.

"Oh, no," replied Grandma. "but—they told!"

The Girl Twin looked at the Boy Twin and grinned.

"Grandma," she promised, "we'll never hide any more bread-crusts—even if we always have to eat just pancakes!"—Frances Margaret Fox.

How to Help

Said Peter Paul Augustus,
"When I am grown a man
I'll help my dearest mother
The very best I can.

I'll wait upon her kindly;
She'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently,
And keep her safe from harm

But when I come to think of it,

The time will be so long,"

Said Peter Paul Augustus,

"Before I'm tall and strong,

I think it would be wiser

To be her pride and joy,

By helping her my very best

When I'm a little boy."

—Exchange.

The Angels.

By Mary Katharine Neely.

Bella and the five little Donahues were "making angels." Della was only a little Donahue herself—just eleven. But one day when Missy Mayberry's father, who lived with Missy in the big house next door, met Della on the sidewalk and said, "is this the little Donahue girl?" Della answered gravely: "No, sir, I'm the big Donahue girl. There are five littler than me, counting the twins as two." Missy's father had gone home laughing. Della did not know why. And ever after he had talked about the little Donahue girl and the five littler Donahues.

Missy and her father had moved into the big house in the spring, and for that long summer the Donahues had Missy for a playmate. It was the happiest summer any of the Donahues could remember—even Della, and she could remember a good many of them now that she was eleven. But winter came, the snow fell and things were different.

The two aunts who lived with Missy and her father and took care of them had ideas. One of them was that they must take very good care of a little girl who is not strong and rosy like other children; so that they were very careful of Missy, and this meant that she must be kept indoors. Other children like the Donahues might play in the snow, but not Missy! Oh, no! They might race with their sleds and snowball each other. That was very well, but such things for Missy? Oh, my, no!

On very bright days, Missy, wrapped up in coat and furs, was bundled into a sleigh and taken for a ride—a very short ride. "We must be careful," the aunts said.

When Missy came back from her ride she sat at her window and watched the Donahues. "I just wish I was poor," she said to herself. "It must be such fun to play in the snow."

And Aunt Agnes, who was watching her, said to Aunt Jane, "She doesn't look at all well, I am afraid there was too much wind to-day."

Missy sat at the window the day the Donahues made angels. Now to make an angel as everyone knows, one must first lie down carefully on a fresh bed of snow, place the arms high above the head, sweep them slowly round to the sides; then, when one rises, behold the angel!

This is what the Donahues did. And because there were a great many Donahues, there were a great many angels in the little yard.

The two aunts had always called Missy "such an obedient little girl." But Missy did not remember that now.



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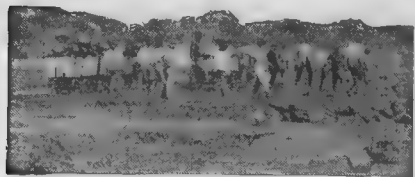
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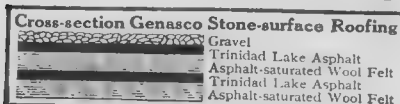


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She slipped out of the nursery and down the stairs. She found her coat and put on her mittens. She forgot her fur and muffled and overshoes. She went quickly out the back door and skipped across the yard. The snow came up above her shoe tops, but she did not stop for that. She crossed to the Donahue yard and faced Della and the five surprised littler Donahues.

"I want to do it, too," she said. "What do you call it?"

"We're making angels," explained the twins, who looked so much alike that they might have been counted as one.

"Dast you?" cried Mary.

"Does your aunts know?" demanded Della.

"Yes, I dast," said Missy. She did not answer Della's question.

"All right," said Della, relieved. If you dast, then it's all right."

"There ain't much room left," said Mary. "Our yard's most full."

"Never mind," returned Missy, "we will fill your yard. Then we'll go over

little Donahues did not feel like playing.

At supper time Mrs. Donahue ran over to the back door of the big house. She came back looking serious.

"The poor little lady!" she said. "It's a bad cold with a fever, the doctor says. She is getting worse all the time now, and it's clear out of her head she is. She keeps talking about the angels—all the time the angels, and her aunts are sure she is going to die. "Oh, Aunty," she says, 'see the beautiful angels. The whole yard is full of angels. Go to the window, Aunty, and see them.'"

"Then poor Aunt Jane goes to the window and says there ain't any there, and the poor child cries and says they must be there. Aunt Agnes runs out of the room crying, and Missy's father is nearly crazy, and all the time the little dear keeps talking about the angels."

Della listened, and when her mother had told her story, Della ran out of the back door. Before the others had missed her she came running back. She burst into the sitting room.



The First Plunge of the Season.

and fill ours. A whole yard full of angels!" she cried in delight.

The Donahue yard was filled with angels, and the Donahues and Missy had crossed into the other yard before Missy was discovered.

It was Bridget, the cook at the big house who saw her. She ran out and caught Missy and hurried her into the house. "Sure, and it'll be the death of you," she cried, "blessed lamb, that ain't used to sticking your nose out of doors!"

The Donahues went slowly home.

Fresh snow fell that night and the next morning no angels were to be seen. But the Donahues were out snowballing each other. They looked longingly at the windows of the big house. "Do you suppose she will come today?" asked Mary.

Della shook her head. "I'm afraid she shouldn't a dast yesterday," she said.

Whilst they waited a sleigh dashed up to the door of the next house. The man who went up to the door carried a small case.

"The doctor," gasped Della.

Later a lady followed and the children saw her white cap at the window where Missy used to sit. Missy's father did not go to his office that day, and the

"I went over," she said, "and told them all about it, and how the snow came in the night and covered them up. They thought it was real angels she was seeing, and that she was dying; but I told them how it was, how she came and said that she dast, and how we made angels, and she has gone to sleep now and is going to get well. And the old doctor talked real cross to Missy's papa and the aunties and said they ought to have more sense, and when she is well again he says they must let her play outdoors a little while every day, so she will get strong like us, and Missy's father says he will."

Della had to stop to get her breath.

"Play with us outdoors?" cried Mary.

"In the snow?" demanded the twins.

"Della nodded. "And she can snowball with us," she said.

"And build a snow man," added Mary.

"And make angels," cried the twins.

Biddy and Hea Brood.

Biddy, the old hen had not been seen around the house for several days. Little Carrie missed her, for it was her special duty to feed old Biddy, and she won-

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Sunday Reading.

Compel Them.

A True Story of Home Missions.

By Mabel Cooper, Souris.

They were gathered in front of the little general store in the town of Murray, a group of rough, toil-worn men. They were eagerly discussing someone, and that someone was the new preacher.

"Kind o' sickly lookin'," said Bill Cairns, a rough, brown-faced farmer, "but that comes of all the trash they cram into their heads now-a-days. Just put him on a plow for a month or so and he'd look better."

"Ye-es, you're right, but it might spoil his white fingers, and bein' as he's a city chap, he wouldn't like that," drawled another.

An intelligent, fine faced farmer here interrupted. "Well, as far as I can see, we need a minister here, if anywhere, and I'm glad for the sake of my boys that service has started again. It doesn't make much difference to me, but it's a poor man that doesn't want his boys to have a chance. As for the minister, better wait till you know him, you can't tell anything about a man from his looks."

"You're right, Jim," old Bill Cairns admitted. "Maybe there is good stuff in him, if he is white and skinny. I guess I'll get out on Sunday to hear him anyway. But I'll have to be movin' and go home, for all the chores are to do."

The little group rapidly melted away, other duties claimed attention, and the new minister was forgotten.

The town of Murray was very small, boasting only a general store, a post-office, a hotel, and a tiny church, together with a few private houses. It was, however the centre of the Mission Field to which the young city student had been sent. The demand exceeded the supply of ministers, and Murray had service only in the summer months.

Sunday found a large congregation in the little white church, the people having come from far and near to hear and see the "new preacher." He was worth both the seeing and hearing. Tall and slight and erect he was, and few who saw his face ever forgot it. Masses of soft, clustering, fair hair, parted and thrown back from the broad, white brow, delicately curved eyebrows, and dark-lashes, veiling eyes of deepest violet; a mouth sweet and sensitive as a woman's, but the chin and firmly set jaw showing the strength and determination of the man. But, above all, it was the face of a man who has fought and suffered, and conquered; the index of a nature, sweet, courteous and kind.

He gave out his text in a clear, even voice. "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

"Men and women," he said, and his voice, low and thrilling, reached the hearts of his listeners, "this is your work as well as mine. It is your divinely appointed duty to bring men and women into the Kingdom of God. You are your 'brother's keeper,' and your responsibility is as great as mine. But you say, 'How are we going to bring them in?' How? By loving them as Christ loved them; by showing the spirit of the Christ in our life each day; by never giving them up. You know the needs of this neighborhood better than I do. My responsibility is great, but no greater than yours. 'Oh, men and women, let us go out in the name of Jesus Christ and compel them to come in.'"

On one listener this appeal had its effect. Bill Cairns lingered at close of service, and, taking the minister's white, thin hand gingerly in his own hard, brown one, blurted out: "Say, I believe you really meant what you said this morning." Thanks, and a smile lit up the minister's pale face. "I did."

"So, Mr. Hilton, I thought as how I'd tell you about old man MacDonald, down by the creek. He and his wife live all alone down there. She's a cripple, and lies in bed all the time. You'd better try your 'compelling' business on them. The old man won't let

the neighbors in, and if you can get into that house, I'm your man."

The minister accepted the challenge. He threw back his head and a new light flashed into his eyes, a light of determination.

"I'll go down to-morrow, Mr. Cairns. Thank you for telling me."

And Mr. Cairns walked away, feeling that something was going to happen.

The first thing that happened was that "old man MacDonald" got a surprise. He was chopping wood in the yard when a young man rode up, tied his horse carelessly to a post, and came over to him with out-stretched hand.

"How are you, Mr. MacDonald?" the

new-comer said. "I am the new minister, my name is Hilton. I called to see your wife, I was told she was sick."

Mr. MacDonald apparently did not see the outstretched hand. He merely looked his visitor over from head to foot, and said in a scornful tone:

"So you're the new minister, and your name is Hilton, eh? Well, Mr. Hilton, you can go back to whoever sent you and tell them we don't need ministers here. Go and preach and sing and pray as much as you like, but remember, I know your tribe, and you don't get in my house."

"Why?" asked the minister, in no-wise disturbed.

"Just because you're not," returned the other doggedly. "You and all your tribe are a set of hypocrites; I want none of you."

The minister turned toward the gate. "Very well, Mr. MacDonald," he said, "I will come back to-morrow, and perhaps you will have changed your mind. Good afternoon."

He mounted his horse and rode off, leaving the old man staring after him with an odd mixture of surprise and annoyance on his face.

Tuesday, the minister came and went home again.

Wednesday, the same result.

Thursday, still no admittance.

On Friday, the old man stopped in his wood cutting with a quizzical look on his face, and said:

"See here, Mr. Hilton, this is the fifth time. Are you going to keep on coming?"

"Until I get in," said the minister.

A grim smile passed over the old man's face.

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"If I let you in, will you promise me to only come once a week?"

"I guess that would about suit me," said the minister.

"Well," I have just been thinking that if I can save five or six visits a week by it, I'll let you in. I don't want you for ever hangin' about the place."

"Thank you," and Mr. Hilton smiled. "I brought my violin around; thought your wife might like to hear some music."

Five minutes later the minister softly opened the door and entered. One quick glance took in the condition of things. The house was untidy and dirty. The remains of the dinner were scattered partly on the table and partly on the floor. The ash pan in the small stove had not been emptied for days, and its contents had overflowed with dismal results. It was a miserable place. A bed stood in one corner of the room, and the hot afternoon sun poured in through the uncurtained window upon its occupant.

The minister stooped over the bed and looked at the woman. He saw a frail, delicate creature, with white, pinched face and snowy hair. The loneliness and misery of her life had formed hard and bitter lines on a face that had once been fair and sweet.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. MacDonald."

The woman's face softened.

"You're the minister, ain't you?" she inquired. "John said as how you had been coming so often. Well, I'm kind of glad to see you. It gets lonesome here sometimes."

The conversation soon died away, for the woman seemed loath to talk. The minister took his violin and began to play softly, "My Ain Countree." He played it once, then seeing the eager interest in the pale face, sang it softly.

"My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair;

For His bluid shall make me white, and
His hand shall dry my ee',
shall dry my ee',
When He brings me home at last to my
ain countree."

He played a little longer, then, rising, bent over her with a smile.

"I must go now. I am coming again next week, if I may."

The woman's face had softened, the hard lines relaxed, but she only said, "You'll play?"

The minister nodded and passed out.

The summer passed and the people of Murray began to discover that their minister was made of "the right kind of stuff." He knew every man, woman and child in the neighborhood, and everyone knew him and loved him. He won their love by various methods. He joined in the games of the children, told stories, sang songs; he cared for the babies, to the relief of the tired mothers, he talked



Trapped at Last.

with the men, learned to make hay, examined machinery, and worked in the field. It took months to win the trust of his people, but they yielded at last, and gave lavishly the love and sympathy he desired. And every week (according to promise) found him by Mrs. MacDonald's bedside. He brought her books and magazines; he sang and played for her. And so at last she opened to him the hidden fountains of hopes and desires. With tears coursing down her pale face she told him of the years of hopeless suffering and misery, and tenderly he told her of the place where sickness is never known, and of the great Physician. One beautiful summer evening he sat by her, telling her of the beauties of the world outside, and the preparations for the coming Sabbath.

"You should just see the church," he



Rainy Creek Log Church, 20 miles south west of Lacombe, Alta.

said, "everything decorated with flowers and leaves and grain. We have an arch of evergreens behind the pulpit, and a great many growing plants besides. We are to have special music, too. A friend of mine is coming from the city to sing."

The sick woman raised herself on her elbow and looked wistfully out of the window.

"How I would like to go, just to be in God's house once more before I die; and it won't be long now."

"That's just what I came for," said the minister eagerly. "I want to take you; I've planned for it. Mrs. Cairns is coming to get you to come with me."

The woman lay back on her pillow, two crimson spots burned in her cheek.

"You want to take me. Why?"

"Because you want to go. Isn't that reason enough?"

The woman shook her head.

"I want to know why you do it. You've come here all summer, and why do you care?"

The minister's fingers lay cool on her forehead as he asked:

"Would Christ care?"

"I think He would."



The first day of Deer Season, 20 miles south west of Lacombe, Alta.



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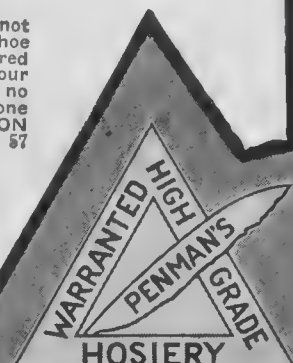
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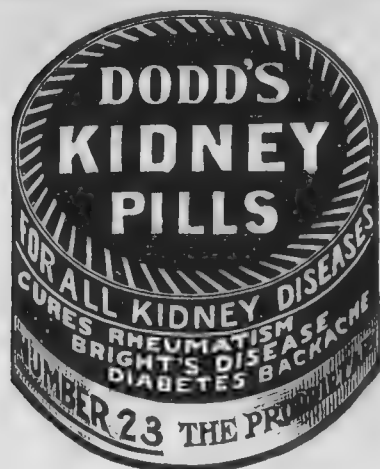
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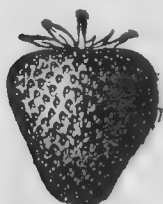
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I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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"Then"—and the voice was lower still—"I care too."

And so it was that on Sunday morning the invalid lay wrapped in shawls and banked in cushions in the minister's buggy. How delicious the drive through the autumn-tinted world, only she who had been so long shut in from it could tell. Then how carefully he lifted her out and carried her into the church. How beautiful were the decorations. How grand the service of prayer and praise to the lonely shut-in woman.

As the minister told very softly and tenderly the story of the "Father's House of many Mansions," the men and women who listened forgot the toil and the worry of the struggle for material things, and came face to face with the realities of things Eternal. And one old woman rested her eyes on the sweet, pure, earnest face of the speaker and thanked God that he had been sent to cheer her loneliness and bring her back to the Father.

The autumn days sped by quickly, and Murray awoke to the fact that Mr. Hilton was going back to college. Not till then did the people realise what he was to them. They gave to him no lengthy, flowery address, but the whole community mourned and refused to be comforted. The children wept; the women discussed his leaving in lowered tones; the young men went back to their work as to a funeral, and even Bill Cairns was heard to tell a group of men in husky tones that he didn't know why he cared—never cared about a minister before—but that young chap was takin' in his way, and he, for one, was sorry to see him go.

With autumn came other changes. Mrs. MacDonald's health began to fail rapidly. To Mr. Hilton this was not a surprise. Her strength had been slowly failing through the long, hot summer months, and now her condition made medical advice necessary. Her husband was at last persuaded to call a physician. But medical aid was of no avail; the doctor shook his head. A greater Physician than he was there and had prescribed for the worn-out body and spirit—Eternal rest. At the close of one glorious autumn day, the sick woman lay propped up with pillows, gazing out, with fast fading eyes, at the glow of the sunset tinted sky. Mrs. Cairns, who, by the minister's pleading had been allowed to come, sat by her. By and by the sick woman turned restlessly.

"Hasn't he come yet?"

Mrs. Cairns bent over her.

"He will be here soon, Mrs. MacDonald. He promised to come, and he always keeps his word. Ah, there he is, now."

The clatter of horse's hoofs stopped before the door, and a moment later the minister entered. The sick woman turned her eyes eagerly toward him as he stooped over her.

"Good evening," he said, and his voice was low, cheery and clear. "How do you feel to-night?"

The dying woman raised herself with an effort.

"It can't be long now," she whispered faintly. "I wanted to tell you something before I go."

The man laid her gently back on the pillow.

"Yes, I'm going to listen, but you mustn't excite yourself, Mrs. MacDonald."

"I wanted to tell you how good you have been to me," went on the weak, faltering voice. "No one ever cared before, and you seemed to care. I thought God had forgotten me, but you made me think He cared. I thought you'd soon get tired of coming to see a poor, miserable cripple like I was, but you came again and again. Day after day I looked for you and you always came. You've been so good to me. I don't know why, I didn't deserve it. But somehow—the woman's voice broke into sobs—somehow you always reminded me—of—Christ. And if I see Him—and you say I will—I'll tell Him—you taught me to love Him—because you cared about me like Him."

"Don't, don't, Mrs. MacDonald," and the young man's voice quivered. "You are wasting strength."

"It doesn't matter now," the feeble voice protested. "It will only be a little while, and I wanted to tell you. Would you call John?"

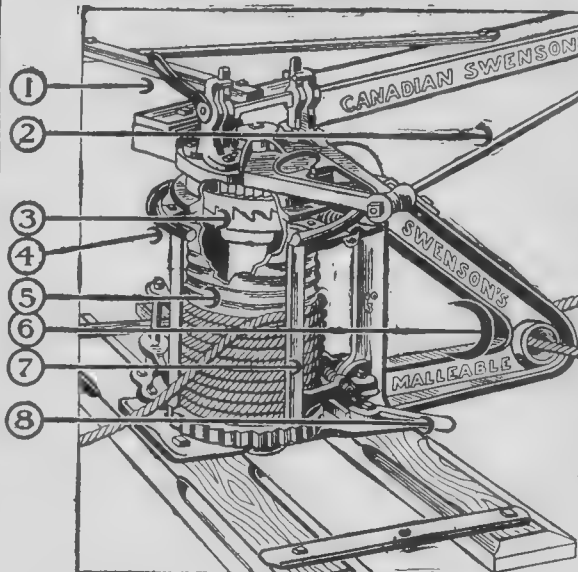
The old man did not need to be called. Before anyone could move he opened the door and entered. His bent form was shaking with heavy sobs as he bent over the bed.

"Mary, Mary, girl, you'll not be going away from me?"

The woman smiled, and patted his roughened cheek with one thin hand.

"Aye, John, it's better that I should

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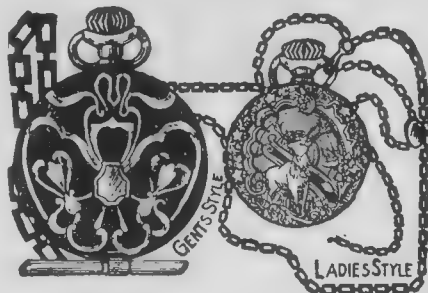
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go—and—you'll—be—coming—soon—."

Her hand dropped, and with one long-drawn sigh she passed out to the Father's Home, where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and where the inhabitants shall never say they are sick.

The old man tenderly laid the still smiling face on the pillow. Then he turned and laid his hand on the minister's shoulder. He spoke in low, measured tones, as one striving to command his voice.

"Perhaps you've wondered, preacher, why I have lived in the way I have. Well, it's partly my fault and partly my neighbors'. At one time I thought it was all my neighbors', but I can see things differently now; you have made me see things. At first I thought you came because you were curious and that you would soon get tired. You didn't get much encouragement, but you kept on coming. You made her happy, and she died with a smile on her face. She was—all I had—and I loved her—although, maybe, you didn't think so."

The man's voice quivered and broke.

The Hope of Heaven.

The critics of evangelical Christianity, not content with cartooning the Church for believing in hell, are now reproving us for believing in heaven. At least, they charge us with being "other-worldly;" with laying too much stress upon the happiness of the life to come. It is urged that we teach men to submit to present injustice in view of the justice of that heaven to which they will soon come. They say that we ignore present sorrow and poverty, and hold up before the poor glowing pictures of the riches and glory of the life to come. In answer to this the Church of Christ has but to point to her hospitals and asylums and homes and manifold agencies for relieving distress. Care for present welfare and care for future happiness are not mutually exclusive. Jesus was always speaking of the joys of Heaven, but He fed the hungry and healed the sick and opened the eyes of the blind.

The truth is that if the church is making any mistake in this matter it is in minimizing the importance of the future life. If it be really true that the present



Among the Daisies.

He paused a moment, then went on huskily:

"I thought I'd given up believing in God—or anything—but I find I haven't. I'll be a better man because you have shown me it is worth while."

The minister turned and gave Mr. MacDonald the benefit of a very tender smile—a smile through tears.

"We'll both be better men," he softly said.

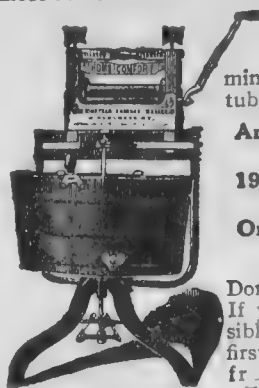
Two days later they laid the worn-out body and still smiling face in the little country graveyard, there to rest till the triumph of the resurrection. As the autumn twilight deepened the minister stood by the freshly made mound. His summer's work was over. Had it been in vain? He raised his face to the silent stars and let the soft wind raise the hair from his heated forehead.

"She sees Thee, my Christ," he murmured, "and I shall see Thee some day. It is enough."

life is "like a morning cloud," if we are to spend an eternity either in happiness or misery, then it is the height of folly to ignore that future in our present choices and conduct? Men are tempted to trade manhood for money; shall they not be warned? Some spend their lives in what seems to be unsuccessful struggle; shall they not be heartened with the thought of to-morrow and its joys? There are hearts that are filled with a great sorrow; shall they go unhelped by the assurance of finding again the dear ones whose going away has left them lonely? If there is a future of happiness for those who love God, why should not that fact be used to guide and cheer and strengthen those who need help in the present? It is well that Jesus has pictured Heaven as a home—our Father's house. We need not worry ourselves over questions which arise about the details of that life. If it is our Father's house, all will be well. There will be cheer and love and joy, and our souls will find satisfaction and gladness. When we come to the end of

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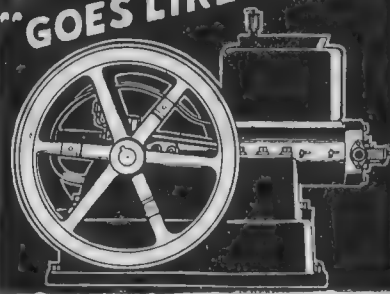
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the journey, it is our Father who stands at the door to welcome us to His own home.—The Standard.

Our Divine Accompanist.

When I was beginning a five-weeks' tour in Scandinavia, a considerable burden lay on my soul. It seemed so unlikely that any special impression could be produced by addresses delivered through interpretation! Besides which, I did not know how far my way of setting forth the truth would be consistent with the methods of thought characteristic of the religious people whom I might address.

Under the impression of these thoughts, I was taking my first meal in my friend's house in Copenhagen, when another gentleman, an Englishman, who had just returned from a town in Norway, happened to narrate the following incident. It had occurred in a hotel

where he was staying, in one of the most beautiful parts of Norway, much frequented by tourists.

A little girl was staying in this hotel with her parents, and was at that trying age when small fingers are beginning to find their way about the piano, striking as many wrong notes as right ones; and young nerves do not seem particularly sensitive to the anguish which such attempts are capable of inflicting on others. She knew one or two tunes sufficiently well to be able to make them out with one finger; and with these she made the guests familiar, to their despair.

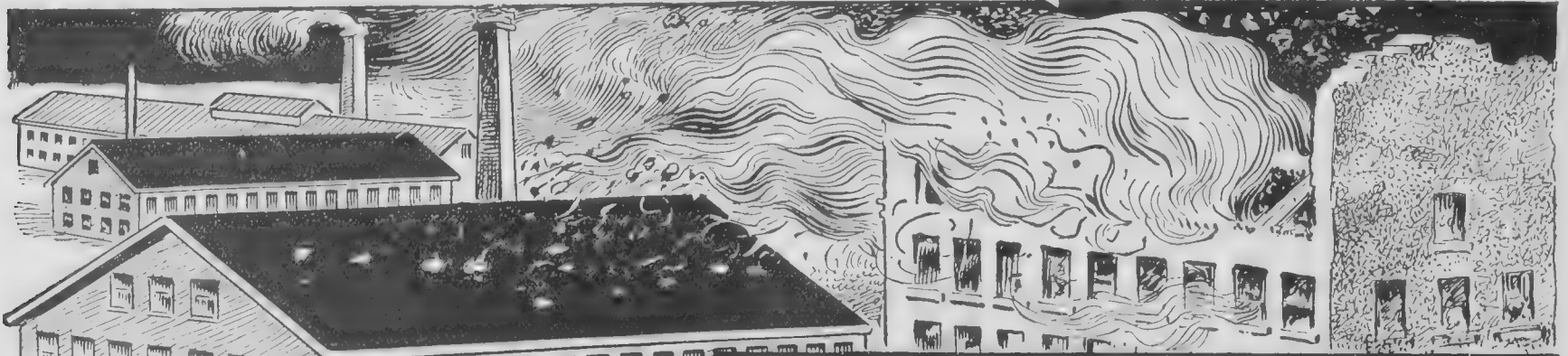
But one day a brilliant musician came to the hotel, took in the situation, and sat down beside the small musician, accompanying her with the most exquisite improvisation. Each note of hers only gave him a new motif for chords of surpassing beauty, whilst the drawing-room, now crowded with people, breathlessly listened.

When the performance was over, the illustrious accompanist took the little maiden by the hand, and led her blushing around the company, saying, "Let me introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady to whom you are indebted for the music to which you have been listening."

It was true. They were indebted to her for the music, because her efforts had led to his magnificent accompaniment; but his part in the joint performance had led to a deep impression, and it was he whom they were destined to remember.

It is difficult to describe how greatly that simple story helped me through the following weeks, and will help me so long as I live. At the best, one has only a very slight knowledge of the eternal harmonies, and can only strike out single broken notes of them, sometimes with long pauses between. The great new song, which is always breaking forth in the eternal spaces, is imperfectly apprehended; and even what is apprehended is imperfectly conveyed, through the inadequacy of human language. Sometimes it would seem that the celestial chords ring through our heart and brain, but how to express them we find not. But at such times God comes to help us. It is as if He supplies by the suggestions of His Spirit to our hearer's souls the deep things which ear hath not heard, because speech hath not spoken them.

Especially when repeating by translation I have been conscious of this. I have realized that my words were being deprived of a great deal that might seem attractive and even necessary; the personal element, at least, has been reduced to a minimum; but there has been so manifest an effect produced on my hearers that I have known that the hands of the Redeemer have been also laid on the souls before me, awakening responses in the bass of emotion and in the treble of volition, which will never cease to vibrate to all eternity.



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Phone 47



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We have much pleasure in telling you frankly, that your Brantford Roofing, proved in our recent fire to be practically fire-proof.

The buildings that surrounded the burned barrel Factory, were covered with your one ply Roofing, and stood the intense heat, and shower of cinders, blowing directly on them by a very strong wind, splendidly, and saved the sheds from catching.

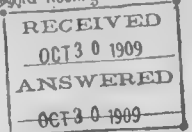
We might say, that no water was used on these sheds, and if your Roofing had not been fire-proof, they certainly would have burned.

We assure you, that you do not exaggerate the quality of your goods; and Brantford Roofing, has been to us, all you claimed for it.

YAS.

Yours faithfully,
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W. A. Fraser



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The Toronto officials recognize a real fire-resistant roofing when they find one. So do the fire insurance companies. They will give you lower rates for buildings covered with Brantford Roofing. This is a consideration worth thinking about when buying roofing material.

You can put Brantford Roofing on your home or barn or any other building and feel sure that it has a fire-proof roof. You can erect the building right beside the railway track. "Flying sparks" are no menace to a roof protected with Brantford Roofing.

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You cannot always judge the quality of a roofing by its price. Lower-grade roofings are often sold at about the same price as Brantford Roofing. So make sure you select Brantford Roofing.

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Correspondence.

An Anxious Enquirer.

Roland, Man.
Sir,—Will you be so kind as to find space in the W.H.M. for this small note. If this should meet the eye of Scottie would he please communicate at once with Hiacinth. Wishing your paper every success.

Lonely & Free.

An Amiable Alien.

Patchgrove, Sask., Dec. 30th, 1910.
—Goot tay meester! Von happy Xmas and Merry New Years I wishes you haf got. Ay hof bin de gorresbondence golumn reading 2 year und a half next Xmas und vood like von letter to wrote. Ven I sees py der baper dot some gurls iss lonesomeness in Alberta und Sask. den goes bump de bumps mine heart mit joy for den tinks me mit mineself, may-be dot girl like me too und maype vill wrote me somedings. So den ay say here goes, und I sits me down und von letter I wrote. But dat for me bin von awful shob for mine pen all ofer der baper vants to go.

Vell girls I iss von dandy, burty as von picture of loveliness. I iss von Yankee maype, haf got such beautiful hairs, nice und long und yellow, plue eyes, leetle white mustache und wear No. 14 shoes. Mine head vas leetle too

for Batty O'Toole, she is the girl for him, and says Archibald would have made a good slave driver. Now I will try to describe myself, the boys calls me Buff Walk; am 5 feet 8 inches in height; have blue eyes and golden hair and am not bad looking, at least the girls say so. Would some of the girls take pity on us and write just for pastime? we are not much at writing letters, but will answer all who will take pity on us, so will sign "Spider and Buffwalk."

Kindly Criticism for "Only a Mere Girl."

Dundurn, Sask.

Sir,—May I ask your kind indulgence in making a reply to a letter written by "Only a Mere Girl" published in the Western Home Monthly?

There are several points in that letter which are well worth consideration and discussion. That epistle written by "Only a Mere Girl," sensible as it appears in my opinion is even more charitable, generous and womanly. But it is too much so! My dear girl, you are not too human, but you are too humane in your treatment of the brute! You are simply too good to us boys. You make us feel as though we can smoke and chew and drink, swear, curse, fuss and fight—do any old thing we please—



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\$2 Costume Skirt for 75c. and a Pair of Ladies' Fashionable Shoes FREE.

State correct length, waist, size, and how worn. Lace or Button. State correct and hip measurements.

THE SATISFIER Costume Skirt is made specially to your own measurements from our famous hard wearing Yorkshire Serges, seven gores, raised seams, cut full, fit, style and finish being perfect. In Black, Navy, Grey, Brown or Myrtle. Every purchaser will be presented with a pair of Ladies' Shoes absolutely Free. Costume Skirt and Shoes carefully packed in one parcel and sent per return mail; carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount \$1. Remittances to be made in Money Order or Dollar Bill only. Dep. 256, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO., SHIPLEY, BRADFORD, ENGLAND.

Kindly note our interest in you does not cease unless you are perfectly satisfied. These goods are admitted by far the best value in the world.



HERE'S A MASTERPIECE IN BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE **FIFE**

Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer.

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Reva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hobnails as desired.

PER PAIR \$4.75, CARRIAGE PAID Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE. A. T. Hogg, 103 Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

Films Developed

10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 8 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c. **VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;** 3½x3½, 3½x4½, 4c.; 4x5.5a, 5c.

Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.

GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY WINNIPEG

STUDY AT HOME

FARM BOOKKEEPING

The Only Strictly Farmer's Course Farm Business from Start to Finish

F. E. WERRY'S SCHOOL OF FARM ACCOUNTING
BRANDON, MANITOBA



After dinner hour in Camp.

big und I vas so sweet as sauerkraut und abbelsauce togedder mixed. I bin goot poy, but somedimes into fight I gits. But ven I fights I fixes him blenty. I shust shuts von eye und den I shtrikes his fist mit de oder von und den if he don't quits I shtucks mine nose between his teeth und I vill nefer let go.

Also von good musician I iss. "Der Wacht am Rhine" on de moutorgan I can blay, und de first verse uf "Home, Sweet Home" on de biano, I can play mit von finger. I can de fiddel blay too but den mine fingers und tumbs in each oders vay somdimes gets so he always don't sound right too yet.

Von homestead I haf got too und it gets lonesomeness mit me somedimes. I vood von letters like to got from Jolly Girl und her dwo frients too somedimes.

For dis dime I vill glose und de Editor's vishes von jolly goot New Years und successfulness. Goodnight shirt, "Yawkob Shtraus."

Hurry Up, Girls.

Lemberg, Sask.

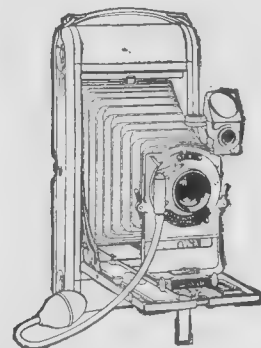
Sir,—Would you allow two bachelors to join your circle? We are both Englishmen; Spider has been out here about five years, and is five feet six inches high and is considered by the girls to be a stunner. He has brown curly hair and has grey eyes; has a dainty little foot and such a nice hand and would like to correspond with some of the girls between 20 and 25 years of age. He says 3 cheers

and you'll still like us just as much! All honor to you. But ah, that's simply too much of a good thing! We could never stand that!"

But perhaps I am going a little further than the writer really meant to go. However, the letter gives the impression—and that, I think, is the intention—that, as a general rule, girls are too insistent in their objection to smoking, chewing, drinking, etc., in young men. She does not state what she means by "minor habits," but I take it that she means the moderate or occasional indulgence in those luxuries and such other habits as appear to have little evil consequences. But it is necessary to make a distinction here.

When we talk about habits, we mean something that has already become an established rule of action, a man's second nature, a part of a man's personality. A habit is not an irregularity, not an occasional indulgence, but an established fact, something that has become a customary and necessary part of man's existence. Habit, then, is something more than a mere "outward garb"; it is more than an exterior "worldly covering for God's creation." It is an intimate part of his character; it is intertwined with the man physically and spiritually. It cannot be thrown off like an old coat; indeed not! On the contrary, habit is a tough fibre well woven into the fabric.

Again, there are good habits and bad habits. When a man has none of the



DUFFIN & CO., LTD.

Importers and Dealers in Photo Supplies both Professional and Amateur

472 Main St., Winnipeg

Enclose 5c. for illustrated catalogue and prices



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Heart Trouble

Caused Dizziness, Weakness and Smothering Spells.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found to be the most effective medicine on the market.

Mrs. F. Leslie Craig, 114 Erie Ave., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble which caused dizziness, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of Dr.'s medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and before I had finished one box I felt so much better I continued their use by taking two boxes. I highly recommend these pills to any one suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

are payable all over the World.

Absolutely the best way to remit money by mail.

Travellers' Cheques Issued

Money sent by Telegraph and Cable. Foreign Money bought and sold

Rates for Money Orders

\$5 and under	-	-	3 cents
Over 5 to \$10	-	-	6 "
" 10 to 30	-	-	10 "
" 30 to 50	-	-	15 "

On Sale in all Can. Pac. Ry. Stations.

Music Lessons Free

AT YOUR HOME. Write today for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument Piano, Organ, Violin, etc. Address **American School of Music, 1 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ills.**



BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS. 20 Popular Songs with words and music, 20 stories of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for all popular games, 100 Comedians, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once. No stamps taken. George Grattan, New Glasgow, Que., Can.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1036, Windsor, Ont.**



Watches FREE

We give all grades of Watches for selling our Fine Art Post Cards at 10c per doz. Order 20 pkgs. today. When sold, send us the \$2.00 and we will send you an elegant 6 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us today. **BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 63, CHICAGO**

above mentioned habits, he is not a "habitless creature," any more than is a woman without them. He is not a "perfect" man; there are enough other shortcomings to distinguish him from an angel, that make him very human. No girl need be afraid, when she demands that her prospective husband be free from the tobacco and liquor habit, that she is asking too much; indeed not. It is ever her duty to demand it, in addition to honesty, uprightness and chastity. It is her duty, because she exerts a great influence over his character and conduct. On the other hand, to demand less than that is setting a double standard. We men do not tolerate those habits in women, and it is wrong that women tolerate them in men. To say that a man cannot be equally free from them is under-estimating his ability.

Furthermore, there is nothing manly about being a smoker, chewer, drinker or gambler; there is nothing manly in being addicted to any bad habit. In fact, such as are, are weaklings to the extent that they are unable to overcome them, and are often morally deficient in other ways. This is being more and more recognized everywhere to-day. It is being insisted upon that young men in the most responsible places in banks, stores or offices be free from any and all of the objectionable habits mentioned.

Now, is it asking too much, then, when a girl insists that the young man, be he farmer, laborer or business man,



Harvesting his First Alberta Crop.

whom she expects to put in an even more responsible place—at the head of the family—be free from them? No; and in doing so she is laying the foundation for a healthier and happier home, for a stronger race and a more enduring nation.

Now, if there is among the readers of the W.H.M. a sweet-tempered, sensible, healthy, Christian girl, fairly well educated, a lover of home and children, dark haired and light complexioned, medium height and weight, 21 to 26 years of age, who appreciates and knows the value of clean, temperate habits in young men, I would like to correspond with her. I am 28 years of age, dark haired, light complexioned, 5 feet 7½ inches tall, and weight about 150 lbs. My address I leave with the editor.

Only a Mere Boy.

Another Interested Farmer.

Harris, Sask.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for the past three years, and I am pleased to see the progressive stages it has made during that time. The interesting and instructive articles to be found within its pages makes it a valuable family paper for old and young alike. The correspondence columns also add additional interest to the paper. It would be a good idea—and I would like to see it—that is, for your numerous correspondents to open up a general discussion on various topics, which would be both educational and instructive. I note the most discussed subject at present is the "chore" question, which affects the fairer sex. I, like the majority of your correspondents, think a woman's place is in the house; but at the same time there are occasions aris-

"Sovereign" Sheathing Felt

(Trade Mark Registered)

Cuts Down Coal Bills

The house whose walls, ceilings and floors are interlined with "SOVEREIGN" Sheathing Felt is draftproof, easily heated and comfortable in the severest weather.

"SOVEREIGN" Sheathing Felt is really light-weight Ruberoid—the same fabric with Wool, saturated and coated with the same Ruberoid Gum. It contains no paper, oil or tar; is clean, odorless, waterproof, vermin-proof, fire-resisting and will not rot or become mouldy.

Its slight extra cost is returned to you with interest in lower coal bills and greater comfort.

Get a sample of "SOVEREIGN" Felt from the nearest Ruberoid Dealer, or write us direct for sample and Booklet M.

The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited

Sole Canadian makers of Ruberoid Roofing

286 St. James St., Montreal

179 Bannatyne Ave. East, Winnipeg

25 Pender St., Vancouver

DEALERS
EVERYWHERE

Get the kidneys well and avoid most ills

NEARLY two-thirds of the diseases that afflict mankind can be traced to kidney troubles and faulty action of the urinary organs. Naturally, for the kidneys are the body's blood-filter. It is their function to strain from the blood all poisonous or waste matter. This dangerous stuff must be carried off by the urinary system—and it cannot be unless the kidneys work freely, actively, healthily. Unless they do work so, the kidney's solvent secretion—uric acid—gets into the blood—and then beware of rheumatism, backaches, headaches, and worse—even dread and deadly Bright's disease or diabetes. Then avoid clogged kidneys—keep them clean—flush them and tone them regularly with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills—the harmless, direct-acting, certain remedy that will keep your kidneys and bladder healthy IF YOU TAKE THEM IN TIME.

SOLD
EVERYWHERE

OR MAILED
DIRECT



The box is
twice as big
as this picture

The
Martin, Bole
& Wynne Co.
Winnipeg, Canada

These pills are a specific—not a 'shot-gun' hit-or-miss remedy. They act directly upon the kidneys, and keep them and the urinary tract in perfect health and vigor. They are purely vegetable; quick to act; sure to benefit. You should never be without them in the house or when travelling. Especially beneficial to women. 34

Home Decorations

NOTHING MORE ARTISTIC THAN

"GALT" Ceilings and Side Walls

DESIGNS are most suitable for all classes of rooms

"GALT" Steel Sidings

Represent Pressed Brick, Rough Brick and Stone.

DUNN BROTHERS WINNIPEG
REGINA

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—“I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die



during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life.”—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

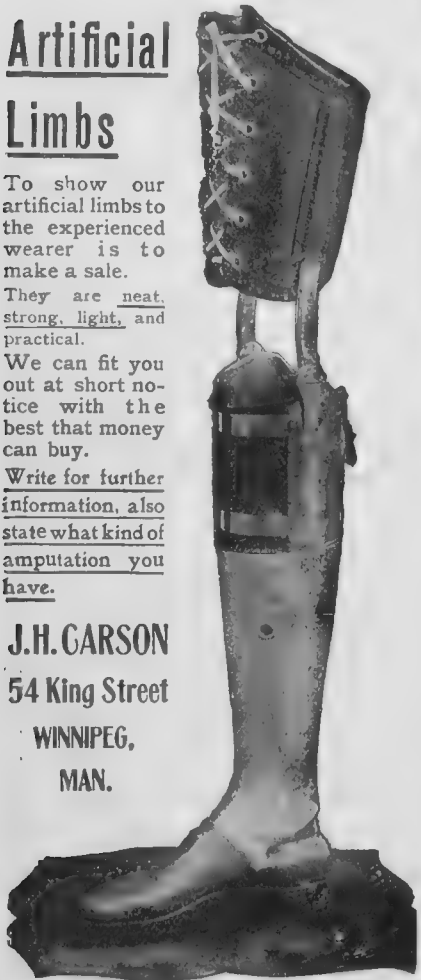
We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON

54 King Street

WINNIPEG,
MAN.



FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERKY, Dgls. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

ing, especially during the busy times, when a man is perhaps unable to attend to his chores at the proper time, that a little assistance from his fair partner would be highly appreciated, and in many cases I believe would be conducive to the interests of both and would likely add to the happiness and comfort of their home. Of course, I am aware that there are some men who would not probably give the wife the credit she deserves for her assistance, but I think they are few and far between. “Blue-bell,” of the October number, certainly seems to have broad minded and reasonable views on this subject, which should ensure complete happiness between husband and wife. The long winter evenings are with us once again, and I would like to open up correspondence with some of the readers of the fair sex, and I will promise to answer all letters promptly. My occupation, farmer; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 150 lbs.; hair brown, eyes brown, and have seen 30 summers.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for taking

to have as a motto “Forward!” One of the first things I notice is the good selection of advertisements that are always to be found in this journal, and I am sure the firms who advertise in your paper have good reason to be pleased. Being from the Old Land, I naturally turn to the “Scotch Column,” and always find some good food for thought. The next to get attention is usually the “Philosopher,” on which page I am sure to find something pithy; then the “Young Man and His Problem,” where there is always to be found splendid advice. I often wonder how many of the young men take these things in and think about them. Hope I have not talked past my time, as old folks are apt to do, but just before stopping would like to say I notice an article, “Doing Men's Work,” which I must read to the old wife just to let her see how well off she is. If some of the young fellows could see us now, they would not think that homesteading is such a bad job after all. And I am sure it is fine to know the place



A Sportsman's Offering.

up your valuable time, I trust the W.H.M. will continue to have renewed success. I will sign myself—

Firefly.

Who Will Write to Farmer Jack?

Blue Hill P.O., Sask.

Sir,—I am a subscriber to your paper, and have been much interested in the correspondence column. I have been reading this column for two years, but it is only now that I have got up enough courage to write.

I am a bachelor farmer, between 30 and 40 years of age. I own a nice half-section of land in a good neighborhood.

Would like to correspond with “Western Star” or any who wish to write.

Farmer Jack.

The Kind of Letters We Like to Get.

Man., Jan. 11th, 1911.

Sir,—Your January copy of the Western Home Monthly has come to hand, and on taking a casual look through it I thought I might chip in with a word of congratulation. The paper seems

is your own after you have put in your time. With best wishes from

An Old Scotsman.

An Admirer in Brandon.

Brandon, Man.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your magazine now for four years, although not a continual subscriber. In this time I have noticed its extraordinary expansion, which I trust will still continue.

Although, as a whole, I appreciate all of the magazine, I am particularly interested in the “Young Man and His Problem,” “The Philosopher,” and the “Correspondence.”

Thanking you in anticipation.

Brandon Reader.

Buffalo Bill is Lonely.

Blue Hill, Sask.

Sir,—I am not a subscriber to your paper, but they take it where I board. I find the correspondence columns quite interesting and illuminating. I am a bachelor, 25 years of age, and have been

Had Severe Pains In Back.

Felt As If It Must Break.

Mr. Alfred E. Davis, Gorrie, Ont., writes:—“For some years I suffered from severe pains in my back, and could hardly work at all, and when I stooped down to pick up anything felt as if my back must break. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking two boxes was entirely cured, and I feel that I cannot speak too highly in their favor.”

“This was nearly four years ago and I still remain cured.”

For Backache, Lame Back, Weak Back, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stitches, twitches and twinges, limbering up the stiff back and giving perfect comfort.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering direct specify “Doan's.”

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with

married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

\$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—
You Can Have it Free and Be
Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: “Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.”

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time, 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

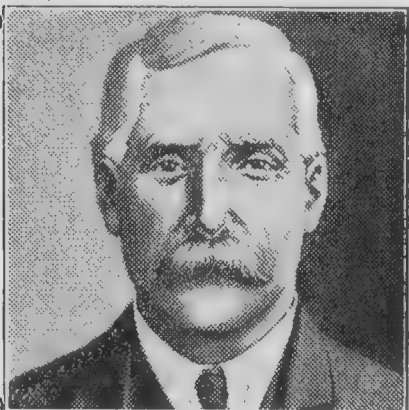
RAGING HEADACHE STOPPED AT ONCE

When He Took "Fruit-a-tives"

SHANLY, ONT., Sept. 23rd, 1910.
"You certainly have the Greatest discovered Headache Cure in the world. Before "Fruit-a-tives" came before the public, I suffered tortures from Headaches caused by Stomach Disorders.

"One of your travellers called on me when I had one of my raging headaches and had my head almost raw from external applications.

"I hated to see any person coming into the store (much less a commercial traveller) and I told him very curtly that I had a headache but he insisted on my trying "Fruit-a-tives".



"I did so, with what I would call amazing results. They completely cured me and since then (nearly six years ago) it is only necessary for me to take one occasionally to preserve me in my present good health. I was 65 years old yesterday and have been a general store keeper at the above address for twenty-five years".

WM. PITT

As Mr. Pitt says "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest headache cure in the world.

Dealers everywhere have "Fruit-a-tives" at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50 or trial size, 25c. or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The
Original
and
Only
Genuine

BEWARE
of
Imitations
sold
on the
Merits
of
MINARD'S
LINIMENT



Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best
—Most convenient. It cleanses
instantly. Ask your
druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.
WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

homesteading. I certainly sympathize with the bachelors, for it is a very lonesome life. Have a fair education, and am very fond of literature and history. This helped me very much in my homesteading, as I passed many a pleasant hour reading.

As I am far from home and have few correspondents, would like to correspond with any one who wishes to write. Perhaps I have said enough this time.
Buffalo Bill.

How Many Grapes Did She Eat?

Sask.

Sir.—Have chanced to run across the Western Home Monthly a few times, and of course my first dig is for the Correspondence column. Say, I think it's just lots of fun reading those letters. How they do bang one another around. I do believe they are a real saucy bunch, but maybe some one will think as much of me. But I must hurry, as I have only a few minutes to string this off. Now, I suppose you will wonder what my hurry is. Well, I want my supper. As it is, I am eating two grapes for every word I write. Say, won't you have a bunch? If you don't hurry they will be all gone. Oh, pshaw! I must quit my nonsense, and tell you what kind of a guy I am. I don't work very hard; in fact, work and I fell out last week. I like sports of all kinds, and let me assure you there are lots where I live just like me. So I am not the only toad in the puddle.

I see some one is in sympathy with the "Doctor." By the way some of them go for him I think he must be an outlaw. Wish I could get a look at him. However, I will not pass my opinion on him as I never had much to do with doctors.

Now for my opinion of what a man—I mean a husband—should be. (Oh, no! I am not looking for one by any means.) I think he ought to think his wife just the only woman in the world, not expect her to drudge and do all sorts of heavy work; when he comes home, to meet her with a smile and a smack; and just make her love him.

As to his habits. Well, he—for mine must not drink or chew; as to a smoke—well, poor, fellow, if it does him any good, let him have one or two, not more in a day, and don't smoke a pipe or strong tobacco till you can't stand the smell of the house or room he has been in. As for his looks—I do like manly beauty. But, then, beauty never made the pot boil, and is only skin deep. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will bear with me for one minute longer, I will describe what there is of me. My weight is 110 lbs.; complexion—well, between a blonde and brunette; curly teeth, purple hair and yellow eyes. Now, did you ever see such a sight! And if any of you bachelors wish to write to me, I am not as bad as I will appear to you in this letter. But don't be bashful people one and all, as I would love to get a few letters, and all will be answered promptly. I have oceans of time to write, so get busy.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is my first letter, and I can fancy I hear you say, "I do hope it's your last!" However, I hope to see it in print, as I would be very much pleased to have a few correspondents. I will sign myself
Saucy Mink.

Argus is Critical.

Strathmore, Alta.

Sir,—I am very much interested in your paper, and believe that it should be in every household in Canada. I specially like the correspondence, and very often take the trouble to read the various letters more than once. My attention was drawn to several opinions expressed in a letter from "Hiawatha." His letter appeared in the January number of the W. H. M. With your permission I will criticise two of his statements. To quote his own words: "People are more apt to fall in love with a man's letters than with the man himself, but, thinking they love the man, they marry him, and in a few months find out their mistake. The letter from an unsatisfied wife shows this to be true."

I beg leave to take exception to these

Coughs and Colds

Spring's Danger Signals!

Some people are so peculiarly subject to colds that they require to have preventive medicines on hand always.

Mathieu's Syrup

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

should be taken at the very first symptoms. It "breaks the cold up" quickly and strengthens the affected organs while it builds up the system generally.

Large Bottle 35c.

When headache and fever are present take Mathieu's Nervine Powders to reduce the fever and relieve the pain.

Box of 18 Powders 25c.

J. L. Mathieu Co., Props., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Distributors for Western Canada:

FOLEY BROS. LARSON & COMPANY

Winnipeg

Edmonton

Vancouver

Saskatoon

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment

a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickiness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:
MRS. M. SUMMER3, Box H. 86 WINDSOR, Ont.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—no test of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of female weakness or disease so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a 50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free. Address,
MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 753, JOLIET, ILL. U.S.A.



Ate Unwisely? Sometimes people do, and suffer because the stomach balks.

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

relieve the discomfort at once, and help digest the overload. The lover of good things may feel quite safe with a box of NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets at hand. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them.

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Perpetual Youth

Let Me Tell You How to Regain All Your Old Vim, Vigor and Manly Strength. Be a "Health Belt Man;" Feel Young for Balance of Your Life. Age Doesn't Count if You Have the Vitality.



by some earlier indiscretion. My Health Belt is essentially a strength giver. It overcomes the private symptoms of weakness in men which sap the vitality. If you are nervous and lack manly vigor, you are passing away thousands of brain cells every day. Ask your physician if this is not true. I stop this awful, weakening process. You wear my Health Belt nights; while sleeping a great stream of soft electricity passes into your body at the small of the back; it cures backache in one application; you feel better immediately; inside of an hour; two months will make a new man of you. No drugs; no privations; no restrictions except that you must give up all dissipation. Let me restore your vitality and you will be able to face the world with new ambitions. The Health Belt cures other ailments, too. A positive remedy for rheumatism in any part of the body, sciatica, lumbago, kidney, liver, stomach disorders.

Special attachments furnished, and worn by women as well as men.



Let Me Send You These Two Books FREE

They fully describe my Health Belt and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature," and deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders. The other, "Strength," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. It is better than a fortune for any one needing new vigor.

Dr. W. A. Sanden Co., 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

statements. On what authority does he make them? If a man is able to win a girl's affection merely by his correspondence, I should say that he is worthy of the girl or that the girl was not worth winning. I am of opinion that correspondence reveals a person's character far more truly than occasional meetings. I never knew anyone who could write a nice letter who was not a nice person to live with. Whether they would be suitable for a life partner is an entirely different question and can only be decided by the persons themselves. What appeals to one person in a letter does not appeal to another, and so we have various opinions of what constitutes a really nice letter. I wonder if Hiawatha can give us an example of a girl falling in love with a man's letters and then marrying him on the strength of that love? I think she would be hard to find. Such an instance has certainly never come to my knowledge. The second statement calls for brief comment.

The letter from an unsatisfied wife does not show the first statement to be true. I think I am correct in saying that an unsatisfied wife did not marry her husband on the strength of her love for his letters. I would like Hiawatha to explain to us how he can reconcile these two statements.

Although my criticism may appear to be somewhat harsh, it is certainly not intended to be so. Apparently Hiawatha is still very young and inexperienced. I admire his outspoken opinions about dancing as it is practised in this twentieth century. I never could, however, see any harm in a quiet game of cards, though I very rarely play, not liking the game. I am delighted to hear that Hiawatha is a Christian. I sincerely hope he may remain so. There are far too few Christians in this world. There are several other criticisms I should like to make of Hiawatha's letter, but I fear my letter is becoming tedious, so I will conclude. Thank you, dear Editor, for this space.

"Argus."

Pete is Welcome.

Tuxford, Sask.

Sir,—Being a reader and subscriber to your valuable magazine, may I enter your charming circle of correspondents? As it is very dull here on the winter evenings, I would like, with your assistance to gain a few correspondents to pass time away and exchange views with same. I long for spring with its healthful climate and fine scenery, as I only live about a mile and a half from Buffalo Lake, in the Qu'appelle Valley. The lake is about 15 miles long and from ¼ to ½ miles wide, with high hills and deep ravines on each side, and to the south and west a level prairie, and north and east more rolling prairie. The country is getting quite well settled around here, the prairie mostly broken up and raising good crops each year. I live in the famous Moosejaw district, and am very well satisfied with having come from Iowa five years ago, and would not care to go back there to live. I will sign myself

"Pete."

Wild Olive has her Say.

Elm Creek, Man.

Sir,—Here is another member who would like to gain admission to your club and not to the w.p.b. I am very young—only 15. Have blue eyes, fair complexion, brown hair, and am 5 ft. 2 in. tall. I am fond of music and embroidery. I also play cards and dance, and am very fond of outdoor sports. I like the violin and organ. I play a little on the organ myself. Now, girls and boys, do you suppose "Archibald" really meant all he said. I believe he is just a jolly boy who wrote for fun, and is perhaps laughing at your criticising him. If we all meant all we say, I am afraid we should have a rather dry time. Some of the letters are very good, and perhaps "Archibald's" letter cheered some poor, lonely "homesteader" up who took it in fun. I know I only laughed when I read it. And I always read all the letters every month. I would like a few correspondents of either sex between 15 and 25. Gentlemen who write must not be of the

All Skin Diseases

Can be Directly Traced To BAD BLOOD.

Therefore to get rid of these skin diseases it is absolutely necessary that the blood should be thoroughly cleansed of the accumulated poisons, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters.

This remedy has been on the market for over thirty-five years and when you use it you are not experimenting with some new and untried remedy.

Miss Stella Eichel, Maitland Forks, N.S., writes:—"I have been bothered with Salt Rheum on my hands for three years and it itched so I didn't know what to do. I tried everything but nothing seemed to be any good. I heard of Burdock Blood Bitters and bought two bottles of it, and now I am perfectly cured and have no Salt Rheum on my hands any more. I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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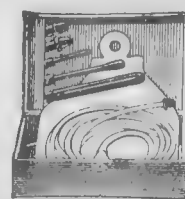
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GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

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If it's made of **RUBBER** We Have It. Write us and mention your wants. **INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.** Box 1008. Montreal.

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ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist,

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PIPE

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.

Order 3 or More Today

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rough type. Of course, I do not quite admire the man who cannot dance or play cards or smoke, or even take a drink for company sake and then leave it alone. I have no use for a fellow without manners either, for I think if a young man has manners he can always make a few friends for himself. I do not like to see a man chew or a girl chew gum on the street. And I wish those who do would just read the "Young Woman and her Problem," and perhaps she would see her mistake. I do not mind what your occupation is so long as you are either a lady or a gentleman. Of course, I will expect you to write first. Wishing the Editor and his club every success, I will sign myself "Wild Olive."

From the Old Country.

Sir,—Once again may I bother you to hear me? Having read your book for the past twelve months, I have felt and do still feel interested in the correspondence column. I am nineteen years of age, fair complexioned, and 5 ft. 7 in. in height. Am thoroughly domesticated, having kept house for my father for over two years. I am very fond of music, and can play the piano and try at singing sometimes. I am a very lonely maiden, and spend most of my time at needlework, of which I am very fond. Now, boys pass an evening away by sending a line or two to a lonely English girl who scarcely ever gets a letter. I have read a lot about Canada, and would like to hear more about the great Dominion. Now, trusting I have not taken too much space and that some boy and I will exchange letters. Wishing you and your book every success, I remain

"Grey Eyes."

Western Girl will Correspond.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Sir,—Here comes another interested reader of your valuable paper, the W.H.M. I am not a subscriber, but manage to get hold of it quite often. The correspondence column especially interest me, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I suppose I had better describe myself. I am 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weigh 107 lb., have brown eyes and brown curly hair. Well, my complexion is neither dark nor fair, and as for my looks, I will leave that for someone else to decide. I am very fond of good, clean sports, such as riding, roller and ice skating, swimming, boating, etc., and I love to see a good game of hockey or baseball. Like many other girls, I object very much to drinking or chewing, but do not mind smoking. I wonder how Happy-go-Lucky, Cowpuncher, Mountain Tough, or some of those poor, lonely bachelors would like to correspond with me. If they do, my address is with the Editor. Wishing your paper and club every success, I will sign myself "A Western Girl."

We Forwarded the Letter.

Vancouver, B.C.

Sir,—I am working at a logging camp at present, and the above address is where I get my mail, and the people in charge forward to us whenever there is a boat coming up. The "Mission" boat was here the other day, and among other periodicals left at this camp was a copy of your magazine, which I was pleased to see again. I used to work in Alberta, but left owing to the cold winters, which did not agree with me. In your paper I noticed that some other people are lonesome, as I am sometimes, so I have just dropped a few lines to the "Gold Dust Twins," to whom please forward the enclosed. Thanking you in anticipation and wishing you every success,

"Pills."

Want to be Among the Girls.

Bethune, Sask.

Sir,—I am an interested reader of your valuable paper, especially the correspondence columns, and as things are going pretty slow around here and young ladies very scarce, I ask for a little space, so put me among the girls. I don't want to be put on the matrimonial list as yet, but would just like

to get acquainted with some of the fairer sex, which might possibly lead to the all-important question. I am English, 23 years of age, blue eyes, brown hair, 5 ft. 9 in. tall, weigh 175 lb., T.T., and don't smoke or chew. I would like to correspond with some young lady with blue eyes, dark hair, rosy cheeks, and about 20 years of age. I will answer all letters and P.C.'s, so come along, girls. My address will be with the Editor. Hoping to see this in print, I'll sign off. "Semper Fidelis."

From the North West Territories.

Lesser Slave Lake, Alta.

Sir,—I am a constant reader of your interesting magazine, and am very much interested in the correspondence. I am 25 years of age, about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and weigh about 145 or 150 lb.; have a moustache, fair hair, and brown eyes. I smoke, but do not chew or drink. I am where drink cannot always be obtained, only by getting a permit from a medical man, but anyway I never did drink, so it does not affect me in any shape or form. We have very few white girls out here, and could count all the single ones on the fingers of one hand, and these are within a radius of 50 miles. I would be very pleased to receive any letters from any of the opposite sex who care to write. I will promise to answer all or any letters. I am very fond of driving and riding, and do quite a lot of both, having three horses of my own, one saddle beast, and the others a team to drive. My address is with the Editor, so I will sign myself "Reggie."

Praise for the W.H.M.

Carberry, Man.

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me through your correspondence columns to express my thanks for the great amount of pleasure received through reading your interesting paper, the W.H.M.? I enjoy very much the correspondence pages. While I cannot agree with all that is written, yet these letters show us the different characters in human nature. Some will write just as they think and feel, while others do just the opposite. I also enjoy the pages devoted to the young men's and young women's problem. The "Temperance Talks" are good, and the "Women's Quiet Hour" and—well, I shall have to stop, as when I begin to enumerate I hardly know which is the best, every page seems to contain something helpful and good. Your publication deserves a wide circulation. I am sure among your readers there are sightseers and travellers who would give much pleasure to many, if not all, of the correspondence readers by relating or giving a brief description of some of their travels. As for myself, I think such letters are of particular interest, and I enjoy them very much. Having travelled considerably through Canada, the United States, and also in Europe, Asia, and Africa, if it will be of general interest I may some time give an account of some of the countries I have visited. Should any honourable, refined Christian man of 35 years or over care to write me, my address is with the Editor. I do not wish for those who use tobacco or liquor or who favour card-playing and dancing, as I do not think a true Christian finds any pleasure in such things. Or if any of my own sex care to write me it will give me pleasure to hear from them. I like "Hiawatha's" letter, and if he should care to write me I would be pleased. Wishing your valuable paper every success, I remain,

"Dasri."

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.—Sometimes the real decisions of life are so obscure that they are made before they are realized.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

BORN TIRED.

Most people have heard of the young man who, when writing to his father, declared he was well, except that he "had a strange dislike for every kind of exertion." In this respect he is by no means alone! There are tens of thousands of people who feel to-day like that young man felt. For the most part, they are dyspeptics, and simply need a course of Mother Seigel's Syrup to fit their stomach, liver and kidneys for the work nature intended—the extraction of strength and nourishment from food, the chief strength-giver.

Mr. Thomas Rumble, of Maple, Ont., was so weak and ill in the fall of 1909 that he had to give up working. What was the matter? Mr. Rumble calls it "a severe attack of indigestion," and no doubt he is quite right. Indigestion comes when your stomach and liver have lost tone and strength, so that they cannot digest and extract nourishment from food!

"But," adds Mr. Rumble, "I am very pleased to say I have now quite recovered, thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I never feel the pains that used to be so frequently within me."

A good many people wouldn't mind indigestion very much if it only meant feeling lackadaisical! It's the pain of indigestion, added to the weakness and

the wasting of flesh, that makes this common complaint so hard to bear. If you have pains after meals, sick headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, sleeplessness, wind in the stomach, you want to get well again as quickly as you can! The best way, and the shortest way, too, is to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This world-famed heral tonic tones up and strengthens the stomach and gently assists the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it clears the system of the poisonous products of indigestion, purifies the blood, and makes food nourish you. Isn't it a good idea to try the Syrup?

"For ten years or more," says Mr. Clannon, Point Michaud, Richmond Co., N.S., "I suffered from severe constipation. I had terrible pains after eating, and always a nasty taste in my mouth. I lost flesh and my head would swim so badly that I could scarcely stand up."

"At last I was advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I did. After the first few doses I felt relief. My food seemed to agree with me, and I lost the dreadful pains in my back. I continued the medicine for about six months, and am now completely cured, and have had no return of the old trouble."

The \$1 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent. size. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



YOU WILL RELISH FOOD

AND HAVE NO MORE PAINS
AFTER EATING

"It is a far, far better thing" than most people imagine to be able to relish food and have no pains, no headaches, no lassitude, no biliousness, no constipation to follow.

It means that your digestion is sound and that your stomach, liver and bowels are in working order. It means that you are fit and well—fit for your daily work—fit for the battle of life—fit to fight disease if ever it should come near you.

IF YOU TAKE THE DIGESTIVE TONIC

On the other hand, if you have lost your appetite, if you don't relish food, if you have headaches, biliousness, constipation, sleeplessness and a "run-down," "fagged" feeling, your stomach and liver are out of order. You need the gentle aid of the herbal tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup—the greatest stomach and liver tonic in the world. The Syrup will restore your digestive organs to working order, give you appetite and relish for food, and prevent any digestive troubles. In short, it will give you health, strength, and "fitness." Try it to-day!

Mr. L. H. Boone, Rowena, Victoria Co., N.B., says:—"I had a severe attack of indigestion. After eating, my food seemed to lie on my chest like lead. I suffered severely from headaches, could not sleep, and would wake up with a

nasty taste in my mouth. For months I seemed to be going from bad to worse, until I took Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that cured me. I have had no return of my complaint since."—3/1/11. Test Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day!

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

MADE OF ROOTS, BARKS, AND LEAVES.

Prices, 50 cents, and 1\$. A. J. WHITE & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The \$1 bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent size.

SHE CURED HER HEART DISEASE

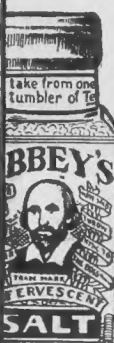
When She Cured Her Kidneys
With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Henry J. Jacques found a speedy relief for all her troubles, and now enjoys the best of health.

St. Rose du Lac, Man., (Special)—That Heart Disease is one of the results of disordered kidneys, and is consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mrs. Henry J. Jacques of this place.

"My heart troubled me all the time," said Mrs. Jacques in an interview. "And I knew what terrible results might follow. The fact that my limbs would swell and my back ache led me to believe that I also suffered from Kidney Disease, so I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought four boxes, and before I had finished the third box the swelling was gone, my back was well, and my heart no longer troubled me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Heart Disease is one of the troubles that come from unhealthy Kidneys. They fail to strain the impurities out of the blood, and those impurities are bound to affect the heart, which is the engine that propels the blood through the body. To cure Heart Disease cure the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills; to prevent Heart Disease keep the Kidneys toned up and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney pills.



Biliousness
Torpid Liver, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Sick Headache — all cured by a regular morning glass of

Abbey's Effer-sescent Salt

25c and 60c. At dealers.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Catarracts without cutting or drugging. Over ninety thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:



F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narwhak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

John Krahmer, Ricketts, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my eyesight began to fail. Oculists prescribed glasses but I received little benefit from them. After several months' use of 'Actina' I could read and write by almost any kind of light. I would not take one hundred dollars for my 'Actina'."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, prepaid.

Send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84x 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo., and receive absolutely FREE a valuable book—Professor Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein.

Natural Phenomena.—A dandy on shore is disgusting to many, but a swell at sea is apt to sicken everybody.

Not Enjoyable.—"Delighted to see you! How did you enjoy your visit to the Riviera?" "Oh, not very much! There wasn't a soul where I was staying except intimate friends."

A Steady Death-Rate.—Lady Tourist: "This must be a very healthy village. Now, what may the death-rate be?" Old inhabitant: "Wonderful steady, ma'am, wonderful steady. One death to each person—right along!"

Wrong Definition.—"Love," said the poet, "is a mystic influence; it is a message and a response, voluble in a flash of thought; it conquers time and distance, and its exchange requires no medium for transmission." "That's not love," said the practical man; "you're talking about wireless telegraphy now!"

Trouble in Store.—Martha, who is contemplating matrimony, is no slender, willowy nymph, and Johnson, her betrothed, actually boasts of his avoirdupois. They are "whispering sweet

prominent citizen of hers whose name is chiefly known in connection with the dry goods trade. During an expedition to Norway the German Emperor visited a ship of the Hamburg-American line, aboard which was Mr. John Wanamaker. He was presented to the Kaiser, and at once grasped the Imperial hand, exclaiming, "I am glad to meet such an enterprising young man; that is just the sort of thing we admire in America." The unconventional greeting seemed greatly to please the Emperor.

The Whiskered Senator.

It is not often that Senator Depew has his patience taxed as severely as it was one day recently on a Washington road car. The Senator boarded a car in the Capitol grounds. Immediately the occupants fell to nudging one another and whispering, greatly to the amusement of Senator Depew, who, though the subject of both nudgings and whisperings, was not supposed to be conscious of either. At the Baltimore and Ohio station the car was stopped and boarded by a woman with a small boy. The woman seemed fatigued and out of humor; the boy out of humor but not at all fatigued. Senator Depew embraced



A Struggle for Liberty

nothing," when Martha, with an eye to the future, observes, "Yet perhaps we may have a lot to contend with when we are married." "We shall," says Johnson, cheerfully; "we shall have ourselves!"

Pat on Swordsmanship.—A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced a rather difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming!"

They Wouldn't Get Their Hair Cut.—The prosecutor looked indeed a pitiable object as, with his head swathed in bandages, he gave evidence against the man who had knocked him about. When he had finished the magistrate turned to the prisoner. "Why did you assault this man?" he asked. "I will tell you how it was," replied the prisoner affably. "You see, I'm a barber." "Well?" "And this man sells pianos and spoils my trade." "How's that?" "Why, he gets people to be musicians, and then they leave off getting their hair cut!"

The Kaiser Astonished.—Philadelphia has been delighted with a story about a

the new arrivals in his all-pervading smile. The woman looked her surprise; the boy expressed his. "What," he asked, "is that man laffin' at, ma?" "I don't know." "He ain't laffin' at me, is he?" "Oh, keep still!" The boy stared at Senator Depew's carefully trimmed mutton-chop whiskers. He had evidently never seen such hirsute adornment. "Ma!" "Well?" "What's the matter with that man's whiskers? Do you think they grow that way natural?" "Willy, I wish you'd hush." "Why ain't pa's that way?" "If you don't hush, I'll beat you!" Senator Depew's smile was gradually dying from his face. "Ma, don't you think he puts anything on 'em?" "I don't know." "Why does he have so much hair on his face?" "How do I know?" "Mebbe it's because he ain't got any on his head." "Willy!" "Do you think they stay like that all the time? At nights, too?" "Oh, hush!" The boy quieted down for a moment, but only for a moment. "Ma, do you think there's any chance of 'em growing on to me when I'm a man?" "Will, you must not talk any more! Look at that little pony and cart passing by—ain't they cute?" "Yes, ma. But, ma, I'd hate to rub my face up against his'n, wouldn't you?" "Conductor," exclaimed the distinguished New Yorker, "for heaven's sake stop this car! If this idiotic young interrogation point remains on I get off, for I should hate to commit infanticide on such a beautiful day!"

Caught a Cold

Which Ended in a
Severe Attack of
Pneumonia.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately, or serious results are liable to follow.

Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption are all caused by neglecting to cure the simple cold.

Mrs. G. W. Bowman, Pattullo, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I caught a cold which ended in a severe attack of Pneumonia. Since that time at the beginning of each winter I seem to catch cold very easily. I have been so hoarse I was unable to speak loud enough to be heard across the room. Last winter, however, a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying it had helped her. I bought a bottle and before it was half used I was completely cured. I also find it a good medicine for the children when they have colds."

Beware of the many imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Ask for "Dr. Wood's" and insist on getting what you ask for.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Druggist Praises D.D.D.

"Your D. D. D. Prescription is the best thing we have ever handled, and is giving good satisfaction with our customers.—Spur Stevenson Drug Co., Birtle, Man.

"I have had Eczema on and off for about three years and nothing I tried has done so much good as D. D. D. It will stop that irritation in a few minutes. I can do my washing and if I have D. D. D. on hand it will ease it at once," writes Mrs. A. J. Squires, Coleman, Ont.

These are just samples of letters we are receiving every day from grateful patients all over the country.

"Worth its weight in gold." "All my pimples washed away by D. D. D." "I found instant relief." D. D. D. is little short of miraculous." These are the words of others in describing the great skin remedy, D. D. D.

Proven by thousands of cures, for ten years, to be absolutely harmless and reliable in every case of skin trouble, no matter what it is.

Write to-day for free bottle to the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. M. 49 Colborne St., Toronto.

(For sale by all Druggists.)

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 231 St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. \$7 to \$10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
Orillia, Ont.

WINGOLD BARGAINS

FOR MAY and JUNE

We Will Try to Fill Every Order to the very Last Day---
But It's Much Safer to Order Early!

The Ideal Household Blue Polished Steel Range

Handsome in appearance, substantially constructed of Wellsville blue polished steel. Most economical fuel consumption, perfect baker, guaranteed large full sized oven 20x20x13 inch, full swell double wall oven door fitted with accurate oven thermometer, heavy fire box sectional linings ventilated. Takes 24 inch wood, duplex grates with double shaker bars, pouch feed and poker door, encased copper reservoir capacity 9 1/2 gals., fine large high closet, extra smooth nicked trimmings. Shipping weight 550 lbs.

Retails at \$85. Wingold wholesale price to consumer \$46.75. Thirty Days' Free Trial Given. Order from this ad., with the understanding, should you not be satisfied after 30 days use that you have the handsomest and best steel range made, return it at our expense, and we will refund purchase price and freight charges paid by you.



The Best
Family
Steel
Range
Made
\$46.75

Burns
Wood
or Coal

Best English China Tea Sets

Buy this Beautiful Tea Set at about
half regular prices. 10 sets \$4.25
in the lot. While they last

Consisting of 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 6 in., 1 cream jug, 1 bowl, 2 cake plates. Etna shape, pure white translucent body decorated with clusters of French roses. A very pretty design traced with gold and full gold finish. Both design and decoration are entirely new this season. The set is unusually attractive and will please those wanting something extra nice.

No. CR 3545—Etna China Tea Set, 40 pieces \$4.25



White and Gold Edge Line and Sprig

97 Piece
Dinner
Set

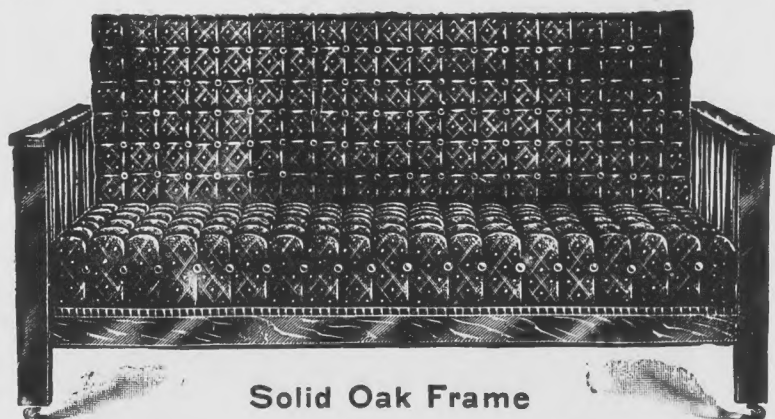
\$7.50



A MOST ARTISTIC AND REFINED DECORATION used in dinnerware. White and gold decoration is always in the very best of taste; it always has a rich appearance on the table. It is always fashionable and always in style. The ware from which this dinner set is made is of the highest grade white English semi-porcelain and of a specially selected quality of stock. We guarantee this ware to be the best that money can buy, and is the equal of any other white and gold set sold at twice the price.

THE EXQUISITE GOLD DECORATION makes it the handsomest white and gold English semi-porcelain dinner set ever sold. The edge of every piece is decorated with a broad band of burnished coin gold, supplemented with an inside lace border, which follows the outline of the rich ornamental embossing. All the handles are elaborately traced with gold. The centre of each piece has as a decoration a clover leaf in gold.

\$16.90 Buys this Large Handsome Davenport Bed
Sofa --- Special for May and June Only



Solid Oak Frame

No. 12-700—The frame of this high grade Davenport is made of solid oak, finished golden. As a sofa it is 72 inches long and 24 inches deep; as a bed it is 72 inches long and 48 inches wide. Has a tufted spring seat and back containing 28 high carbon steel springs. The construction is strictly high grade throughout. Filling is a fine grade of tow with a cotton top. Heavy duck canvas over springs. Nothing is omitted that can be accomplished by first class workmanship. The coverings used on this davenport are of the highest grade in the latest designs. This davenport cannot be excelled at twice the price. Weight 150 lbs.

Covered in Velour, Hard Edge.....\$16.90
Covered in Velour, Spring Edge.....17.65
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Covered in Verona, Spring Edge.....18.95

SEND YOUR ORDERS FROM THIS AD. SUBJECT TO OUR GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION OR REFUND OF PURCHASE MONEY AND FREIGHT CHARGES

WINGOLD STOVE CO., LTD.,

246 McDermott Ave. West
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Buy this Big Wingold Kitchen Cabinet at \$17.50

Larger, more convenient and better finished than cabinets sold elsewhere at \$30 to \$35. Study its arrangement for a moment and you'll decide its just the cabinet you want. From the large divided flour bin, capacity 98 pounds, to the smallest spice drawer you will find it just what you need to save all unnecessary labor. Save your strength, your temper, and make your work a pleasure instead of a burden. The Wingold Kitchen Cabinet is made of white maple, finished natural. The base is 32 inches high, 46 inches wide and 26 inches deep; entire height 84 inches. Shipping weight 250 pounds. Our Offer: We agree to refund purchase price and freight charges if you are not fully convinced that the Wingold Kitchen Cabinet we send you is better made, larger and more conveniently arranged than any kitchen cabinet you can obtain elsewhere at \$30 or \$35. Send your order today, subject to above conditions, or write for Wingold Catalog. It names the lowest prices on Furniture, Hardware and Household Furnishings of all kinds.



Only \$3.15

If You Can Duplicate this Value
Elsewhere at Twice the Price
We Will Give You the Bed Free

No. 1-93—Iron Bed. A good, well made and well braced bed. Is 50 inches high at head. Posts are 1 1/16 in. in diameter and 5-16 fillings. Angle irons in head and foot, finished in best white and blue green enamel. A practical and sensible design and Big Bargain at our price. Has large brass knobs and strong casters. A bed that retail stores would ask \$5.50 for. 4 ft., 4 ft. 6 in. widths. Our special price in white or green enamel bed only.....\$3.15 Complete with New Dominion Spring.....\$5.50

Get Your Order in Quickly If You
Want One—Only 30 in the Lot

Windsor Bed Couch \$10.60



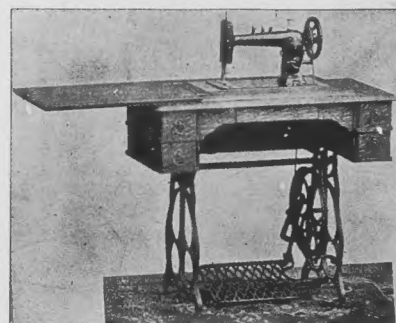
No. 13-1 The Windsor Combination Wardrobe and Bed Couch. It is a bed, a wardrobe and a couch. The frame is made of seasoned hardwood and put together in a very substantial manner. Has full set of oil tempered steel springs securely tied insuring as well as service comfort. The filling, tufting and upholstery is done in a thoroughly reliable manner. When opened to be used as a bed, there is a full spring mattress covered with African fibre and wool, covered with best quality ticking, making a very comfortable bed. The size of bed is 69 inches long by 48 inches wide. The wardrobe will be found very useful for storing bedding, clothing, etc. It opens full length and is 6 inches deep and 22 inches wide; nicely lined throughout.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR WINDSOR BED COUCH

	Covered in Velour	Covered in Pantasote	Covered in Verona
Bed Couch and Wardrobe.....	12.50	14.95	14.30
Bed Couch without Wardrobe.....	10.60	12.60	11.75
Couch with Wardrobe but without Bed	\$10.95	\$13.75	\$12.65

\$17.75 We furnish the Economy Sewing Machine

THE ECONOMY is in every way equal to other machines sold at \$40 to \$50 with the possible exception of cabinet, which a plain design made of solid oak, and nicely finished. The Head is full high arm, all wearing parts case hardened and guaranteed for 10 years. Send us \$17.75 and will ship the Economy Sewing Machine for your use for 90 days. At the expiration of that length of time, if you are not convinced you have saved \$10 to \$20 in cost of a sewing machine and fully satisfied in every way return the machine to us and we will refund your money together with the freight charges you paid.





Hank Higgins ran a rummy store
Back East in Sleepy Hour;
He handled herrings, shoes and tripe,
Eggs, bacon, peas and flour.
But when folks asked for first-class stuff,
As chanced they sometimes would;
Hank, lacking this, would smile and say
"Here's something just as good"



Every housewife should demand and
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PURITY FLOUR

Famous for Making

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Housewives should remember that when a dealer
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it is probable that he is making a larger profit on
it than our price permits; and they will generally
find that such a flour invariably costs them **less**
in the **bag**, and inevitably **more** when their
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